

METHODIST REVIEW

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ART. I.—BISHOP ISAAC WILSON JOYCE, D.D., LL.D.

AMERICAN Methodism owes much to Ireland. That land has produced many a man of hot heart, bright brain and matchless speech who found in a Methodist pulpit ample scope for his brilliant parts. William and Hannah Joyce, of Dublin, gave several generations of Irish Americans to the new world before there was born of James W. and Mary Ann Joyce, in Colerain Township, Hamilton County, Ohio, on October 11, 1836, Isaac Wilson Joyce. Isaac was a lad of fourteen when his parents moved to Tippecanoe County, Indiana. He was born on a farm and lived on a farm until nearly twenty years of age. He was converted at the age of sixteen, and at once was fired with an ambition to get an education and become a preacher. His mother was a life-long member of the United Brethren Church, and the boy naturally joined his mother's communion. He attended the Hartsville College, a school under the control of the United Brethren in Christ. Some years later, when pastor in Greencastle, Indiana, he received from Asbury (now De Pauw) University, the degree of Master of Arts. Dickinson College bestowed upon him his doctor of divinity degree, and the University of the Pacific gave him the degree of doctor of laws. He had been for two years a licensed local preacher in the United Brethren Church, and was teaching a country school in 1858, when Granville Moody, a famous Methodist preacher of those days, met him and opened his way into the Northwest Indiana Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the following year, 1859. In March, 1861, he married Miss Caroline Walker Bosserman, of La Porte, Indiana, who proved to be a model wife in every way,

and his constant, loyal, loving companion and helper in all his responsible duties. She multiplied his resources and added immeasurably to his successes.

- He early attracted attention. He was no ordinary young man. He succeeded from the start. Soon the best churches were asking for him. While still very young he was appointed to Greencastle, Indiana, the seat of Asbury University, where he commanded the attention of citizens, faculty and students. When only thirty-three years of age he was appointed presiding elder of East Lafayette District and while on the district was elected a delegate to the General Conference of 1880, which met in Cincinnati. The autumn following the General Conference he was transferred to the Cincinnati Conference and appointed to Saint Paul's Church. He served the full term of three years. He was then sent to Trinity, the other prominent downtown church, and as conspicuously succeeded as at Saint Paul's. Then after three years he was reappointed to Saint Paul's, and while in his high career as magnetic pastor of that great church was elected a bishop, in 1888, by the General Conference which met in New York city, and to which he had been elected a delegate. His great success as an evangelistic pastor, together with the fact that he had been appointed in 1886 by the board of bishops to represent the Methodist Episcopal Church at the General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada, which met in Toronto, and on which occasion he made a most profound impression by his burning zeal and captivating eloquence, had brought him into the eye of the whole church; and then the very unusual and all but impossible thing occurred—a pastor was elected a bishop. His episcopal residence for eight years was in Chattanooga, Tennessee, where he gave himself in unstinted devotion to the church in all that region, and won the love and confidence of the population, black and white. While in the South he was also Chancellor of Grant University and gave no little time and labor to that institution, which stands like a beacon in all that splendid region. In 1892 he presided over the five European Conferences. In 1894 he had under his care the mission work in Mexico. In 1896 his residence was changed to Minneapolis, Minnesota, but the first two years following were

spent in visiting and superintending the church in China, Korea and Japan. In 1900 he was elected President of the Epworth League, and for the four years he held that office was a flaming inspiration to the great army of young Methodists throughout the land. He visited all our foreign mission fields and presided over nearly every Annual Conference in the Connection. He died July 28, 1905, at his home in Minneapolis, surrounded by his wife, his only son, Colonel Frank M. Joyce, the daughter-in-law and the grandchildren. Such are the brief annals of a career that flamed across the whole Methodist sky for nearly twenty years. This man arose from a humble home on an obscure farm to the highest place in the gift of the greatest Protestant Church on this continent. How did it happen?

Isaac Wilson Joyce was preëminently a preacher. He had a genius for preaching. Presbyterians call their pastors ministers. The Protestant Episcopalians speak of their pastors as clergymen. Methodists always call them preachers. Some modern Methodists think they are complimenting the pastor by speaking of him as a clergyman; but the pride of Methodism has been that the men who have proclaimed her evangel have been preachers. Whatever other quality a Methodist preacher is supposed to possess, he is expected at least to be able to preach. Young Joyce early showed himself a preacher of rare power. He was able to command respectful attention before he uttered a word. He was endowed with a fine physique and a handsome face. His eyes sparkled, and his pleasant smile captivated. As soon as he arose, and a good look was had of him, expectation ran high. He looked the orator. Some may think the man handicapped who gives, in his appearance, much ground for expecting great things of him. Some men have been mean in appearance and mighty in message, and thus have been given, by the very surprise of their performance, more credit than they deserved. To look finely and perform meanly is deplorable. But Bishop Joyce never disappointed an audience by raising greater expectations than he could fulfill. His presence was benign, yet masterful. His look spoke that he was in command of the hour, and then, when he spoke, that voice confirmed the impression. Few public speakers ever possessed a more subtle

voice. It was musical, powerful, tender, sympathetic, magnetic. The very timbre of one's voice is apt to disclose the character of the soul. The blind who heard this man were attracted to him as to few men. He had rare control of his voice, and although he used it without pity for it, sometimes for four and five addresses in one day, it never grew raucous nor lost its ringing power. He was heard easily by ten thousand people in the Mechanics' Pavilion in San Francisco the afternoon he preached that never-to-be-forgotten sermon before the International Epworth League Convention. He was fluent of speech. His vocabulary was never large. His words were always plain and easily understood. He spoke, without slang, the speech of the common people. His eloquence was to be wondered at in view of the paucity of his vocabulary. What words he knew he used understandingly, and they poured out in a limpid stream without halt or stammer. From the day of his conversion he was a ready speaker in class and prayer meeting. His mind was active. He thought quickly more than profoundly. His mind grasped truth with a flash and retained it with unyielding grip. His mind was fitted for rearranging garnered truth and then throwing over it all the glow and fire of his own fancy, turning the crude ore of the mine into burnished steel. His mind was not so creative as constructive. He had read largely and traveled widely, and his quick mind knew how to use the facts gathered in a way that always interested and delighted his hearers. The Irish blood in him showed itself in his ready wit no less than in his sandy hair and fiery spirit. He made his own fun. He needed no memory of things heard to give quickness in repartee. He ran his own factory and turned out his own material, which always charmed because of its spontaneity and appropriateness. This element was never excluded from his most important public addresses. He gave it free play. His strong common sense and unvarying refined taste, could be trusted to control any witticism which sprang up in the path of his discourse. He had humor, as well, and gave it open place in his addresses and sermons. This always gave peculiar charm to his message. He had the one great essential of a successful preacher: he had a warm heart. It could be seen in his face, and heard in his voice,

as well as found in the word he spoke. His warmth of human sympathy was felt by all who approached him.

Coupled with the qualities already mentioned, you will find the key to his preaching power in his florid imagination. He was of poetical temperament, and somewhat oriental in his fancy. In his younger days it was said of him that he was sophomoric and grandiloquent. Doubtless he was. It was the struggle of an untutored youth to give wings to his soaring thought. He learned later how to control his muse, and all who heard him were charmed by the rich color cast over all his message in his use of flashing figure and glowing metaphor. Some public speakers are so faultless in language and gesture that it is a delight to slumber while they perform. Indeed, the hearer might as well sleep as listen, for the morning following he will be incapable of remembering what was said. When public speech is so accurate and well-rounded that every sentence is evenly balanced, and every word flows forth unhindered, it is difficult to recall the message. One element of power in Bishop Joyce was his rugged, unconventional style of delivery. His sentences were broken. He was an impressionist-artist who puts the paint on the canvas with a palette knife. Ofttimes his sentences could not be parsed. It was impossible to report him correctly, for often one word, with a significant gesture or peculiar inflection of voice, told more than a paragraph. He was unhampered by trifling conventionalities. Indeed, he was never at his best until helped to forget the staid requirements of stilted ceremony. How his Pegasus lagged until spurred by some sympathetic "Amen!" Quickly the eye flashed and the soul leaped. When a whole conference of "Amens" were shouting about him it was like the beating of the storm to the petrel. He arose to loftier heights and his soul was at home in the storm. It was this very disregard for the common conventionalities which freeze so many speakers and benumb their hearers, that made him so attractive as a preacher. He let go the restraint upon himself and let loose the characteristic qualities of his own nature. He was himself, and it was that frank exposure of his own mind and heart which put his hearers *en rapport* with him. When he ever feared to do this in the presence of any company he had a "hard

time"—and so had others. His friends knew that if they wanted the best they must clear away the frosts and give summer-time to his soul, and then they might expect to hear the singing birds he could unloose. No man can be a great player upon the souls of men who has more regard for conventional rules and regulations than he has for the message which burns in his heart. Any man with the qualities thus far mentioned would be expected to possess that rare power which, for the want of a better name, we call personal magnetism. It may be seated in the physical temperament or it may be a purely psychological endowment; nevertheless it cannot be acquired, nor can it be explained. One can recognize it in another, and possibly not know of its lack in himself.

There is a quality attaching to a sermon which cannot be said to belong to any other form of public address. It is called unction. Of course, the sermon must be a sermon. Not an address, not a lecture, not a monologue, but a genuine message from God to the hearts of men. The preaching of Bishop Joyce was accompanied with a divine unction which glorified all his other natural and acquired gifts of speech, and which compelled even ungodly men to testify that they had never been so moved by preaching. It was this quality which overflowed into the heart of his interpreter when addressing vast multitudes of foreigners and heathen, and set on fire hearts hitherto stolid and unmovable. The unction of the sermon was felt although no word was understood. When speaking through a sympathetic interpreter his soul flashed the lightning, and quickly the thunder-clap was heard from the lips of his interpreter. Soon all the audience was electric, and the Spirit of God made quick entrance into the hearts thus strangely opened. The marvelous result of such preaching cannot be fully explained in such terms as have thus far been referred to. In addition to all the above qualities there was added a burning zeal for the lost souls of men which prompted the great heart to close every sermon with a tremendous and awful exhortation which appalled when it did not wholly persuade. In all parts of the world and among all sorts of people his zeal for souls led him to make such appeals for immediate surrender to Jesus Christ that on nearly every occasion when he preached few or many at once

gave outward sign of their surrender to God. Then, when the call was answered in praying penitents about the altar, his glad heart went riot with joy. Such preaching will always secure genuine revivals. Every pastorate of his knew at least one great ingathering. He was more than an evangelist. He was such a preacher as could sustain himself in conspicuous places for years. For nearly eight years he preached in the same community in Cincinnati to increasing multitudes of intelligent hearers. Give any man a good body, a fine voice, fluent speech, an active mind, a warm heart, a ready wit, a lively imagination, an untrammelled delivery, a magnetic personality, a divine unction and a burning zeal for souls, and you have a combination which will produce a preacher that cannot be confined to any Indiana Circuit or any one metropolitan pulpit. The world will become his parish.

Isaac Wilson Joyce was a great pastor. He proved that a man may wield commanding power in the pulpit and also visit the homes of his people. He knew that the best sermons grow as much in the homes as in the study; that the hours given to faithful, personal work among the people bring as rich harvest to the message as the hours given to books. It is comparatively easy to be a preacher and not a pastor; or to be a pastor and not a preacher. The difficult task, yet possible, is to be both. The result will be a better preacher and a better pastor. The two offices react on each other to the betterment of both. Pastor Joyce excelled as a pastor because he had a genuine interest in folks. He loved people. He was utterly democratic in his friendships. He gave himself to the rich without loss of self-respect. He gave himself to the poor without patronage. He utterly disregarded all social lines and was the pastor of all who belonged to his flock. It was easy for this lover of his kind to spend hours daily in friendly visitation. His great zeal for the saving of men would have driven him out of his study into the personal contact if even he had lacked the natural social gift. But living to save others, and knowing the value of the heart-to-heart touch, he gave himself to the pastoral office. Other qualities helped him in this work. He was not lazy. He could not lounge about in lazy leisure. He must be actively engaged. It was a joy to be a-foot when running errands for his

Master. He also possessed that rare quality which all covet and few possess—he never forgot a face and rarely a name. When asked once how he could remember everyone's name, he replied, "I can't forget it." It was a natural gift, but constantly cultivated in order to be a better brother to men. He individualized people. He not only had an interest in folks in general, but he took a personal interest in each. He felt he did not know a man unless he could speak his name and know something characteristic of him. Couple all this with a rare tact in dealing with all sorts of people, and you have the combination of qualities which met in this man and made him the great pastor whom every parishioner he ever had loved and revered. Of course such a preacher and pastor gave promise of making a good presiding elder. It was while serving a term in the presiding eldership that he demonstrated his rare administrative qualities. He had shown wisdom in managing his own official boards, but the wider field, with its more varying types of churches and men, gave ample opportunity to prove his wise judgment and his broad sympathies. Here he revealed his grasp on the administrative problems of a great world-embracing church. His tireless energies were given unstintedly to every requirement of his office. He at once impressed pastors and official members with his absolute conscientiousness. He always told the truth and concealed nothing. He had that most desirable of qualities for a presiding elder, he was not afraid to assume the responsibilities which his office put upon him. His fraternal spirit made his visit to each charge a bright spot in the memory of the pastor, and his preaching at quarterly meeting occasions gave the whole neighborhood something to think and talk about until his coming again. No pastor ever apologized for the coming of that presiding elder.

Isaac Wilson Joyce became a bishop by the natural processes of moral gravitation. At first it would appear that a Methodist preacher, with no official position to send him forth broadcast over the whole connection to make friends for his cause, and incidentally for himself, could not grow tall enough in his local parish to be seen by the world-wide church. Only a pastor of this sort could attract attention anywhere. To be sure Dr. Joyce, as pastor

for eight years in two conspicuous pulpits in one great city, and during that period conducting two revival campaigns with the aid of the two most peculiar evangelists of their time, and doing it all in a way that showed himself always as the real leader in the movements and bringing out of them both vast spiritual harvests for the whole city, was enough to make him a marked man in the eyes of all Methodism. When the Church honored the pastoral office by electing Isaac Wilson Joyce, one of its most successful pastors, a general superintendent it made no mistake. His seventeen years in that office proved that he had warrant for saying that he believed he had been called to the office of bishop. Recall this man to your memory, and then do not wonder that he made such a profound impression as a Methodist Episcopal bishop in all parts of the world. Call up that splendid form. See that fine face, full of tenderness, strength, and dignity. He looked the bishop. His unmeasurable powers as a pulpiteer commanded vast audiences. People of all classes heard him with joy and profit. Had he done nothing else than preach on Sunday mornings at the Conferences his usefulness to preachers alone would be incalculable. How the preachers enjoyed his preaching! And how he enjoyed preaching to preachers! One of our widely-known presiding elders pays this tribute to Bishop Joyce's influence over a conference of preachers, through his conference sermon: "Under the spell of Jesus as he presented him that day our hearts were melted into one. We heard his voice giving a new, a real commission. The results that followed can never be measured. Differences were forgotten, discouragements were met and overcome, indifference disappeared, and revivals broke out all over the conference. Every interest of the Church took on new life and the cause came to a new career." His broad sympathies, his intimate knowledge of pastoral duties in large and small churches, his splendid health and good cheer, together with his able administrative abilities, eminently fitted him for the office. The preachers found him a brother-pastor. He said to a friend when he had just entered on his episcopal duties: "If you ever find me growing less approachable or less brotherly because of my office I want you to tell me so." No occasion ever arose for telling him so.

His marked evangelistic spirit served good purpose in his high office. His presidency of a conference raised the standard of preaching before the eyes of every member. Preachers learned that it was a badge of honor to be a revivalist. One of his colleagues on the episcopal board has written that "he brought up the average of spirituality on the episcopal bench." He once said to the other bishops, "My dear colleagues, you are all more gifted in many ways than I. But God gives me something, too. He gives me access to souls. In every conference some are converted." He was almost blind in his loyalty to Methodism. He spoke the word "Methodism," as though it tasted sweet in his mouth; and he often spoke it. He firmly believed that the Discipline of his Church was as nearly perfect as any human document could be. He defended most loyally what he held to be the truth. He brought into the episcopacy some very settled convictions concerning his Bible and his Church, and it has never been hinted that he ever changed one of them. His own unswerving allegiance to what he held to be the truth may have kept some new light from his Creed, but it gave added weight to his utterances to many of his hearers. He was so sure that he was right that his confidence won followers. It is not a fault in a bishop to have settled convictions; to be really sure of something. His keen insight into human character made him a good judge of men. His painstaking, self-sacrificing efforts to find out all the facts related to any appointment made his cabinet work effective. Presiding elders testify that no other bishop ever asked so many questions about individual cases. Add to all this his quiet bravery, which pushed him on to pursue the course he felt to be right, never flinching because of any criticism reflecting on his own motives, and you have outlined the explanation of this man's episcopal success. His colleagues in office loved and respected him. He gave love and confidence to them in full measure and they returned a like regard for him. This man had his limitations, as have other men and even some other bishops, but no one will deny that he highly honored an office which has been peculiarly kept from all unfriendly criticism by the rare good men who have been providentially called to fill it. Isaac Wilson Joyce was more than preacher, pastor,

elder, or bishop. He was a Christian gentleman. He lived a spotless life and left a reputation behind him which never knew the breath of suspicion. He was quick of temper, but grace controlled it. He was as sensitive as a child, and coveted the goodwill of all, and was strangely helped by a kind word given him from the most lowly. He could not live without sympathy. He was true as steel to his friends. He was so generous that many of his most devoted friends were counted among those whom he regarded as not altogether "sound in the faith." He could love the man who differed from him although he loved best those who spoke his own "shibboleth." His generosity took the form of giving himself and his substance to all needy ones. The cry of the neediest church received his first response. His courtesy was unfailing. When nervously unstrung from long labor he was easily irritated; but he guarded against the word that would cut. He was open-minded toward the light when in pursuit of the facts in a case, but he became suddenly unyielding when unceremoniously opposed. He was always hero and saint to her who was his most intimate companion. He increasingly commanded the loving respect of his manly son, the daughter-in-law and grandchildren, all of whom lived with him under the same roof.

Bishop Joyce came to the end of his appointed task in just such fashion as he most desired. His sensitive soul dreaded the coming of the day when a messenger from some episcopal committee should summon him to give reason why he should continue longer in his office. He had literally worn himself out by his unparalleled labors. He would not, possibly he could not, spare himself in the front of so much work to be done. He kept at his great task till God called. And when the call came his great heart was at a camp meeting, preaching from the text, "Whosoever shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God, God dwelleth in him, and he in God." The kind Father let him be carried tenderly to his own bed, and there for a few lingering days the friends on earth, and mayhap some of the friends not on earth, gathered to catch his faint shouts of victory and learn how a saint can die.

Charles Bayard Mitchell

ART. II.—THE INTEGRITY OF NATURE AS A BASIS OF FAITH

THIS generation has awakened to the immense significance of nature. The past century, the wonderful century, was in an extraordinary degree a century of science, a period in which sincere and gifted men sought through infinite painstaking to secure a truer interpretation of the physical universe. These students have also diligently investigated the origin, constitution, and primitive history of man, and some of them have arrived at the conclusion that we can no longer be considered unique and transcendental creatures, but simply as products of natural laws and forces. This view largely influences modern thought. In what way has this new natural knowledge affected our religious faith? Is it favorable or unfavorable to our great spiritual beliefs? Does it tend to confirm or discredit those solemn doctrines and hopes by which we live? Some are persuaded that this closer observation of nature has been distinctly unfavorable to religious faith, rendering the great articles of the spiritual creed less credible than our fathers found them. Darwin himself was of this opinion. Concerning our faith in the divine existence he writes: "Another source of conviction in the existence of God, connected with the reason and not with the feelings, impresses me as having much more weight. This follows from the extreme difficulty, or rather impossibility, of conceiving this immense and wonderful universe, including man with his capacity of looking far backwards and far into futurity, as the result of blind chance or necessity. When thus reflecting, I am compelled to look to a First Cause having an intelligent mind in some degree analogous to that of man; and I deserve to be called a Theist. . . . But then arises the doubt, Can the mind of man, which has, as I fully believe, been developed from a mind as low as that possessed by the lowest animals, be trusted when it draws such grand conclusions?" Speaking of design he continues: "With respect to design, . . . if anything is designed, certainly man must be: one's inner consciousness (though a false guide) tells one so." And again he

returns to the same subject: "You have expressed my inward conviction, though far more vividly and clearly than I could have done, that the universe is not the result of chance. But then with me the horrid doubt always arises whether the convictions of man's mind, which has been developed from the mind of the lower animals, are of any value, or are at all trustworthy. Would any one trust in the convictions of a monkey's mind, if there are any convictions in such a mind?"¹ Darwin had impressions, perceptions, reasonings which led him to acknowledge the divine existence and government, but inasmuch as his study of nature constrained him to believe that man arose out of the lower parts of the earth he inferred that man's inner consciousness was, on the highest matters, a false guide; that his spiritual convictions had no validity, his deepest feelings no significance, his grandest conclusions no trustworthiness. The noble ideas, ideals, and outlooks which lend seriousness and dignity to life are to be suspected and disavowed because of our lowly origin. Strange that the gifted man who vindicated life in its lowliest manifestations, who was the laureate of the worm, should have impugned the most splendid powers of the highest creatures, but so it was; our birth from beneath bred in him a "horrid doubt" concerning the intuitions and previsions which constitute our distinction and glory. This skepticism has now become very common; the assumed fact of our lowly origin has created in many a habit of false humility; they take for granted that the instincts and intuitions which have been developed through gross processes can no longer be accepted as witnesses to the fundamental truths of religion.

We venture to say that this is a false and unnecessary inference from the Darwinian position, and that in making it Darwin did himself and his theory grave injustice. That our profoundest consciousness is at fault because we come into the world trailing the scientist's clouds of dust rather than the poet's clouds of glory is no logical consequence from the theory of evolution. Although our most delicate insights and susceptibilities are products of ancestral experiences, accumulated and fused by habit and heredity through generations, yet they possess profound validity. Sup-

¹Life and Letters.

pose that our highest intuitions and aspirations, our spiritual cravings and instincts, are developments through gross impulses and processes, the result of all that has been felt or known by every organism in the ascending line from the primordial life-cell up to man, they have yet, we maintain, the strongest claim on our confidence. What is the one clear finding of natural research and philosophy? It is the rationality, the truthfulness, the faithfulness of creation. The trustworthiness of things is the first assumption of science, and the progress of science is the invincible demonstration of the correctness of that assumption. The veracity of nature is the axiom with which the naturalist begins and ends. That the system of things ever lapses into fancifulness, freakishness, or duplicity, is unthinkable by those who prove by a thousand observations and experiments the integrity and faithfulness of matter in all its phenomena and implications. When we allow ourselves to speak of "freaks of nature," we indulge in a freak of our own, for in fact there are no such freaks. Nature is never inaccurate, never plays tricks, never lies; the idea of arbitrariness, capriciousness, untrustworthiness is utterly alien to the genius of things. If the astronomer cannot get the motions of certain orbs into perfect accordance with the theory of gravitation he does not suspect caprice in the heavens, but concludes that there is some missing factor, some error in his observations or calculations; or, if the result of an experiment is not exactly what the chemist felt justified in expecting, he knows that the error is with himself, and not in some falsity of matter or motion. The best attested theories of chemistry and astronomy scientists will suspect, but their faith in the truth and constancy of nature is absolute. They may demur to the acknowledgment of a "faithful Creator," but they swear by a faithful creation. With one consent they affirm the sincerity and honesty of nature, that her alleged illusions are our misinterpretations, that her apparent irregularities and failures are deeper harmonies not yet understood, that truth springeth out of the dust and rightness looks down from the stars. Now, if nature is thus full of intelligence and rectitude on her lower ranges, are we to suppose that her faithfulness fails higher up? Is she true in all her material dispositions and sequences, in

all her mechanical arrangements and action, and does she then begin to palter and betray in the upper realms of thought and feeling? The mind of the lowest animal is perfectly trustworthy so far as the creature is called upon to reason and act, so far as its interests, security and pleasures are concerned; a monkey trusts to the convictions which are in its mind and does not go far astray in estimating the strength of the branch to which it trusts itself, the quality of the fruits which solicit it, or the friendliness or hostility of its neighbors. If, then, the animal's instincts are practically infallible within its narrow range, do they become less trustworthy when the creature in the process of evolution is uplifted and its sphere enlarged? If the great Potter unerringly shapes the coarse clay into vessels mathematically delicate and true, surely the Supreme Artist will not drop into eccentricity and falsehood when molding the superb things of brain, conscience, and heart! That which springs out of the depths of nature must partake of the cosmic veracity. We have no reason to suppose that the truth of nature ends with forces and forms, with the laws and movements of the inanimate world, or that the truth of nature ends with the instincts and impulses of the animal world. It is more rational to believe that the same genius of truth which distinguishes creation in her lower works will be expressed yet more distinctly in her last unfoldings and highest achievement. The serene faith of the modern scientist holds that throughout the physical sphere there is no magic, legerdemain, or treachery, but that the whole system of things is rational and veracious to the core, and this faith we maintain is equally justified when it is extended to our highest faculties and their operations. The poet, the musician, the painter, the sculptor also are conscious of the truth which science finds on another level. The artist is sure of the reality of beauty, of the immutable and sovereign laws which prevail throughout the ethereal realm in which he works, and just as he consults those laws does he realize magnificent results. The splendid creations of art are based upon the orderliness and faithfulness of nature in the higher spheres of perception and sensation: beauty being another word for truth.

I. We inquire how these conclusions respecting the truth-

fulness of the world bear upon Our Conception of God. Revelation declares that God is a Spirit, and it requires that he be worshiped in spirit and in truth; but, that we may adequately apprehend the eternal Spirit, it has pleased him to reveal himself in fashion as a man, and this anthropomorphic idea pervades revelation. How often are we reproached on this account? We are continually being reminded "of the presumption, if not the degradation, of those who place upon the throne of the universe a magnified image of themselves, and make its doings a mere colossal imitation of their own."¹ But this reproach, coming from such a quarter, is strangely inconsistent and unjust. Science teaches that nature is always truthful, and that in the advent of man she reached her goal; with the appearance of man on the planet "the system of life in progress through the ages reached its completion, and the animal structure its highest perfection."² Man is the highest being that the earth knows, or that it is likely to know. Where, then, is our presumption or humiliation in recognizing in the Deity one in whom the highest attributes of intellectual and moral personality exist in infinite perfection? Writing on the molecular mechanism of water-congelation, Tyndall gives this direction: "In all cases of this kind we must derive our conceptions from the world of the senses, and transfer them afterward to a world transcending the range of the senses." No more fitting application could be made of this canon than that, having formed a just conception of a true man, we should transfer such conception to the world which transcends the range of the senses, and apprehend God in the only way in which he can lay hold of our imagination and intelligence, conscience, and affections. Surely this is a more reasonable and worthy method than to go on talking of "The Eternal Unnamable," "The Fatalities," "The Silences," "Inscrutable Power," "The Unknowable," or even "The Power which makes for righteousness"—words and phrases conveying little meaning to the understanding and utterly failing to affect the mind and heart. "Truth springeth out of the earth," man being the last, best expression of that truth, and therefore the image of pure and sovereign humanity magnified through-

¹ Tyndall. ² Dana.

out infinity and eternity is no unworthy conception of him whom no man hath seen or can see. Revelation does not set forth God under the image of abnormal humanity. We have medical museums in which are exhibited wax models of diseased and malformed organs of the human body, but we do not form our conception of the physique of the race from these ghastly specimens; and we do not form our conception of human nature from its passions and sins, these being its accidents, distortions, and perversions. We think of all that belongs essentially to human nature—of its strength and bloom, of the loftiness and heroism of which it is capable, of the pure and divine qualities which it reveals and illustrates; and this nature we may believe without presumption to be the shadow of God's face. The mistake of the wicked is to think God altogether such an one as himself, and for this he is reproofed; yet the very passage that conveys this reproof tacitly concedes that we are justified in assuming that a likeness does exist between us and God, only we must not attempt to make him share our weakness and unrighteousness. "Truth springeth out of the earth," and in its noblest product gives in some sort the image and likeness of him who is God over all blessed for evermore. Science testifies to the validity of our conception of God, for it declares that man is the consummation and glory of nature, the highest expression of its truth, and that therefore we do not think unworthily of him who sits on the throne of the universe when we recognize in him the best that we know raised above all height, extended through eternity. "Truth springeth out of the earth, and righteousness hath looked down from heaven." What a supreme illustration is the Incarnation of this teaching! That which sprang from the lowest parts of the earth is kindred with the majesty and splendor of the skies; that which was highest in heaven descending to earth finds fellowship with that which springs from the dust. "And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth."

II. These considerations regarding the truthfulness of nature bear upon The Authority of the Higher Law. The confession of Kant, that he never ceased to wonder at the starry sky above him

and at the moral sense within him, is often quoted. Since Kant's day, however, a great change has taken place in this particular estimate. Astronomical science has given us a new conception of the magnitude and grandeur of the firmament, whilst the evolutionist and utilitarian are supposed to have done away with the mystery and majesty of conscience. Darwin considered that the fact of our animal origin rendered doubtful the higher intimations of our intelligence, and the same objection is supposed to lie against the conscience. Is this so? Is this solemn oracle discredited because in some way it emerged in the lower parts of the earth, or because it was disclosed in and through an organism which had that humble origin? We think this a gratuitous conclusion. Look at another wonderful faculty of human nature—the æsthetic sense. All thinkers acknowledge the mystery and glory of this sense, the reality of its objective, the authority of its judgments, the delightsomeness of its exercise. Yet this glorious sense has also arisen out of the earth. Going back to the very beginning we find in the lowest organisms appreciations of color, form, and music; nay, the scientist assures us that the existence and progress of various species of birds, insects, and beasts are dependent upon their possession of the æsthetic sense. Ascending, we find in the savage the same wonderful faculty: often, indeed, revealing itself in bizarre fashion and delivering eccentric verdicts, yet dealing with reality and tending toward perfection, until finally the dim, erring sense of beauty and harmony develops into fullness of power and delicacy in favored individuals and high civilizations. Truth springeth out of the ground, shooting a green leaf in gross animal life, gleaming a wild blossom in savage human life, and finally crowned in gorgeous flower and fruition in the art of Athens and Rome, of Florence and Madrid, of Venice and Antwerp. All along the line from the slime upward nature worked unerringly toward the ideal. Must we, then, now become iconoclasts, scouting the creations of great sculptors, architects, colorists, and minstrels, and denying the significance of art and its mission, because science has traced the æsthetic faculty back to creeping things and flying fowl? Must we now ask, skeptically, Can the mind which has developed from a mind as low as that

possessed by the lowest animals be trusted when it draws the grand conclusions of Apelles and Praxiteles, of Raphael and Angelo? We ask no such question. Whatever may have been the conditions of the development of the æsthetic sense, we believe in the reality of beauty, in the laws of beauty, in the joy of beauty, in a word, in the authority of the cultivated æsthetic sense; indeed, certain philosophers hold that such is the profound significance of loveliness and music that in them the spirit of man must seek its perfect and final rest. We may justly reason thus concerning the conscience. The moral sense exists obscurely in the animal world, in aboriginal man it becomes more definite and emphatic, and finally in the disciplined saint it attains a delicacy and sovereignty which are not less than divine. Having traced its history, are we then to lose our reverence for it and our confidence in its dictates? Must we inquire, doubtfully, Is the conscience which has been developed from a conscience as low as that possessed by the lowest animals to be trusted when it draws the grand conclusions of Moses in the code of Sinai, or of the Lord Jesus in the Sermon on the Mount? Once more, we need ask no such question. The moral sense concerns itself with reality, and only when cultivated its verdicts carry all the weight of supreme authority. Certain critics of righteousness lay it down that morality is merely a "matter of social discipline . . . sort of understanding arrived at by nations or communities for the better regulation of their affairs. Where numbers of men are gathered together they have the right to agree among themselves as to what things may or may not be done."¹ Few, however, will argue in a similar strain that beauty is merely a matter of mental discipline, that it is a "sort of understanding" arbitrarily arrived at by artists for the advantage of the profession, a matter of convenience and convention, and that the Academy has the right to erect a standard of beauty adapted to its supposed needs. Whatever was the genesis of the æsthetic sense philosophers agree that the principles of beauty lie far back in the nature of things, that it is altogether independent of convention and caprice, and that the artist's vocation is severely to interpret the subtle fundamental laws out of which springs the

¹Nisbet.

splendor of the world. Beauty is another word for truth, the truth that springs out of the earth and which is nevertheless mysterious and sublime. All this, in a sense yet more emphatic, is true of the conscience. Morality is not a matter of individual choice or social compact, it is a question of the just interpretation of that immutable universe which bounds us, and the conscience which effects that interpretation is not the less trustworthy and majestic because the elements formed its envelope and ages of human history were necessary for its discipline. The summer rose whose root is in the clods is not less heavenly than the blossom of the aerial plant which draws its life immediately from celestial sources, and the imagination and conscience are in no wise discredited because they burst through the dust of the world. It may, however, be objected that the modern student is not so sure of the integrity of nature. He discerns what he is compelled to brand as the immorality of nature, "the unfathomable injustice of the nature of things." Truth springs out of the earth so long as we keep close to physics, to number, weight, and measure, but on the higher ranges of conscious life nature permits many wild and terrible things. Let theologians acknowledge their debt to the scientists who emphasize the tragic aspects of creation, but to judge nature entirely, or even chiefly, by these aspects is to form a false estimate of the situation: it is, indeed, to take the wart for the face, the spots for the sun. In one of the prisons of Venice a helmet of studied beauty was found, so designed that it would crush the head of the accused; a fact which provoked the remark that "Venice was artistic even in her tortures." It is difficult to persuade ourselves that the cosmic law is thus vicious, and that the spirit of nature expresses the truculence of the Venetian oligarchy. The world is a benevolent work marred, not a malign creation decorated. Huxley wrote: "If our ears were sharp enough to hear all the cries of pain that are uttered in the earth by men and beasts, we should be deafened by one continuous scream! And yet the wealth of superfluous loveliness in the world condemns pessimism. It is a hopeless riddle."¹ But if our ears were sufficiently sensitive to hear all the cries of earthly suffering, they

¹Life and Letters.

would also be acute enough to hear the vaster music of the world's perfection and joy, which, if it does not drown the dirge, immensely relieves it, as, indeed, Huxley seemed to feel. Revelation throughout consistently regards the material universe as fundamentally right and good, always on the side of righteousness, and this we believe will be the last word of science.

III. We conclude by observing how the truthfulness of nature bears on Our Hope of Immortality. Here we come to a primitive and universal instinct. "If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable." All peoples have revealed an instinct for the future, framed some theory of immortality, and if in this life only we have hope in Christ we are exceptions to the race, singular in our skepticism and misery. It will, however, be again objected: How can we trust a mind which has been developed from the mind of the lowest animals when it draws such large conclusions? Yet why should we dishonor this impulse and disown these intimations of immortality? The delicate instincts of the inferior creatures are entirely reliable, as we see in migrant birds. "In autumn the swallows will collect together and suddenly vanish. Even the caged bird, if a migrant, catches the fever and frets impatiently in his prison. That a chiffchaff, whose daily occupation for months has been to pick grubs from the trees, and who has never left his favorite wood, should suddenly, some evening, be seized by an uncontrollable impulse to start for North Africa, is surely matter for wonder. And in spring, too, when you see the first swallow, it is a startling thought that the small bird, whom you see practicing his short swallow-flights, perhaps only some ten days before, started on his northward voyage from Natal."¹ The instinct of the little creatures is true, it does not fool them, they find beyond the sea the summer lands they seek. It is folly to tell us that the migration instinct of the bird is the consequence of the experience of its ancestors, and that we fully understand it, while the hope of immortality is purely prophetic and entirely inexplicable. We do not understand the migratory instinct of the bird; it is a marvelous fact despite all our assumptions; yet even supposing that the

¹Headley, *Structure of Birds*.

modern interpretation of instinct is correct, and that the migratory impulse is the capitalized experience of the bird race, who can pretend that we understand all that is included in the constitution and history of the human soul? Springing out of the depths of nature, may not our spirit be influenced by facts and laws which dip down into the infinite? According to the naturalist we are partakers of the unknown cycles of the past; eternity is set in our heart, and our belief in persistent life may be based upon facts of the abiding universe that we can now no more comprehend than the bird of today can comprehend the ice age in which the migratory instinct is believed to have taken its rise. Our instinct for the unknown world and future life shall not betray us. Not in vain has our wing been fashioned for a far flight, and our daring hope shall not make us ashamed. Through dark nights and trackless skies, over wild seas, battling with storms, puzzled by strange lights and glooms, the trembling birds urge their perilous flight to sing amid the sunshine and roses of the lands of the sun; so through sickness, age, death and the grave we greatly hope, and our hope shall not make us ashamed.

The eternal Spirit stands behind all physical facts and laws, using them according to the purpose of his sovereign will, and it little troubles us as to how far it may please him to work through the dust. With him we have to do; we are always sure that his final purpose is intellectual and moral; in him we put our trust; he will keep faith with us. Nothing in modern science dismays us, it confirms our greatest beliefs and hopes. "Faith is the heroism of the intellect"; just that. The intellect follows the lines of the experimental world to their last refinement; then, still holding to the secret analogy of things, it becomes heroic, and committing itself to the abyss of the future lands on the diamond rock. Faith is reason consulting all the lessons of time and experience, then projecting itself into realms of the unknown. It shall not be confounded.

W. L. Watkinson

ART. III.—THE CHIEF WORK OF THE MINISTER OF GOD¹

WHEN Samuel Wilberforce was Bishop of Oxford he wrote in his diary, under date of November 15, 1855: "In reply to my question, 'How do you influence people of different classes?' the Abbé Codant said: 'In instructed places mainly the *sermon* is trusted to; in ignorant parts *processions, exposition of the Sacrament, etc.*'" The entry is of small importance. Who cares especially for the opinion of Abbé Codant except as showing that then, as now, the realm of the Christian ministry has many roads of privilege and duty? The demands upon the ministry are increasingly numerous and varied. It is a commonplace that a minister must be a sort of Jack-of-all-trades, able to put his hand to anything and everything. He must be a shepherd of the flock, a man of affairs with administrative abilities, bookkeeper, committeeman, counselor, teacher, miracle-worker, and what not. Some place the emphasis upon one function, some upon another. I have heard it said that if a man is a good pastor, that is all that is necessary, or if he is tactful—a good "mixer" is the modern phrase—or a good all-round man, he will be a success. But the chief work of the minister of God is not as a pastor or an adviser, not as a tactician or an administrator. The chief work of the minister is something else. The chief work of the minister of God is to preach. To that he is called. To that, in the Methodist Episcopal Church, at least, he is ordained. Have you never heard a bishop say to a candidate for deacon's orders as he hands him the Bible, "Take thou authority to read the Holy Scriptures in the Church of God, and to preach the same," or to a candidate for elder's orders, "Take thou authority as an Elder in the Church, to preach the word of God, and to administer the Holy Sacraments in the Congregation"? Have you never heard a bishop at such an ordination service pray, "Most merciful Father, we beseech thee to send upon these thy servants thy heavenly bless-

¹Matriculation Address given September 26, 1906, Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, N. J.

ings, that they may be clothed with righteousness, and that thy word spoken by their mouths may have such success that it may never be spoken in vain. Grant also that we may have grace to hear and receive what they shall deliver out of thy most holy word, or agreeably to the same, as the means of our salvation," etc.? If Methodist ministers have any official designation it is "preacher-in-charge." From the beginning we have laid emphasis on preaching. And both naturally and rightly. Methodism was a revival of primitive Christianity, a restatement of the principles of the gospel. How could the evangelicals of the eighteenth century do otherwise than preach? Where in history is there a record of a great religious awakening apart from preaching? Not at Nineveh, nor Jerusalem, nor Rome. Wycliffe and his "simple priests" by their preaching made a new England in the fourteenth century, as did Wesley and Whitefield in the eighteenth. The Reformation of the sixteenth century was the result of preaching. "Wherever the pulpit was set up the Reformation spread, and wherever the Reformation spread the pulpit was set up." There is nothing more certain than that which has been affirmed by more than one writer, that if it were necessary to vindicate the wisdom of God in making preaching the chief means of the establishment and extension of his kingdom, a sufficient defense would be found in the remarkable power which the Christian pulpit has wielded, especially at certain critical periods in the history of the church.

There was a time when the authority of the pulpit was supreme. It is not so now. In the last quarter of a century there has been a perceptible loss of pulpit influence and power. It is said that wherever preaching retains its vitality it is an exception to the rule. Certain it is that the preacher is no longer the only teacher in the community. He is not the only learned man; he is not even the only Bible student. There is doubtless a modern impatience of preaching; there has been a loss of novelty. But does the preacher, as some assert, only afford a sort of religious pastime to the people? Preachers are charged with being dull, prolix, without variety, and narrow. They are caricatured by the illustrated press either as sleek, well-fed, unctuous wearers of the cloth, or as thin, gaunt, sanctimonious clerics. It is a common

impression now as it always has been that preachers are among the laziest of lazy folks. A reviewer of Jane Austen's novels, commenting on the fact that she chose her characters from the class of life in which she herself lived, the so-called middle class—the squires and country gentlemen, the clergymen and upper-class prosperous tradespeople—says: "It is, however, a remarkable fact that all the mankind are always at leisure to picnic and dance attendance on the ladies at any hour of the day; we have no business men; rides and excursions and picnics are always provided with a full complement of idle young men to watch the young women. To this rule the clergymen are, of course, no exception." "Of course." That's the pity. *Of course!* Laymen think they lay a laurel crown on the brow of the minister when they say, "He is a hard worker." It seems to be the prevalent notion that preachers are well-meaning, easy-going souls, who subsist on a chicken diet and raise a hymn-tune now and again. To be sure. But is not there some ground for such an opinion? John Stoughton, a sturdy Puritan, one of the chaplains to James I, once wrote a quaint book entitled *Baruch's Sore Gently Opened*. Some modern critics of the pulpit are not so considerate. Even more serious charges are brought against ministers and the church. They are thought to be what God is not—respecters of persons. They read an expurgated edition of Saint James's epistle and fail to recall what that apostle wrote about the poor and the rich. One of the most influential labor leaders in England has said that there is no place in the workingman's program for religion. This must be because Christianity seems puerile and impotent. Kaufmann asserts that "the cross, once a symbol of suffering, is now a symbol of slavery." This must be because Christianity seems oppressive. But not alone hostile critics call attention to the unfortunate estrangement of many working men from the church. Dr. Peabody says: "We find a gulf of alienation and misinterpretation lying between the social movement and the Christian religion; a gulf so wide and deep as to recall the judgment of Schopenhauer, that Christianity, in its real attitude toward the world, is absolutely remote from the spirit of the modern age." And Professor Commons in his *Social Reform and the Church* is more specific,

not only holding that it is the failures of Christians that perpetuate and intensify social problems, but that the failures of Christians are due to the failures of Christian preaching. Besides, there are said to be serious and successful rivals of the pulpit; substitutes even. We hear of "the artist who preaches," and of the poet with a message, and of the militant voice of the press, as if these were the chosen prophets of this generation. God forbid that I should speak lightly of any influence that makes for righteousness or disparage any light that may be held aloft in the world's night, for it is unquestionably true that now and then the poetic imagination may rise to seership. How otherwise shall we interpret Milton, or Tennyson, or Whittier? The painter may have a vision of moral good which drives him to cry aloud through form and color so potently that others see what he has seen and are swayed even as he was swayed. Who will gainsay the power of the press? It is of incalculable value when uninfluenced by political, or commercial, or personal motives. But the minister of God is not to be classed with these, even though Thomas Guthrie did once write to a painter: "You say we follow different professions, that you are a painter and that I am a writer. I will put it in another way: we are both painters, only that I content myself with the pen while you use the brush." I mean no disrespect. The preacher is not an expert in phrases, or differentiated from other men by a sense of proportion or a feeling for perspective. He is not a purveyor of news, nor a barometer of public sentiment, nor a diagnostician of disease in the body politic. He is a preacher. He is not a sociologist, nor a politician, nor an economist, nor a statesman. He is a preacher, and his is the final word, therefore, in the realm in which he speaks. Preaching is not the dissemination of scientific theories, the advancement of political ideas, nor the announcement of economic principles. These are fortunately outside the preaching realm. I say "fortunately," for there might be occasion for disputing his theories, for debating his partisan pronouncements, and for questioning his political economy; but in matters of religion—I make a distinction between religion and doctrine—his word is final. "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy

God?" Christianity has the last word in matters of conduct. For the preacher who receives his message from God and delivers it uncorrupted there is no supreme court. There is no appeal from the preacher's "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." A thousand voices may query, and quibble, and even wail their protests, but the word of the preacher is forevermore yea and amen. And if there is legitimate ground of criticism of the pulpit or of preaching in this generation, if the influence of the pulpit is waning and the preaching in any quarter is becoming puerile, then the pulpit must seek to reestablish itself as a force for righteousness and preachers must pray and labor to come once again unto their own. There is only one way by which the pulpit can regain its power, namely, by preaching. Scholarship alone will not do it. There are more scholars out of the pulpit than in it. Simple devotion to lofty ideals will not accomplish it. Even zealous loyalty to a holy cause will not reestablish the power of the pulpit. Meddling in politics will not attain the desired end. The call to preach does not constitute a man a statesman. The most effective appeal is not political in its nature. The kingdom of heaven is not to be advanced by intrigues or cabals. There is no place in free government for a clerical party or for distinctly political preaching. Paul Sabatier, in his book *Disestablishment in France*, says: "I conclude this sketch of the position of the church by saying that what has ruined the church in France is not its dogmas but its politics." The state cannot make saints. It can lock up its criminals, provided it can convict them of crime; it can place certain safeguards about the weak and defenseless which may act as restraints in times of temptation or peril, it can provide education and other helpful influence for all, but it cannot make saints. Men are not to be coerced into goodness by standing armies or legislative enactments. Elijah tried to coerce Israel into acknowledgment of the supremacy of God and failed. The preacher as a politician is more out of his element than a ward-heeler in the pulpit. The political preacher will not reestablish the supremacy of the pulpit.

The hope of Christianity is not in the growth of ritualism. The church is not to recover lost ground by more ornate forms of

worship. I know the zealous churchman will say, as he is wont to say: "Sermons are not worship; they are but means to an end. Ends and means must not be confounded. The road to London is not London." Yet Luther held that there could be no true worship where there is no true preaching, and a very recent writer insists that "the speaking of the word of God is the highest element of worship," and I believe with them. Moreover where the priestly idea is given precedence there comes a famine of the word of the Lord in the land. Sir Walter Besant, like Gladstone and Hawthorne and many others, was profoundly impressed with the Pilgrim's Progress, and said of it: "While it survives, and is read by our boys and girls, two or three great truths will remain deeply burned into the English soul. The first is the personal responsibility of each man; the next is"—and it is this that I want to emphasize—"the next is that Christianity does not want, and cannot have, a priest." It would seem as if England has even now almost forgotten the lesson! The ritualism of Baal was much more imposing than that of Israel, but that proved nothing as to which was the true God. Its moral demands, too, were much less exacting. And unfortunately this is almost invariably the effect of the gorgeous pageantry and dramatic ceremonials of a studied and imposing ritualism. The soul that is flaming with a holy sense of fellowship with Jesus does not wait, as they that wait for the coming of the morning, for the entrance of a priest. There is no place for the priest in *his* temple. He is one with Christ, and waits only to hear what the Lord would speak to his trembling heart. What other conclusion can we reach from the study of the records of the Christian centuries than that it is the preacher rather than the priest who is the larger factor in the world's progress? Jesus was a preacher. He started in to preach. "From that time Jesus began to preach," runs the record. It was not as a priest officiating at a flower-bedecked altar that he stirred the emotions of people. It was when he *spoke*. He was no traditionalist; he showed small respect for the religious party, and it was not as a synagogist that he read the Law, relying for impressions upon intonation, or cadence, or ecclesiastical dress. It was when he interpreted the law in modern speech that "all bare him wit-

ness, and wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth." He had no difficulty in getting an attentive hearing. The people knew that he was not reciting platitudes that day in the synagogue at Nazareth when he read, as no man ever read that utterance before, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; . . . to preach deliverance to the captives, . . . to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." By that time "the eyes of all them that were in the synagogue were fastened on him." He did not need to add, "This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears." Somehow they felt it, and knew as by instinct that they were looking upon the Preacher long heralded. That was his mission, to preach, to preach, to preach.

"Across the sea, along the shore,
In numbers more and ever more,
From lonely hut and busy town,
The valley through, the mountain down,
What was it ye went out to see,
Ye silly folk of Gallilee?
The reed that in the wind doth shake?
The weed that washes in the lake?
The reeds that wave? the weeds that float?—
A young man preaching in a boat."

What portraits of himself he drew!—"A sower went forth to sow." With what consciousness of personal authority he spoke!—"Verily, verily, I say unto you." What entreaty there was ever in his urgent appeals!—"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." What pathos in his tears of failure!—"How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not." What sublime conceptions of world-conquests through the enthusiastic devotion of his chosen preachers!—"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." Jesus was a preacher. The apostles were preachers. That was their business, preaching. It was their chief business. They had neither time nor inclination for church finances or details of organization; they caused others to be chosen for such purposes, they were commissioned to preach. The conquests of the Christian Church have been largely through preach-

ing. Saint Francis was never the priest to people, he was a *brother*, a preacher. It was not Luther the monk, bending the knee in suppliant complaisancy to the so-called vicar of God and covering the surgings of his own restless heart with a priestly robe, that made Europe tremble, but Luther the son of thunder, who, having seen the glowing bush which flamed with fire and yet was not burned, told men of the revelations. Was it John Wesley the priest or John Wesley the preacher who changed the currents of English social life and effected a moral revolution? The conclusion is inevitable. If the pulpit, as many think, has lost its vitality, the remedy is not to be found in ritualism but in preaching; more and better preaching. James Russell Lowell said that no government can be carried on by declamation; this is probably true; but the kingdom of heaven is to be established and maintained by preaching. Its substantial progress has been through preaching. It must be so to the very end of time. Preaching has as divine a sanction as the two sacraments which were sealed with the Master's approval; it has a more important relation to the kingdom of God in the world than either baptism or the Lord's Supper. If they are permanent institutions, so is it; if they are essential, or of value, preaching is of like value and necessity. One may not be discounted more than the others. No man has authority to set aside, or even lightly regard, preaching any more than he is privileged to sneer at baptism or make jest of the holy communion. "Christ sent me not to baptize," said Paul, "but to preach the gospel." In order of time, the minister of God is called to preach before he receives the sanction of the church to lay his hands in baptism upon the head of the penitent sinner or to put the chalice to the lips of the kneeling believer. "The word," says Vinet, "does not become a rite; but the rite becomes a word."

This summer I was at Amalfi on the Gulf of Salerno, where, as Longfellow wrote, "the waves and mountains meet." One night as I lay awake in a cell of the old Capuchin monastery built in the face of the rugged mountain high up above the waters of the tideless sea, I drifted into strange, bewildering currents of history and romance. There were no sounds save the lapping of

the sea on the gray sands of the paltry beach and, as the night bent toward the dawn, now and then the shrill chatter of men and women going to their unseasonable tasks. In the stillness imagination made swift journeys in every direction. In one direction was Pæstum, where on a fever-strewn plain are the majestic ruins of a temple erected two thousand five hundred years ago for the worship of some "unknown god." In another direction was Sorrento, where Tasso was born, while beyond lay Naples, and there Petrarch lived and there Virgil waved his enchanter's wand and there he is buried. In the cathedral of Amalfi, I recalled, the bones of Saint Andrew are said to repose, and in Salerno, almost the next town, the cathedral is said to contain the remains of Saint Matthew. What fields for thought-excursions—mythology, learning, superstition, beauty of nature, a score of splendid moving pictures! And there was yet one more. Over there on the shore beyond Naples on the swerving coast in the shimmering moonlight lay Puzzuoli. There, years ago, a ship called Castor and Pollux touched one day on its way to Rome. On board was a preacher named Paul. You know the story. It need not be rehearsed today. This only shall be said: Pæstum is a desolate heap of ruins. Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered* is seldom taken from library shelves. Who believes that the bones of Andrew and Matthew can be found at Amalfi or Salerno, or, if there, that they possess healing virtues? The mountains are wearing away; the cities of the Salernian Bay are now little more than a memory. Ancient Amalfi is beneath the laughing waters. But Paul is as much of a force as when the ship on which he sailed touched the Italian coast, and the gospel which he preached with such passionate fervor and winsome grace is still the power of God unto salvation and the hope of the nations. Preaching is a permanent institution of Christianity and the preacher is the voice of God to a sinning world. As Cowper wrote:

"I say the pulpit (in the sober use
Of its legitimate, peculiar powers)
Must stand acknowledged, while the world shall stand,
The most important and effective guard,
Support and ornament of virtue's cause."

But many ministers give less attention to preaching than

formerly. It is not infrequent that men are heard to say: "I don't spend much time on my sermons. I can't; I have too much else to do." But organizing Boys' Clubs, or presiding at Ladies' Aid Society meetings, or running errands for the sexton, will never answer the purpose of preaching. The church has a right to expect that men ordained to preach shall be able to preach. I would question whether anyone who cannot preach, and preach acceptably, has any business in the ministry. I once heard of an epitaph in a country town. It devoted two lines to the virtues of the good woman buried there, and concluded with this line: "She averaged well for this vicinity." That isn't enough—to average well for the vicinity in which you labor. Brethren, you are to be preachers; the best preachers that God and native ability and hard tasks can produce. Why should you not aspire to be great preachers? From an examination of most books on preaching or preachers one would think that Methodism has not had, or cannot produce, great preachers. It cannot be that we have had no great preachers. It may be that there is no wealth of Methodist sermonic literature. But it makes little difference. I am not concerned as to the proper recognition; but I am anxious that every man entering our ministry shall determine by the Grace of God to be a worthy preacher of the gospel of Jesus Christ. And whoever is called to preach may become an acceptable vehicle for the communication of the thoughts and feelings of God to the hearts and consciences of men.

What shall be the nature of this preaching for which I plead, and which is the supreme need of the church today? There are so many qualities which are essential that I regret I cannot attempt to do more than name two or three characteristics. In general terms it must be the sort of preaching which rests for its authority upon the Word of God, for its pertinency upon the needs of humanity, individual and social, and for its victories, under the blessing of God, upon the passion of the preacher's soul.

Our ministry is a ministry of the Word. The effective preacher is one who knows, reverences and believes the Bible, who finds his illustrations in the Bible, who interprets Scripture by Scripture, who holds as supreme the authority of the Bible.

Preaching, to be worth while, must have a sharpened point. The Word of God is still powerful and sharp. It may be more popular to use make-believe weapons, such as are put in the hands of children, but strongholds of sin will not topple over to the rippling laughter of children at play, nor will citadels of Satan be taken by the users of penny whistles. Men may prefer not to be disturbed in their unlawful practices, or they may elect not to listen to a condemnation of their vices. It is not always popular to denounce wickedness. But the pulpit will be a force only as the preacher stands upon the impregnable rock of Scripture, and with the audacity and plainness of Scripture denounces sin of every name and form, and with the tenderness and ardent love of the Bible announces "the word of reconciliation." More and more must our preaching be scriptural preaching. The Book must be the mirror in which men shall see both themselves and their Saviour. The Book must be the interpreter of life, and at the same time bread for the sustenance of life; the flaming sword at Eden's gate, warning of judgment; the limpid fountain in which dust-stained and weary travelers shall slake their thirst. The Book must ever be the inspiration of noble ambitions and valiant enterprises, the solace of fagged, uncomfited, pinched, sorrow-gashed souls, the sure guide to the celestial city. God give us a generation of preachers who shall know the Scriptures with the spiritual discernment of Alexander Maclaren, who shall make use of them for the elucidation of the problems of the soul and the illumination of the rough but royal way to the skies as Spurgeon and Parker used them, and there will be little talk about the impotency of preaching.

Again, preaching, to be worthy of the name, and to stop the cavils of some critics of preaching and preachers, must be chivalric. Preaching is militant work. "Preaching the gospel means going to men with the words, 'Thou, thou art the man.' It means a never-ceasing attack on every wrong institution until the earth becomes a new earth, and all cities cities of God." Preaching is one way by which wrongs are righted, oppressions checked, violence abated, justice restored to her throne, iniquities laid low, sin destroyed. Preachers ought to be the most chivalrous of men, but,

alas, it is not always so. In 1844 the Earl of Shaftesbury wrote in his Journal: "Prepared as I am, I am oftentimes distressed and puzzled by the strange contrasts I find: support from infidels or nonprofessors; opposition or coldness from religionists or declaimers; I sometimes pause to reflect whether I can be right, whether I have followed the true course, whether—when so many 'pious' people either thwart or discourage me—I must not be altogether in error"; and on another occasion he wrote: "I find, as usual, the clergy are, in many cases, frigid; in some few, hostile. So it has ever been with me. At first I could get none; at last I have obtained a few, but how miserable a proportion of the entire class!" Oh, how often the ministers of every generation fail to hear the bitter cries of the downtrodden, of unloved children, of the faint and famished. The age demands chivalric preachers. Charles Kingsley was such a preacher to his generation. One who heard him in Chester Cathedral said of him that, when he entered the pulpit, somehow—from the simple carriage of himself, from every restrained and slightest gesture, from every stronger or shyer cadence, from the words he said and the earnest, self-abandoning, strong, joyful way in which he said them—there came upon you the impression that here was a man who, in all best senses, was a true knight-errant; a man who had yielded to God and duty not a few of his faculties only, but his whole manhood, and who had an utter personal rejoicing, both in consecration itself and in all sides of that ministry which for him the consecration meant. "Charles Kingsley?" you say. "I know him. He was a great preacher; he must have had great opportunities. I have heard of him; he must have preached in London." Yes, probably he did preach in London—occasionally—but London was not his parish. His field of opportunity was a "little patch of moorland," as he himself characterized it, in Southern England, on which were three straggling hamlets, containing seven or eight hundred souls, not a man or woman of whom, when he began his ministry at Eversley, could read or write; coarse, boorish folks, habitually absenting themselves from the leaky, worm-eaten old parish church and even more assiduously frequenting the ale houses. The salary? Oh, that was a mere pittance. Not an

attractive field for the beginning of any ministry, many will think. Others will perhaps say: "Well, the young preachers have to take the hard places; we can stand it for a year or two, and then we will have served our apprenticeship and will get an easier or better place." Oh, God, is that the modern spirit? It was not the spirit of the chivalric Kingsley. There he began, continued, and ended his glorious ministry, and no man in England in his day exerted a more powerful and widespread influence. His voice, sounding a real message of God, was heard in metropolitan England and in distant America. In the broadest sense the world became his parish. And what is the explanation? It is simple. He was a brother of the world. His words throbbed with sympathy and life. Every soul in peril or distress was his care, every slave was his concern, every man oppressed by sin or society was his charge. "I will never believe," he cries almost impatiently, "I will never believe that a man has a real love for the good and the beautiful except he attacks the evil and the disgusting the moment he sees it. It is very easy for us to turn our eyes away from ugly sights, and so consider ourselves refined. The refined man to me is he who cannot rest in peace with a coal mine, or a factory, or a Dorsetshire peasant's house near him, in the state in which they are." He read in his Bible that there are *two* commandments: Thou shalt love the Lord supremely, and Thou shalt love thy neighbor also supremely. The Bible of every chivalrous preacher reads in the same fashion. What does it matter to a man who thus loves *where* he is set to preach or how much compensation he receives per sermon! Preaching is not a matter of pay or of locality. The summons to preach is not sounded by God alone, but by humanity. It is the reveille of human need, that the Son of God, going forth to war, has heard, which leads many a chivalrous soul to place himself as completely in God's hands as did David Livingstone for the preaching of the Word and the healing of the open sores of the world. Some one asked a great musician how he composed his wonderful works. "I don't know," he replied; "I only listen." The effective preacher is one who listens and, listening, hears the voice of God and the agonized cry of human need, and obeys.

In the Protestant cemetery in Rome is a monument to Shelley, the English poet who met a tragic death at thirty in Italy. A sudden storm at sea capsized the boat in which he was sailing, and he was drowned almost within sight of his home. He had lived in Italy four years and was peculiarly responsive to the subtle spirit of the Italian atmosphere. Mountain, sky, sea, brilliant flowers, gorgeous sunsets, radiant fields and lustrous waters color his poems: "I depend on these things for life," he once wrote to a friend. It is a well-known fact that he almost invariably found his inspiration out of doors—on some quiet mountainside, in a blossom-covered pergola, in a boat on the water, or beneath the helpful sky. His first Italian poem, "A Passage of the Apennines," was written at a little inn among the mountains, in the midst of a wild landscape, where he passed but a single night. But he found the inspiration for his intensest poem, if not his greatest, not in sky, or mountain, not in nature or works of art, though these all fascinated him to a remarkable degree; it was his introduction to a beautiful and accomplished Italian girl imprisoned by a wicked father and a jealous stepmother in a convent near Pisa. His biographer says that Shelley was a born knight-errant, who could never see or hear of a wrong without an instant rush to right it, and his work bears out the statement. The preacher will be stirred to his best efforts, not by sculpture or painting, nor by landscape, but by some vision of humanity in bonds, as Wendell Phillips was moved to renunciation of brightest worldly prospects by the sight of a man, one William Lloyd Garrison by name, being dragged to jail in Boston for venturing to say that men were born to freedom. Preachers are men moved upon not only by the Holy Ghost, but also by the oppressed spirit of humanity. They are preachers because there are wrongs to be righted, iniquities to be challenged, perfidies to be denounced, oppressions to be thwarted, sins to be forgiven, sick souls to be healed, weary pilgrims to be shown the winding way to heaven's gate. Nature, art, literature, may aid, but cannot make the preacher any more than these can finally save a soul, as Michael Angelo realized when he wrote his sonnet, "On the Brink of Death":

"Now hath my life across a stormy sea
Like a frail bark reached the wide port where all
Are bidden ere the final reckoning fall
Of good and evil for eternity.
Now know I well how that fond phantasy
Which made my soul the worshiper and thrall
Of earthly art is vain; how criminal
Is that which all men seek unwillingly.
These amorous thoughts which were so lightly dressed,
What are they when the double death is nigh?
The one I know for sure, the other dread.
Painting nor sculpture now can lull to rest
My soul that turns to His great love on high,
Whose arms to clasp us on the cross were spread."

It is not art but humanity which makes the great preacher.

Finally, preaching, to be effective, can never be a perfunctory duty. The preacher is not one who merely plays a part as in a drama. Mere official seriousness, moreover, will not make a man a preacher. There must be pulsating passion, a pervasive, resistless enthusiasm, which has its fountain head in a divine call, which takes its color, as the sea takes its color from the sky, from the divine love, and which finds its sustenance and potency in a constant and steady realization "of the powers of the world to come." Do I use an obsolete or obsolescent phrase when I say "called to preach"? In our zest for the discovery of the irreducible minimum in the Christian system that idea has not been cast overboard, has it? We have not come to feel that the idea of a divine call to preach is incompatible with modern notions, have we? We have seen numerous branches severed, one by one, from the tree of our life and thought: we are surprised to find, now and then, that a light which has been glowing in some window from childhood has been snuffed out by a boisterous gust of wind, few of the old-fashioned flowers grow now in our garden perhaps, but we still believe in a divine summons to the office and work of the Christian ministry; do we not? Yet here is a writer who in an essay on "The Decay of Modern Preaching" says: "There is a certain inconsistency in our judgment about the ministry of the Christian churches. On the one hand most of the ordination services postulate an inward calling in the candidate—a special motion of the Spirit; they do not recognize any other motive as

lawful, and assume that the clergy of the church are, each and all, men who are constrained by a divine impulse to enter upon their duties. The general public, on the other hand, and the majority even of serious parents, regard the ministry as a profession to be ranked with law and medicine, and they assume that any man who feels a turn for it, in the ordinary sense of the word, is entitled to enter it. This is indeed a true and practical view, because, if the higher requirements were maintained, so few would dare to present themselves as to render our pulpits empty and the maintenance of our churches impossible." Well, if this be "a true and practical view," then preaching will continue to decay and the light of the gospel will go out in darkness. Better a thousand vacant pulpits than that they should be filled by mere babblers. Has it come to this, that any man who feels "a turn for it" is entitled to enter the pulpit? Was it thus that Elisha entered upon his work, or Isaiah took up the grave responsibilities laid upon him, or Paul went as a flaming herald to the Gentile world? Why is the Old Testament largely a record of "calls" if they are without significance? Why does Paul make much of the fact that he is "separated unto the gospel of God" if this divinely established relationship has no vital connection with his work as an apostle? "I was reading, the other day," says Dale in his book on Fellowship, "an explanation of what constitutes effective preaching, and the writer said: 'It is not the words of the preacher that produce the impression, but the man behind the words.' This is not even half the truth," comments the great Dale. "It is the Christ behind the man that produces the impression." Who will deny it? It is not the man who simply "feels a turn" for preaching that will find a welcome hearing, but he who, called and commissioned of God, realizes the Emmanuel—God with us—is with him, and speaking through him; that like Paul causes the Felixes to tremble, and like Peter the Corneliuses to rejoice. Bishop Scott often referred to that ever-to-be-remembered night, as he designated it, when he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church. "Now," he would say, "I was happy in God;

"Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song;"

but I soon felt that I could not eat my morsel alone. My heart was stirred to call sinners to repentance. What should I do? My education, though as good as that of a majority of the young men of my neighborhood, was yet very limited. I had learned, in some sort, reading, writing, and arithmetic; but that was all, and even that, to a great extent, I had lost. I knew nothing of grammar, philosophy, geography, or of history. My mother had given me the best education the schools of the neighborhood or her means would afford, yet it was very limited. How, then, could I undertake so great and responsible a work? But the burden of the Lord was upon me, and I felt, 'Woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel!' Nor did there seem to be any bounds set to my call: 'Out, out, still out!' When I yielded I was happy, when I resisted I was miserable. I hesitated, reasoned, struggled. I was greatly oppressed with my want of qualifications. But 'No matter,' was the reply to all my objections. 'Away! away! Labor for God and souls.' Better that the Mississippi which makes fertile a myriad fields shall cease to flow than that men who merely "feel a turn" for preaching, or whose parents elect that they shall enter the church, shall stand in our pulpits, for such "have mouths, but they speak not: eyes have they, but they see not: they have ears, but they hear not, neither speak they through their throat." God's ministers must ever be chosen men. Besides they must walk with him in intimate fellowship, must think his thoughts, love as he loves, strive with the concern which he feels for the well-being of men, for their salvation, and be willing to suffer as he was willing to suffer for their present and eternal joy. "No man cares for my soul," shrieked a man in despair. "Oh, yes, there is," said the Son of God. "Prove it? I will." "Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us." No man cares for my soul, thought an Ethiopian of distinction under Queen Candace, as he read of One who was led as a lamb to the slaughter. "Oh, yes, there is," said a preacher who, beginning at the same Scripture—every sermon must begin with the sacrifice of God—told the marvelous story of the divine love. "No man cares for my soul," said an outcast in London. "It's false," cried Hugh Price Hughes. One of his helpers at Saint James's Hall once

said: "Mr. Hughes preached practically the same sermon every Sunday night for five years." It was the story of God's amazing love as revealed in his conversion. "No man cares for my soul," said a man on the Bowery in New York who had run the gamut of dissipation and saw nothing ahead of him but the East River. "You are mistaken," replied a man with a face which glowed with a radiant joy, as he laid a caressing hand on his shoulder. "Prove it? I will; I will come down and live among your kind and will tell my story," and he did; and when he was carried to his burial a few months ago there followed in his train a whole army of former thieves and drunkards who had been won to sobriety and honesty and virtue by his passionate love for their souls. The fact is, "Christianity is not founded on logic but on passion," and passion finds its expression in intensity of life; and here you have the secret of the prodigious preaching power of two of the quietest, gentlest men I have ever known—Henry Drummond and Maltbie Babcock. Nor need one look further for the explanation of how John was sustained while in banishment, or why Peter welcomed martyrdom, or for the reason why Finney left the study of law to become a preacher, or why Moody had such a singular influence over men. No man can be a mighty preacher who is not daily strengthened by a heavenly vision. Take Paul for example. It was a vivid sense of the powers of the world to come which buoyed and steadied him all through his tempestuous career. Prisons were nothing, stripes nothing, false brethren nothing, shipwrecks nothing, powers and principalities nothing; none of these things moved him. His affections were fixed on things above. His eye never wavered, and therefore his hand never trembled, his foot never faltered, his heart never flinched, and his preaching was the power of God unto salvation. Such fixedness of gaze, such resoluteness of purpose, such vigor of concern and vitality of experience, such superbness of devotion and peerless self-effacement—these are the ingredients of a soul-passion which will fire a stammering tongue, and turn multitudes to righteousness.

It was only the other day that I was reading the pessimistic predictions of a preacher. "As regards the future of preaching," he wrote, "I confess that among the better classes, and with

educated congregations, I think its day is gone by." He is so confident that he repeats it on the same page: "The day for any average minister to lead and influence such [that is, educated] people *by his preaching* is gone by." The day of preaching gone by! So they were saying in the thirteenth century, and while the words were still hot on their lips there suddenly appeared on the smiling Umbrian plain—his coming was as swift and unexpected as if he had been dropped from a cloudless sky—a man of almost diminutive stature, with thin features, of delicate health like Robert Hall, yet practicing the severest austerities, with an indomitable will, yet tender and sympathetic, and by the miracle of preaching, almost before men realized it, the old faith was everywhere revived. So men were saying when Hugh Blair was droning his platitudes in Edinburgh—when, lo, a thousand insistent voices were heard along the highways of England and a new day had dawned on the earth. The day of preaching gone by! Rather is the day at hand for a generation of preachers. Opportunities create preachers. Preachers are made by great themes and great struggles. The ante-bellum days made Whittier, who never rose to grander heights than in his anti-slavery poems. What a day you young ministers of God are entering upon!—a day of alarm and strain, of fatiguing campaigns and peril of battle, of poverty, and wounds, and death; but what of that? If the Spirit of the Lord is upon you, and the death of the Son of God is real to you, and the awesome cries of humanity lash your soul, as the west wind goads the sea into mountains of fury and power, into tumults of eager solicitude and upspringing passion of effort, you will cry as did old Samuel Adams on the morning of the battle of Lexington, "Oh, glorious day!" It is a glorious day, my brethren. Thank God that you will feel its breath upon your faces, and enter with boundless joy into its struggles.

Ezra Squier Tipple

ART. IV.—LONGFELLOW'S SERVICE TO AMERICAN CULTURE

It is more and more apparent that Longfellow's real distinction is due, not to the excellence of his prose achievement, not to his attainments as a college professor, not even to his greatness as a poet, but to his superiority and grace of manhood. His prose productions do not commend themselves as enduring works of art; his function as a college professor was incidental, temporary, and to some extent perfunctory; and his poetry, sweet and noble as it is, rarely attains supreme excellence. His finest work of art is his own character. No one is ever disappointed in that. It nowhere falls short. He was never able to put into either speech, or poetry, or prose quite all that there was good and great in himself. But whether he was discoursing to a body of students in the classroom, or addressing a wider and more varied audience through *Outre-Mer* and *Hyperion*, or enchanting a nation with his song, through it all and over and above it all he was diffusing his own personality, and so disseminating the finest ideals and the mellowest culture yet known to America.

I am aware that there are those who will question whether culture is not an altogether negligible factor in America. Some there are who will assert that the refinements of life are more honored among us in the breach than in the observance. They will take the rumored reply of the Chicagoan, who, when twitted by a Bostonian on the lack of culture in Chicago, retorted with spirit that Chicago was about to take up culture now and boom it, as indicative of the conception of culture universally held in America. And there is not a little to encourage and justify such a conclusion. For refinement cometh not with observation. The winds of culture blow where they list, and we know neither whence they come nor whither they go. But the Philistine trumpeteth from afar. He goeth hither and thither in the land; and maketh his uprisings and his downittings to be known throughout the earth. The "yellow" journal and the American millionaire fill the universe with the magnitude of our iniquity and our ignorance. It is too true that

our refinement of late years has had to do very largely with the refinement of oil; and that, far from busying ourselves in creating "a current of true and fresh ideas," in accordance with the gospel of culture preached so assiduously by Matthew Arnold in his day and generation, we have been supremely exercised lest there should be a diminution in the current of our trade in canned meats and sausages, or a decline in the values of real estate. But be our cultural status at present what it may, it is vastly better than it was a hundred years ago. Up to the beginning of the nineteenth century there was everything in New England to chill and nothing to nourish the æsthetic and imaginative life of the people. The one overpowering motive of the Puritans was to work the will of God upon earth; and they believed that God required very rigorous things of them and of all men. They worshiped in bare, cold, ugly meetinghouses where they listened to long, terrible prayers, longer and more terrible sermons, and sang crude and unmusical versions of the Psalms. Gloomy thoughts of the brevity of life, the certainty of death, and the endlessness of future existence stared them continually in the face by day and made their dreams frightful by night. Purely theoretical Puritanism was pretty likely to preach that "human nature is damnable," that conscience and elegance are at variance, and that the refinements of art are seductions of the devil. Emerson's saying, that the Puritans "were so righteous they had to hold on to the huckleberry bushes for fear of being translated," throws not a little light upon the temper of his ancestors. They were consumed with a harsh and unlovely religious zeal on the one hand, and forced to a relentless Yankee clutch upon the huckleberry bushes of material existence on the other. Between the brassy heavens into which they gazed and the obdurate soil in which they delved there was spread out for their delight a whole rich, fair world of opportunity and enjoyment. But to this they were blind. There were, nevertheless, in this hardy vine of New England Puritanism sweet potencies that were later to yield choice vintages of poetry, and wit, and philosophy. The race that could breed Longfellow, and Holmes, and Emerson, is not a race to be ridiculed or despised. But the narrowness and intensity of the Puritan temper and manner of life was not the

only influence that tended to inhibit culture and ideality in New England during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The time for the dreamer and the singer had not yet come. The era of material conquest must precede that of æsthetic enjoyment; and the process of establishing civil order must anticipate the products of the creative imagination. For many decades our Puritan ancestors found the task of taming the savage and conquering the brute forces of nature about them scarcely less realistic and absorbing than the work of subduing the devil within them. Houses must be erected, forests must be cleared, fields must be planted and harvested, rivers must be bridged, roads must be cut, and, finally, cities must be built and constitutions made before there could be leisure for the refinements of life. There is little need for poetry and painting, and little opportunity to enjoy them while men are on the march or in camp and battle. They themselves are enacting deeds that are later to become the subject-matter for epics, and so warm and full-pulsed is the excitement that accompanies action that any account of it in song or story must seem thin and uninteresting to men who have dared the unknown and achieved adventures stranger than fiction. Books and statues and paintings, like woman, must have a permanent dwelling place; and Labor, during these years, was the young pioneer who had gone forth with an ax and gun to build a home in the wilderness for Art, his fair young bride who was to follow him later. So these first two centuries were centuries of resolute practical endeavor, heroic physical achievement, and farsighted civic beginnings. But not until the opening of the nineteenth century did the starved emotional and imaginative life of New England begin to get itself properly fed. Before the coming of Longfellow there had been harbingers of sweetness and light. "Fine sounds" had been "floating wild about the earth." The genial Washington Irving, sunning himself in the bright lands beyond the sea, had early found favor in the social and literary circles of Europe. And, good American that he was, he turned to captivate the hearts of susceptible New Englanders with romantic suggestions of the ripe beauty of rural England, and the opulence and splendor of Spanish life and Spanish legend. Ticknor too,

and Bryant had made incursions upon Spanish literary soil, and had brought back treasures more welcome than the hoarded gold of pirates. And the enlightened Emerson, who represented the spiritual quintessence of Puritanism in America, with silvery eloquence and pen dipped in the brightest hues of earthly love and heavenly grace, had been announcing in transcendental language the hour of man's intellectual emancipation. So by the time Longfellow took up his residence at Cambridge after his second sojourn abroad, the New World was fully prepared for the fine culture that he was to nourish and disseminate.

If we would fully realize the importance of Longfellow's contribution to ideality in America, we must now for a little time inquire what manner of man he was. America has yet to see, and, perhaps, the world has yet to show a better type of civilization than that which centered in Longfellow and Cambridge during the second third of the last century. Writing of Lowell, Mr. Howells says: "In Lowell I was always conscious of an older and closer and stricter civilization than my own, an unbroken tradition, a more authoritative status." He might as well have written this of Longfellow. There was, at any rate, no good thing lacking in Longfellow's ancestry and breeding. If there ever was a New England aristocracy—and to affirm the contrary would be to challenge the mischievous spirits of Holmes and Lowell to send a twinge of remonstrance from the world of shades—Longfellow belonged to that aristocracy. On his father's side he was descended from sturdy yeomen, brave patriots, and accomplished gentlemen; and on his mother's side he could proudly trace his lineage to John Alden, the first man who set foot on Plymouth rock. He was reared within sound of the sea with its endless riches of poetic suggestions, under the eye of an upright and religious father of national eminence and a sensitive-souled, imaginative, beauty-loving mother. He had access to books, was not destitute of good society, and enjoyed such other refinements as were available in the New England of ninety years ago. He had the advantages of a college education, a thing not to be despised even in that day of small beginnings; and before he had come of age he was given access to the romantic countries of Europe and literatures of the

world. Later, for five years, he found congenial intellectual and literary employment in his alma mater as professor of modern languages, and with it the opportunity of sifting and assimilating his riches of acquired scholarship; and was then again commissioned to reside in Europe, still further to imbibe its spirit and familiarize himself with its literature, its art, its history, and its monuments.

It was at this juncture that he came into the literary and scholastic atmosphere of Cambridge, and assumed his duties as Smith Professor of Modern Languages in Harvard College. Cambridge, from the time that Longfellow took up his residence there until the close of the Civil War, was never more than a village—old, and quaint, and very much satisfied with itself. It had good reason to be proud. It was the seat of the oldest and most honored college in America; there was in its atmosphere the flavor of high ideals and of heroic deeds; it was distant only four miles from Boston and the sea, and the sea was an open highway over which embassies from foreign courts of culture might frequently come on missions of enlightenment—over which, too, the ambitious young men of Boston and Cambridge might fare in quest of Old World shrines and Old World inspiration. The names that were most familiar on its streets, and in the halls of Harvard College, are among the finest known to literature and science in America. During the years that Longfellow was at the height of his fame, there dwelt side by side with him and Lowell—for these two we have come to deem the most eminent of the group—Louis Agassiz, Richard Henry Dana, Charles Eliot Norton, Francis J. Child, Theophilus Parsons, the younger, Professor C. C. Felton, and a score of others of like character and equal distinction. It is little wonder that, confronted by such an array of eminent names, Bret Harte, newly arrived from the gold camps of the west, should have exclaimed breezily: “Why, you couldn’t fire a revolver from your front porch anywhere without bringing down a two-volumer!” Sooner or later there came to the homes of these gifted and polished Cambridge poets and scholars—particularly to the home of Longfellow—almost every celebrated person that touched our shores; actors, musicians, statesmen, and men of letters—all came to pay

their homage to men who in all essential qualities of greatness had no superiors in their generation. And these visitors from distant lands and from the older civilizations of the world were received and entertained with a hospitality as cultivated as it was simple and gracious. Mr. Howells, in *Literary Friends and Acquaintance* gives an attractive picture of this Cambridge life as he first saw it when he went to reside in Cambridge in the spring of 1866. He writes: "It was the moment before the old American customs had been changed by European influence among people of easier circumstances; and in Cambridge society kept what was best of its village traditions, and chose to keep them in the full knowledge of different things. Nearly every one had been abroad; and nearly every one had acquired taste for olives without losing a relish for native sauces; through the intellectual life there was an entire democracy, and I do not believe that since the capitalistic era began there was ever a community in which money counted for less. . . . If there were distinctions made in Cambridge, they were not against literature, and we found ourselves in the midst of a charming society, indifferent, apparently, to all questions but those of the higher education which comes so largely by nature. That is to say, in the Cambridge of that day (and, I dare say, of this) a mind cultivated in some sort was essential, and after that came civil manners, and the willingness and ability to be agreeable and interesting; but the question of riches or poverty did not enter." That one so artistic and scholarly as Longfellow should have been thus ideally circumstanced has in it an element of poetic justice realized all too rarely in the lives of poets. We are accustomed to associate with genius

"Cold, pain and labor, and all fleshly ills;
And mighty poets in their misery dead,"

rather than inheritances of ease, and leisure, and plate, and equipage, and house, and land, and fine family traditions. But so complete was the outward fortune of Longfellow that a friend could say as he passed the home of the poet that "he trembled to look at it, for those who lived there had their happiness so perfect that no change, of all the changes which must come to them, could fail to be for the worse." But even if the circumstance and keep-

ing of his life had been less fitting, there was that within him which would have risen superior to environment. The spirit of the man was so lovely, so genial, so spontaneous, and steadfast that he would have brought order and beauty out of the rudest worldly surroundings. He was a child of the light. The currents of his nature instinctively set toward beauty and truth and righteousness. His irreproachable taste and inherent sense of good form revealed itself alike in his dress, his voice, his manner, his conduct, his literary expression, and his religious worship. The artist within him shrank in pain from all that was ugly, harsh, slovenly, or insincere. He was a very modest man, and much given to retirement and seclusion. There was, though, no suggestion of haughtiness or exclusiveness in his attitude toward the world. Indeed, notwithstanding his love of quiet and his devotion to scholarship, he was the most accessible of men, and generous of his time and good offices. Had it not been that he made industry a religion, and that he was gifted with patience and composure of spirit beyond the legends of sainthood, the prodigality with which he gave himself to his admirers and to the social and literary mendicants of the earth would have worked his ruin as a scholar and a poet.

It has been a rare good fortune to America that he could thus preserve himself inviolate to art; for few of our choicest literary artists have devoted themselves heart and soul to letters. Almost all of them have at one time or another been betrayed from the path of pure beauty, lured by worldly emolument and the fascinations of public place, or constrained by civic duty and militant patriotism. Some, even, have been glad to earn their bread at harsh and uncongenial tasks. Emerson cheerfully accepted the duties of hog-reeve in rural Concord; Hawthorne wrestled with coal and salt in the Boston customhouse, and later even had the hardihood to write a campaign biography of his friend, Franklin Pierce; Whittier heroically played the war-fife at the head of the Abolition columns; Thoreau went to jail for conscience' sake, and Lowell attended political conventions; as minister to the Court of Saint James he made the American eagle scream in the most approved fashion at English banquets and state dinners, and, after his return to America, undertook to trim the claws of the

American democracy. And we love and honor all these men for their loyalty to principle, their uncompromising independence, and their allegiance to the duty at hand. But we love and honor Longfellow in equal measure for holding himself aloof from the turmoil of trade and politics. He was under no compulsion either to labor with his hands, or to join in the contests of the forum, or bear arms upon the field of battle. His call was to promote ideality in America, and no earthly seduction ever availed to entice him from this serene vocation. Perhaps no single circumstance in the history of American literature has had such far-reaching beneficial results as Longfellow's first sojourn in Europe. It marked the opening of a new era in American culture. During those three active, happy years Longfellow not only luxuriated in the architecture, scenery, and traditions of the romantic countries he visited; he saturated his mind with the best lore of Europe, and returned to his native land with the flavor of all these things clinging about him, and the enthusiasm for them expressing itself in all that he did. In *The Tempest*, Sebastian says of Gonzalo: "I think he will carry this island home in his pocket and give it to his son for an apple." In a fashion Longfellow did just this with Europe. He did not precisely bring it home in his pocket, but he did actually lay imaginative and emotional hands upon it, and transport it to America. Europe was none the poorer for what our thrifty Yankee picked up and brought away with him, for it was of a volatile and intangible kind, and as with all good gifts, it has blessed the giver as well as the receiver. But Longfellow was not content with these early acquisitions. He continued to lay the literature of the world under tribute; and he diffused his riches as diligently as he acquired them. In academic lecture and magazine article, in poetic translation and original poem, as well as in unconscious radiations of the cosmopolitan taste that had become a part of his personality, throughout life, Longfellow transmitted to others the Old World sweetness and light that gave charm and brightness to his own life.

Longfellow's preëminent distinction is that he has made himself a welcome guest at every American fireside, and by so doing has touched the entire life of the nation to finer issues and nobler

ends. I count as his most unique endowment, this gift of his to sense the emotional life of plain, honest, unlettered humanity at large and coin it into forms of beauty that become the accepted currency of the common people everywhere. To combine, thus, as Longfellow did, faultless ideas of taste and conduct with unlimited popularity is a circumstance as remarkable as it is fortunate. He has done in art what Providence has done in nature—upon the best has placed the stamp of commonality. And that he has thus introduced irreproachable art to every humble home is a matter of incalculable significance to the progress of culture in America. For in a democracy we advance securely only as the rank and file of society emerges from sordidness, ignorance, and moral obliquity. So, next to the merit of being a great poet, is the merit of getting one's self read, and understood, and quoted. It may well be doubted whether Shakespeare, or Milton, or Pope, or Wordsworth was so universally read during the latter half of the nineteenth century as was Longfellow. In America at least, and it is his influence in America that I am now discussing, Longfellow for more than half a century has been read by millions, and in consequence, during that time has proportionately affected the taste and character of the American nation. So our civilization cannot measure the benefit that has come to it through the happy conjunction of such diverse gifts as those with which Longfellow was dowered. Men and women who would have shunned as seductive the doctrine of "art for art's sake" saw no evil in poetry as exquisitely sensuous as that of Keats; and, on the other hand, readers who could not have been enticed to peruse a moral essay or listen to a sermon would yield themselves with delight to such lyrical homilies as "The Bridge," "The Rainy Day," and "Resignation." And so it has been that Longfellow has come home "to men's business and bosoms" more intimately and universally than is common with poets. He has found his way into all ranks and conditions of life. Thus he has rendered service to the national life scarcely less distinguished than that rendered by Washington, Emerson, Lincoln.

Frank C. Lockwood.

ART. V.—THE INVINCIBILITY OF TRUTH

"Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
Th' eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshippers."

THAN the above Bryant never wrote a more seerlike sentence. The Roman asked of Christ: "What is truth?" Whatever was the spirit of Pilate, his question is one of profoundest significance; one which pierces to the core of all present and eternal values.

Any verbal definition of truth is liable to be incomplete, but, for our present purposes, it may in general be said, Truth is reality. In the material world truth is the essential nature of things; in the moral world, the soul of law. Truth in thought is right thinking, the forming of a conception, a picture, in the soul which rightly represents the outward reality about which we think. Truth in speech is so to employ words as accurately to represent facts; in sincerity, to utter without disguise the real thought and feeling of one's mind and heart. Truth in life is conformity of character to highest moral pattern. Truth exists independently of our thought, and there may be the widest difference between the truth and what men think about it. But whatever may be our misconceptions of the truth, the truth itself stands, and we are forever powerless to displace it or to impair the validity of its claims.

I. Truth has its domain in both the physical and moral worlds. In the material realm it is the function of physical science to search out and to declare the truth. Ingenious theories may for a time pass current under the label of science, but any scientific theory, so called, which does not conform to facts is either defective or false. The circulation of the blood through the arterial and venous systems of the animal body is one of nature's facts. But from the days of Galen to comparatively recent times the doctors of medicine practiced their art without any proper knowledge of or belief in this fact. William Harvey, in the seventeenth century, after demonstrating this truth by a series of experiments upon living animals, announced his conclusions to the

world. This announcement was met by most obstinate resistance from many sources. Learned professors in leading universities wrote whole volumes in refutation of the theory. But error, however hoary or however intrenched in the homage of belief, must always give way when its opposing truth is once known. Harvey had discovered a truth as old as creation, a truth of which every heart-beat in every human bosom from the days of Adam till now has been an unerring proclamation. It remains that no false science, however formidable may seem its support, can have final standing room as against any single truth which inheres in nature. False theories, like clouds, may serve to obscure from view whole mountain ranges of truth. The clouds are sure to be swept away, while the mountains, granite-based, remain forever.

The wealth of mechanical invention in our age is something marvelous. Its adequate description would make a veritable bible of wondrous creations. The practical value to material life of invented appliances is so vast as to be immeasurable. Yet it is certain that not one useful invention was ever installed which did not depend for its value upon conformity to fundamental natural truth. It is doubtless a function of the inventor to effect new combinations of natural principles, but in the last analysis it will appear that every invention, however marvelous its mechanism, is conditioned for its working values upon conformity to natural laws. Gravitation is one of nature's universal facts, but is a fact which no art can ignore. The engineer may span yawning chasms with girders of steel, and speed his trains over mountain pathways, but before he can do these things he must reckon to the hundredth part of an ounce, with every demand which gravitation makes upon his enterprise. The useful arts are simply the tributes of human genius to the truths of nature. All true art is nothing more or less than a utilized understanding of those truths which God in the beginning entered in nature's statute book. When a human genius translates a truth of nature into some working appliance of civilization there has come into art a truth against which neither prejudice nor opposition shall have power to work final harm. What single fact more signally than the modern steamship demonstrates man's

sovereignty over nature? Harnessed to a forty thousand horse power energy, housing and feeding sumptuously regiments of people between its decks, defying alike fogs and tempests, and resting not night or day, this leviathan, on foot more fleet than the greyhound, speeds its way from one world's shore to another. Yet as late as the early years of the nineteenth century Napoleon submitted to the French Academy of Sciences a query as to the possibility of steam navigation. The reply of this learned body was: "The whole thing is a mad notion, a gross delusion, an absurdity." When, a little later, Fulton's steamboat actually began its trip on the Hudson it is said there were religious teachers who prayed that the maledictions of Heaven might fall upon the machine; and, as the start was made on the seventeenth of August, there were those who declared that this "seventeen" was none other than the total of the ten horns and the seven heads of the beast of the Apocalypse. But, the judgment of the French Academy and the prejudice of these pious teachers notwithstanding, the steamboat had come to stay; it was a translation into art of an invincible truth.

II. The highest truth with which we have to deal is moral truth. This truth relates us to God. Our relations to it decide our character—our destiny. Moral truth is as invincible as its Author. Its message declares God's changeless hatred of injustice and predicts the final triumph of right over wrong. It was the clear perception of this fact that inspired the poet-seer, when our civilization seemed dominated by the Heaven-defying crime of slavery, to write:

"Though the cause of evil prosper, yet 'tis truth alone is strong. . .
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne—
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own."

It is the solemn reiteration of history that the corroding doom of destruction works surely, however slowly, against the forces of unrighteousness. As the truths of nature are the substance and wealth of art, so moral truth embodied in character gives to character its loftiest strength, nobility and beauty. The noblest nations of history are those into whose convictions have most deeply entered the truths of moral law. The noblest men of the

race have been those whose discernment of moral law has been most clear and whose loyalty to the demands of that law has been most heroic. Why does history put its perpetual coronation upon the brows of the old Hebrew prophets? Why do men today glorify John the Baptist, a martyr in the dungeon, while they execrate Herod upon his throne? Why is it that the single scene, at the Diet of Worms, of Luther standing alone with his Bible against the assembled opposition of empires, remains today the most splendid historic picture of Europe in the sixteenth century? To such questions there is one, and but one, answer. The irreversible moral judgment of mankind ranks these men among the world's uncrowned kings because it recognizes in them the clear-visioned and fearless champions of God's eternal truth. No opposition can disturb the security of moral truth. We have no power to disarm its authority. We can never dislodge its sanctions from the human breast. Our moral constitution is such that in the light of knowledge it must always pronounce for right as against wrong, for truth as against error. The human mind has as yet very little explored the universe of moral truth. The wealth of its stellar spaces and the glory of its outlying constellations transcend mortal vision. The most daring imagination falters and gropes in the attempt to map its infinite domain. But, whatever the limitations of our apprehension, however speculative and erroneous may be many of our theories and beliefs, it must remain that there is a definite moral order of the universe, an order that is harmonious and complete in itself, and which will be abiding as eternity.

III. There is the truth of revelation given for man's guidance in the momentous matters of character and of destiny. Our Christian faith is that the Bible gives historic setting and expression to this truth. A high test of truth is seen in its ability to survive opposition—in the fact that its essential claims stand forth more clear and incontrovertible after the attacks of hostile criticism have done their worst. We may without fear most rigidly apply this test to the Bible. The Bible is a very old book. It has made for itself a pathway of increasing conquest across hostile centuries. It has found its widest acceptance among the most cultured civilizations. Indeed, it has large credit for having

itself created those very civilizations. Ours is an age characterized by fearless critical investigation. No theory that appeals for credence can hope to escape relentless analysis. In the final court of belief nothing will be accepted as truth which has not passed through crucible fires. It would be irrational to assume that the Bible must be exempt from this critical process. The very importance of its claims, to say nothing of the literary integrity of its records, renders it not only inevitable but highly fitting that it should be examined with the ablest critical search of which the human mind is capable. The Bible as God's book has nothing to lose by such process. Nor is there the slightest occasion for its friends to fear the result. Much misapprehension, confusion, and disturbance are in the popular mind over that indefinite term, "higher criticism." To many this term seems a shibboleth of most evil omen. It is not to be denied that the application of the critical process will affect some phases of traditional belief about the Bible. Around this ancient book there have gathered many purely adventitious traditions, interpretations, and views which have absolutely no place in the structure of the Bible itself. An important function of criticism is to purge away these parasitical elements. Criticism makes untenable certain views of inspiration which some have tenaciously held. The excellency of the glory of revelation has come to us in earthen vessels. It requires only intelligent attention, not critical scholarship, to convince any candid thinker that the books of the Bible bear evidence of a fallible human authorship. Criticism, for instance, does point out minor discrepancies of statement in the Gospels. The discovery of such facts should not breed panic among the saints. Such results are rationally and judicially to be anticipated, inasmuch as men, and not God, were the writers of the books. The discrepancies referred to in the Gospels, while they mark the human limitations of the writers, when properly judged do not show a general lack of competent knowledge on the part of these writers, much less the spirit of invention on the one hand or of inveracity on the other. Much that passes under the name of criticism is doubtless ill-motived and vicious; but such criticism, in its very nature, can have no final standing room in the world of scholar-

ship. Nor can there be rational doubt that all Bible truth will come forth from every ordeal of criticism not only unimpaired, but it will stand out more clear and beautiful in its own unobscured light. The freest critical study of the Bible is to be encouraged, and the ascertained results of such study are to be fearlessly accepted. The whole question of the Bible, however, when viewed largely and loftily, emphasizes the fact that its credentials as a divine book are to be found elsewhere than in the realm of "higher criticism." When the critic, armed with all the furnishings which archaeology, history, anthropology, and psychology can lend, has done his best or his worst with the Bible, he may still remain most sadly a stranger to the luminous and indubitable testimony which the book gives of its own divinity. The Bible, if it is to be known in its true values, must be studied on its divine, rather than on its mere human, side. From this viewpoint the Book flames from edge to edge with a light not born of earth. Who, for instance, shall account to our reason for the godlike morality, a morality most distinct from that of the civilizations and ages from which the Bible arose, which pervades its entire structure? Its parts, written by different authors and gathered from widely sundered times and places, are insouled by a single moral unity which makes them one. The Bible is an organism vitalized and harmonized by the divinely moral life which pervades it. How does it happen that the Bible appeals to man's moral nature with an urgency and authority such as utter themselves through no other book in the world's literature? Every man who catches the spirit of the Bible feels that its message is divine. He feels either that its appeal must be true or that his own conscience is a lying witness. The Bible holds this moral authority because, as no other book, it reveals God. It portrays God, in history, in providence, in redemption, in law, and in grace in such wealth of revelation as has never been approached by all human thinking outside of itself. On the other hand, the Bible perfectly mirrors man. It searches his deepest helplessness and reveals his divinest possibilities. To man in his sinfulness this Book brings God, infinite in power, perfect in holiness, with a love unmeasured, a compassion and helpfulness all-embracing,

stooping and brooding like a father over an erring child, that he may attract, lift and transform him into relations of unbroken kinship and likeness to himself. The Bible is man's one unerring guide in his search for God. It presents the one perfect and supreme code for the world's worship. Its whole body flames with the majesty, glory and goodness of God as the noonday skies with light. A book that carries such a mission to humanity can never perish. The hostile critics will be as powerless to destroy it as to pluck the stars from the dome of night. The divinity of the Bible is irresistibly affirmed by the characters which it has created. The human authors of this book, with few exceptions, were of the type of herdsmen and fishermen. But with peerless skill they have given the most wonderful moral portraits in the world's literature. Not even a Shakespeare could create a group of moral characters like Abraham, Moses, David, Daniel, Elijah, John the Baptist, and John and Peter and Paul. How, then, without the aid of a divine photography, could these humble authors give these immortal portraits to the world?

But the surpassing miracle of the Bible is seen in the character of Christ. His person and mission give to the Bible its crowning significance. The claims which the Book asserts for Christ are indeed marvelous, but the greater marvel is that all these claims have their glorious fulfillment in his life and history. Christ said of himself: "I am the truth." A wonderful statement! But, analyze it as we will, it remains in the light of his character most sanely true. Mentally Christ's perception was true to the outer fact. In speech he was accurate, his words fitting the thought or object described. His utterance was sincere, setting forth the real image of his thought. In his social relations as son, brother, friend, and teacher he was ideally faultless. In his moral life he related himself in such perfect and unbroken loyalty to the will of God that at the close, just before he went to his cross, he could confidently challenge his critics to convict him of a single sin; and, it may be added, the scrutiny of twenty centuries has failed to detect a single moral flaw in his character. Thus it appears that in the highest realm, that of character, Christ, in a measure of perfection true of no other man that ever lived, was the

Truth. The Bible ascribes freely to Christ's mission the divinest offices. He stands as the supreme revealer of God to men. He is set forth as the one Redeemer and Saviour of men from sin and guilt. He is the one Exemplar before men of an ideal manhood—the kind of manhood to which God by all the ministries of his love would bring all men. It is his mission to found among men an undying spiritual kingdom—a kingdom which shall be citizenized here and forever by men who have been fashioned for sainthood by his redeeming and transforming grace. Surely, no less than a divine character would be required to fill the marvelous offices thus ascribed to Christ. We have said: "A high test of truth is seen in its ability to survive opposition." Let us apply this test to some of these remarkable claims for Christ. He was to be the Founder of an undying spiritual kingdom among men. At the end of his life he had gathered around himself only a few impecunious, unlettered, and uninfluential followers, and then his enemies crucified him between two thieves. Surely a tragic failure of an absurd enterprise! But a few days later, and right in the heart of Jerusalem, his fishermen followers, with the eloquence of fiery tongues, preached the fact of his personal resurrection from the dead. The scenes of Pentecost followed. The hearts of the multitude were swayed as by the breath of almighty power, and a great number were enrolled in the kingdom of him who had been crucified. Take one other chapter in history. Jesus had gone from the earth. His organized kingdom, if it was to live, must now be carried forward by his followers. What was the outlook? Of the earlier champions of Christianity Paul was doubtless the mightiest. He goes to Rome. Rome is the imperious mistress of the world. The spoils of conquered nations had filled the city with wealth and magnificence. Costly temples of heathenism were to be seen on every hand. Into this pantheon of idolatry Paul enters to preach the gospel of his Nazarene Master. What is the result? One day, and with Cæsar's sanction, his enemies lead Paul outside the city gate and his life is ended by a swordsman's stroke. And thus have perished the prospects of Christianity in Rome! But, no. A humble and well-nigh unhistoric seed of the Christian faith is still left. And this remnant, like a leaven in the great mass of

heathenism, worked and multiplied until its growing influence compelled the attention of senate and emperor. The doctrines and conduct of the disciples of the new faith were in such lofty contrast to the depraved pagan life around them as not only to attract attention but to invite hatred. The ensuing history is familiar. Rome, the invincible empire, whose legions had conquered all lands from the Euphrates to the Gates of Hercules, thought it worth while to organize a new war for the purpose of exterminating the Christian religion from the world. We know what followed. For three long centuries the cyclonic ravages of organized persecution were let loose against the Church. The pathway of Christ's followers across these dreadful centuries was marked by the flames and ashes of martyrdom; by burning gibbet and gleaming sword. Surely there can be but one outcome—the Christian faith must utterly perish! But, not so. When at last this long and frightful nightmare of Christian history is ended, Rome, and not Christianity, is conquered, and the light of a new morning of peace witnesses a baptized Christian sitting upon the throne of the world. And what does this history teach? What but that God has ordained that no weapon formed against the kingdom of his Son can finally prosper!

What about Christ as the ideal man? What does history testify concerning this claim? In the opening years of this brilliant century to whom does mankind look as to its one and only perfect historic character? Ask of believer and infidel alike, and the answer will be the same. By common consent of mankind it will be acclaimed that Jesus Christ, who lived and died as a Syrian peasant two thousand years ago, is, without a single rival, the only one worthy to be coronated on the throne of the world's supreme moral excellence. What about him as the Saviour of men? In past ages his followers, in uncounted numbers, for the sake of their testimony to his saving power, have been inspired with the heroism of martyrdom. The present is an age of enlightenment and of progressive thought such as was never before known, but the armies of Christ's followers, with ever-augmenting ranks, are the mightiest forces in the present-day civilizations, and these forces are inspired as never before with no less a purpose and hope than

the conquest of the entire world in the name of their Master. What shall we say of Christ's general place in history? The cross on which he died was the symbol of the deepest and most criminal disgrace which could brand a human life. But, because he died on that cross, it stands today transfigured as the glorified symbol of the world's holiest hopes. The spirit of Christ has inspired the most superb altruisms of history. His morality is more and more seen to be the only foundation on which the structures of society and of government can be securely established. For the seething social unrest of our age it must be acknowledged that there is no final and effective remedy save in the installment over society of the Golden Rule of his gospel.

And now, finally, what shall we say of the Bible itself—the book that has given to the world its highest conception of God; that has given us Christ—that name which puts the names of all geniuses and reformers under the eclipse of its own glory? Who invented the spiritual conception of God and gave it its setting in this book? Who created the matchless character of the Christ? The unlearned fishermen apostles, without the reality flaming before their vision and in their souls, were absolutely unequal to these creations. It would be the extreme of absurdity to declare otherwise. There is but one answer to these questions. Nothing less than the Spirit of God could inspire the conception of God which fills the Bible, and only the same Spirit could ordain and keep alive in history the Christ of the gospels. The Bible is what it is because, as not all other books together, it flames with the inspiration of Heaven. The critics can never destroy it. The world will never give it up; but, on the other hand, it will more and more transform the world into the kingdom of God's Son. The fame of men and the glory of institutions, as the grass and the flower thereof, may wither and fade; but the Bible as the word of God shall endure forever. And this is the word which by the Gospel is preached unto us.

George P. Mains

ART. VI.—THE *ÆSTHETIC* MOTIVE IN SCHILLER'S
ETHICAL THOUGHT

It would be quite impossible to gain an adequate understanding of Schiller's ethical thought or of the poet's significance in the development of modern philosophical speculation unless the poetic quality of his temperament and the *æsthetic* point of view which was so striking a characteristic of all his reflective activity were clearly apprehended and constantly kept in view. There was in his make-up, to quote the words of a distinguished modern writer,¹ "that wonderful blending of the artistic spirit, in which lay his affinity with Goethe, and of the strenuous character in which he resembles Fichte, and which prepared him, as it did Fichte, for the understanding of Kant." The deep vein of the heroic in his nature was tempered and refined by close contact with the Greek spirit, into which his sympathetic study of classical literature had brought him, and, while he retained what seems almost an inspired enthusiasm for the morally heroic, he also developed that exquisite sensitiveness for the external shapes of beauty, a shock to which could not be atoned for by any act or situation, no matter how self-forgetful or sublime.

It is this quality of Schiller's genius, already discoverable, as I have elsewhere shown,² in the earliest writings of his school period but reaching greater maturity under the influence of Hellenism and of Goethe, to which must be directly attributed the advance upon the harsh formalism of the ethical system of Kant which it is unquestionably the merit of Schiller to have inaugurated. For in spite of a verbal coincidence of many passages in the two men's writings, and notwithstanding the opinion of careful writers like Drobisch³ and Meurer⁴ and, more recently, of E. Kühnemann,⁵ we have not, I think, a mere reproduction in Schiller, in a more rhetorical dress, and perhaps quite spontaneous,

¹Windelband, *Gesch. d. neueren Phil.*, Vol. II, p. 248.

²*Phil. Rev.*, XV, 3, p. 277 ff.

³*U. d. Stellung Schiller's zur Kantischen Ethik*, in *Ber. u. d. Verh. d. K. sächs. Ges. d. Wiss.*, Leipzig, 1830.

⁴*Das Verhältnis d. Schiller'schen zur Kant'schen Ethik*, Freiburg i. B., 1880.

⁵*Schiller's Philosophische Schriften u. Gedichte*, Leipzig, 1902.

of the round of Kantian ethical conceptions, but a real advance of first importance—an advance which consists, on the psychological side, in a fuller recognition of the essential unity of human nature, of the significance and rights, in the moral life, too much neglected by Kant, of the desiderative or sensuous side of man's nature, and of the possibility of educating this to the point where it will not be the antagonist of reason, but an integral part of the complete moral character; on the moral side, in the concrete synthesis of law and end, the dutiful and the good, a synthesis which, speaking broadly, characterizes the whole trend of post-Kantian and of contemporary ethical thought. When a recent writer¹ speaks of the end of life as "an ideal of character, to be realized by the individual; and his attitude to it one of obligation to realize it . . . not something to be got or to be done but to be or to become," he but restates the favorite thought of Schiller that "man's destiny is not to perform individual moral actions, but to be a moral being; virtue, not virtues, is his task, and virtue is nothing but an inclination to duty."² The ideal of the harmonious unfolding of the soul, then, as the supreme end of life, the ever memorable basic idea of Greek ethics, as Höfding calls it,³ constitutes Schiller's contribution to modern ethical philosophy. Nor is it in the critical insight into the defects of the Kantian ethics, and the fuller recognition of the rights and possibilities of human nature, that the main merit of Schiller lies. Through his lofty exposition, in prose and in verse, of the principles and ideals of art and morality these have become the common possession of the German people, and are destined to exert their influence wherever the knowledge of German letters extends.⁴ The point of departure for Schiller's criticism of Kantian morality is his investigation into the objective nature of the beautiful, the philosopher's stone, as Körner called it,⁵ the failure to discover which formed a gap in Kant's theory of æsthetic. This objective characteristic Schiller professes at length to have discovered in the semblance of autonomy

¹James Seth, *Ethical Principles*, p. 16.

²Werke, Goedeke ed., Vol. X, 90 ff.

³The Problems of Philosophy, p. 162.

⁴For further confirmation of the view of the historical significance of Schiller presented here see Höfding, *History of Modern Philosophy*, Vol. II, 122, 130 ff.; Hettner, *Gesch. d. d. Literatur*, Drittes Buch, Erster Abschnitt, Zweite Abteilung, 141 ff.; Paulsen, *System of Ethics*, Intro.; Hegel, *Ästhetik*, I, 78, 80, quo. by Bosanquet, *Hist. of Aesthetics*, 287.

⁵Letter to Schiller, March 13, 1791.

or self-determination of the beautiful object. "Beauty," he announces to Körner, December, 1792, "is nothing else than freedom-in-the-appearance." In order to be beautiful the object must not appear to suffer any determination from without, but must convey, by its form, a suggestion of freedom. Not that subordination to law (*Regelmässigkeit*) is incompatible with beauty: it is even essential to the object of æsthetic appreciation that it should conform to law. Only there must be no sensible restraint exercised by an external power. The law must be the law of the object's own nature, and each beautiful thing must represent, as it were, a kingdom of freedom. Now what holds true of the art object applies also to conduct. In order to have beauty of conduct, the external expression of the harmonious soul, of which Schiller the artist is in search, no sort of restraint must be exercised either by reason or by sense, by spirit or by nature. The action which is prompted solely by reverence for the moral law is good and meritorious, and there arise exigencies in every person's life when such conduct is demanded. But the slavery of our sensuous nature is as humiliating as the slavery of our reason, and perfect freedom is found only when the act proceeds from the character of man in its entirety; from the character in which sense and reason, inclination and duty, are in perfect accord. Inclination to duty—that is the heart of Schiller's ethics and the gist of his criticism of the Kantian rigorism in which the two terms form an irreconcilable antithesis. Kant's moral ideal yields to the æsthetic ideal, the dutiful to the beautiful soul, submission to expression. It is not until reason is so completely humanized that it will render due respect to instinct, and instinct so completely rationalized and disciplined that it will execute with ease and precision those actions which, if it were not so disciplined, reason would, in its capacity as intelligence, be obliged to demand—not until subjection, in short, gives place to perfect liberty and man is at peace with himself—that the ideal of humanity is fully realized.

It is the beautiful soul that Schiller celebrates in a number of poems whose dash and finish bear witness to the enthusiasm with which he contemplated this ideal of his poetic nature. The complete blending of freedom and law is symbolized in the well-

known poem *Der Tanz*, whose noble ease and smoothly flowing rhythm is itself the best illustration of the ideal it glorifies. The buoyant movement of the dance represents primarily the entire domain of the fine arts in which submission to rule and glad freedom of expression are united as in the playful movements of the dance forms. But as in art we obey the law of nature with gladness so also should it be in conduct, which, from one point of view, may be considered as one of the fine arts, and not the least noble. Perhaps the most significant of these poems from a philosophical point of view, though less perfect in workmanship than the little poem just mentioned, is *Der Genius*, at first called by the more suggestive title *Natur und Schule*. Can knowledge only and the wooden systems, the question runs, lead to true peace? Must I mistrust impulse, the law which nature herself has written in my bosom, unless it squares with the rule, "till the school's signet stamp the eternal scroll"? The time, indeed, when feeling was a sufficient guide is gone; nature now yields her truth only to him who seeks her with a pure heart. But, the genius adds, if thou hast not lost thy guardian angel from thy side, if thy heart's childhood can yet rejoice in sweet instinct with its warning voice, then go hence in thy innocence:

"Dich kann die Wissenschaft nichts lehren. Sie lerne von dir!
Jenes Gesetz das mit ehernem Stab den sträubenden lenket,
Dir nicht gilt's. Was du thust, was dir gefällt, is Gesetz—"

These thoughts are repeated in endless variety, and may be found in many places both in the shorter poems and in the dramas. One or two further examples must suffice here. From the *Votivtafeln*:

"Über das Herz zu siegen ist gross, ich verehere den Tapfern;
Aber wer durch sein Herz siegt, der gilt mir doch mehr."

From the last poem Schiller wrote, *Die Huldigung der Künste*:

"Doch schön'res find ich nichts, so lang is wähle,
Als in der schönen Form—die schöne Seele."

Schiller is not content, however, with a merely psychological description of the beautiful soul, or with demanding for this an honorable place in the moral life; he addresses himself also to the all-important problem of how the perfect culture characteristic of this, the highest ideal of humanity, is to be accomplished. The

education of man through the instrumentality of art was a favorite subject of Schiller's reflection from the very first writings to the last. It was touched upon in the school essays of the Stuttgart period,¹ discussed rather elaborately in the essays on the influence of the stage,² and given poetic expression in *Die Künstler*, which has justly been considered among Schiller's noblest poems. The subject is taken up again in a more extended way in the *Letters on Æsthetic Education*, published in 1795. The truth is that, while the *Letters* cover more than a hundred pages, Schiller never fairly faces his problem, and he discusses it even more scantily than it deserves. The purely sensuous condition, we are told, is one of restraint, and it becomes the first care of the moral pedagogue to break the power of sense, so that man may be enabled to fulfill his vocation as a moral being. The instrument or agency by which this is accomplished is art. "It is one of the most important objects of culture to subject man in his purely physical existence to the influence of form . . . to make him æsthetic, because it is only from the æsthetic condition, not from the physical, that man can pass into a state of morality."³ Not that the æsthetic condition is of any positive and direct significance either for knowledge or for the will: it is perfectly indifferent and fruitless; it discovers not a single idea and helps to fulfill not a single duty. All it does is to give man back to himself, as it were, to restore his freedom, so that he can make of himself what he will. In the æsthetic condition, as Schiller likes to express it, man is zero, but he is thus prepared to become all things; and, small as the gift may seem that art bestows on man, it is really infinite. In this condition man is devoid of interest (*interesselos*), in the language of Kant; both the sensuous and the moral needs are canceled, for the time being, and the transition from the physical to the moral state thus becomes a possibility. Kant, too, regarded the new birth, the transition, that is, from nature to morality, as an inexplicable act of the intelligible character. But the aid which Kant sought in religion Schiller sought to supple-

¹Die Philosophie der Physiologie, 1779, and Über den Zusammenhang der tierischen Natur des Menschen mit seiner geistigen, 1780.

²U. d. gegenwärtige deutsche Theater, 1782, and D. Schaubühne als moralische Anstalt betrachtet, 1784.

³Ästhetische Briefe, 23.

ment by invoking the agency of art; it will be remembered that in the essays on the moral influence of the stage Schiller placed art, religion, and law side by side, and found in art, even then, an instrument superior to the other two in accomplishing the work of regenerating man. But it may be doubted, if we emphasize too much the passages in which Schiller dwells upon the merely negative character of the æsthetic condition, whether he could claim for art a place equal or even superior to religion as an instrument of moral education. The claims of religion and the claims Schiller makes for art are indeed very similar. Religion, too, claims to reduce the merely "natural" inclinations of man to a minimum, so that his spiritual nature may have an opportunity, as it were, to assert itself; but it claims more than this merely negative merit. Whatever may be thought of the religious sanctions as permanent and indispensable adjuncts to the machinery of moral education, there is no question that they have furnished important positive motives for morality in the past, and will doubtless continue to do so among certain large classes of religious persons for some time to come. At any rate, whether the dynamic is to come from religion or what not, it is certain that man's morality will not be secured by reducing his desiderative activity to a minimum so that the moral law may have an opportunity to exert its power. That is, to say the least, an unfortunate way of putting the matter. Schiller is never at his best in the more theoretical formulation of his principles, and we may feel free, we take it, since Schiller has himself put the matter in different ways, not to insist unduly upon the passages in the *Æsthetic Letters* just adverted to. It is not the intention of the poet, we must say in the light of all his previous philosophical endeavors, to subtract from human nature, but rather to transform and utilize what is furnished and at hand. And this is what æsthetic education, according to the whole tenor of Schiller's philosophy, tends to do. The function of art as an instrument of education at first appears as in no wise different from that of religion: its appeal, as Schiller put the matter in the essays on the moral influence of the stage, is largely to man's hopes and fears; and it accomplishes its purpose the more perfectly because it employs not dogmas whose

truth is questionable, or sanctions which are too far removed in the future to have any large degree of moral influence, but because it brings before man's very eyes, in the living images of sense, the beauty of virtue and the hideousness of vice, and presents in concrete form the rewards and punishments which these entail. This crass and rather uncharacteristic way of stating the case is nowhere found, so far as I have seen, in Schiller's later writings, where he tends rather to speak of the refining influence of æsthetic objects upon man's nature, so that the unbeautiful, or, what always means the same thing for Schiller, the immoral, will lose its attraction for him, and the beautiful or moral will have more powerful sway. *Bildung*, that is, is simply *Umbildung*; education is transformation, or a reorganization, we might say, of man's motives. This is certainly the least that Schiller would say. So far from limiting man's desiderative and rational life and reducing him to a condition of pure passivity, it is rather the function of art to develop every part of man's nature to its utmost extent, so that he may live not less but more: his sensuous nature, as the poet rather strikingly puts it in one place, that he may apprehend (*ergreifen*) more, and his rational that he may comprehend (*begreifen*) more.

Precisely how this refinement and development of man's nature is accomplished by art Schiller thought it unnecessary, or, what seems more likely from his own confession about the difficulty of writing those portions of the Letters in which he approaches the problem, found it difficult to state. He has thrown out suggestions in other parts of his writings which may aid us in forming some sort of idea how the matter presented itself to his mind, and which may accordingly be brought together in this place. We find him emphasizing (1) the importance of the relaxation of man's powers, especially after having been one-sidedly employed; and this relaxation, he conceived, was afforded in its purest form in æsthetic contemplation, where all the parts of man's nature receive their due, as in play. (2) Art, especially in tragic situations, affords an opportunity for the exercise of man's moral powers particularly, which may thus be trained and strengthened. (3) It was Schiller's view that a condition of happiness or contentment is in general conducive to that physical and spiritual well-

being which is an indispensable requisite for the fullest moral life, and this condition, we may imagine him to say, it is at least one of the functions of art to induce. To these general propositions, I suppose, no serious objection will be made, if only their importance is not exaggerated. The influence upon conduct of æsthetic habituation, as we may call it, or the development of taste through the contemplation of objects of æsthetic value, will also, perhaps, not be questioned. It is no doubt due to the more refined æsthetic sensibilities of the Greeks that they never descended to those depths of moral degradation into which the coarser nature of the Romans permitted the latter to fall. Nor is it necessary that the moral influence of taste be a merely negative or restraining one: it is possible to conceive that the æsthetic nature may be so thoroughly developed and completely refined that "beautiful action," in the sense of Schiller, those more or less typical moral situations which satisfy the moral demand, may exercise a strong and positive influence over the agent. Just as the moral imperative comes to exercise greater and greater influence over us as moral education proceeds, impelling us not merely to recognize an act as moral but also to do it, so the æsthetic imperative, as we may call it, may develop sufficient dynamic, as æsthetic education proceeds, to impel us not only to acknowledge conduct as beautiful, but also to realize it, in some degree, by our own efforts. The two imperatives doubtless combine in determining the actual conduct of the average moral person at any stage of his cultural development. The moral influence of the products of the religious imagination, we may say, in so far as they do not appeal merely to the instinct of fear, is due almost entirely to the æsthetic elements they contain. Indeed, it is hard for one to see how it could be otherwise, if one accepts the view that a large part of the images and ideals of the religious imagination are but the crystallization and ideal construction of those portions of human experience which have stirred most profoundly the emotional nature.

Emil W. R.

ART. VII.—RECRUITING FOR THE MINISTRY

"WANTED—for the United States Army, Able-bodied Men of Good Character." So reads a conspicuous legend in the various post offices of the country. The poster is done in vivid colors. Soldiers in full array, on horse and afoot, arrest the bystander's eye—have often claimed mine for a passing half-mechanical glance. But one day recently I found myself looking with new attention at the familiar print. So, my thought ran, so Columbia must nowadays advertise for men! I wondered if it harbingered the final end of war that soldiers must be solicited on billboards, like customers for some new cereal or washing powder. Times were—heart-kindling times—when the republic had no need to advertise. Men hurried to offer themselves. The cause was obvious and urgent. As was said of Napoleon's route from Elba to Paris, soldiers seemed to rise from the ground, eager for the glory of marching beneath the eagles. But in these latter days, these days of dollar-madness and lust of ease, the government must needs advertise for men to wear its uniform. Surely the times have changed! With somewhat similar emotions I read the editorial in the March-April, 1906, *METHODIST REVIEW*, entitled "Some Rewards of Life in the Ministry." Its very eloquence and cogency were a sort of pathetic confession. Were the rewards sufficiently obvious, they would need no special tally or emphasis. If people generally believed the Christian ministry to offer half the advantages so finely catalogued by that editorial, or, to speak more exactly, if men counted such rewards to be the most desirable prizes of life, our ministerial recruiting stations would be thronged. What bar association finds it necessary to solicit youths to its ranks? What medical society of good standing puts a sign in the window for embryo doctors? What mercantile union needs to go out into the highways and compel our youths to come in? For some reason, however, the Christian pulpit must cry aloud for recruits. Only a theological seminary, I take it, would ever need to include in its advertisement, "Room and Tuition Free." One can scarcely imagine the same thing from a great law or scientific

school. Yet, notwithstanding such special and extraordinary inducements, the seminaries are still, most of them, unthronged. Just at my hand lie some fresh figures from Germany declaring a startling decline in the number of ministerial novitiates. While seekers of secular reward have increased some seventy per cent in ten years, claimants for the honors of the pulpit have shrunk in nearly the same proportion. Not much more encouraging are the facts at home. A senior, prominent in one of our great American universities, told me that, so far as he knew, not a member of his class was preparing for the ministry. And here is historic Andover appealing, not for money, but for men upon whom to spend its money. What has happened to our age that its highest and holiest vocation should be overlooked in the eager quest of life's rewards?—that the Christian pulpit must needs virtually advertise for men? It may be claimed—indeed, it has already been claimed by certain of the denominations—that the supply of ministers exceeds the demand for them. Heartening reports issue from Boston and Princeton, from Hartford and Madison. Indeed, the same German paper from which I have already quoted tells a very different story with respect to the dissenting bodies of Germany. But the real question is not numerical. That a dozen men step forward for every preacher who falls in the ranks, that there are still plenty of aspirants for the pulpit thrones of Brooks and Storrs proves little to the point. For the real question is not quantitative but *qualitative*; not crowd but *caliber*; not how many, but *what sort*. "Give me a hundred men," said Wesley—but that was not all he said, else would this Homer have nodded conspicuously. His quest was not primarily of numbers. None ever laid more stress than he on quality. He accepted diamonds in the rough, but they must be real diamonds. "Give me one hundred preachers who fear nothing but sin, and desire nothing but God." The victories of Cortez in Mexico read like fairy tales. They were not won by numbers; they were won by quality of manhood. Those Spanish cavaliers, whether panoplied in steel or corseted with Mexican cotton, were each worth a score of ordinary soldiers. Had numbers counted the Japanese were beaten before a gun was fired. Whether "one shall chase a thousand" or it shall require a

thousand to chase "one" depends largely upon the quality of man's coöperation with his Maker. So I believe the real desideratum of the Christian ministry today is not numbers, but quality of manhood. The pulpit princes of the generation past—the Beechers, the Halls, the Parkers—must be matched, not in inches but in soul. Finney and Moody and Spurgeon must be reproduced, not in imitators of themselves, but in fresh incarnators of their Master. Not how many, but how great of soul, how catholic and tactful, how commandingly gentle of manhood—this is the real question concerning candidates for the ministry.

Among the immemorial customs of Commencement season is a classification of the new graduates according to their several adopted vocations. Vividly do I recall the list as published concerning my class. With what curious eagerness my eye ran down the names! Of course I knew already, and in a general way, what the list would show. We had summered and wintered together; we were almost acquainted with each other's thoughts. But now the facts appeared in black and white: Pinchot for forestry, Sherrill for the law, Barstow for medicine, Kent for a professorship—who for the ministry? Who to choose the vocation made magnificent to me by my father's unwearying devotion? Who to dedicate life to the healing of souls? I answered then, as I acknowledge still, with peculiar sadness: Not our best men; not those students whom the faculty or their fellows had delighted to honor. With two to three notable exceptions the biggest brains and the greatest hearts of my class were headed toward secular pursuits, while the supreme human vocation, that calling which demands the richest human endowment and endeavor, the place of largest and most enduring reward, must be recruited from the ranks of mediocrity. And what was true of my own class was equally true of the other classes in which I had acquaintance. For some reason, or combination of reasons, the business of being an ambassador for Christ was not alluring the best of my comrades in Greek and Calculus—I repeat, with two or three notable exceptions. It hurt me strangely, though I did not then mean to enter the church. That the cure of souls should be attempted by any but the most opulent manhood seemed to me little short of sacrilege.

But how stands the case at large? Delicate as is the question, invidious in certain of its bearings, let it be asked and answered fairly. Frank recognition may lie on the way to better days. Sane treatment must begin with diagnosis. How grades the ministry among earth's great vocations? Acknowledging eagerly all the stars of the first magnitude in the ministerial firmament, past and present, thanking God for those beautiful souls which have poured out their full treasure upon the altars of the Christian Church, not forgetting that the law has its hacks, medicine its tyros, and business its blunderers, can it be truthfully said that the pulpit is attracting its full share of the world's sturdy souls? I wish I could so believe. But the signs are wrong. Something has happened since the days in which the shining lights of most of our colleges were preparing to be hung in chancels and at the harbor entrances of the Christian Church. And the reasons, some of them, are not far to seek.

First of all may be named a prevailing, popular attitude toward the ministry. Times have changed since the "parson" was *the person* of the community. People may still "respect the cloth"—they can hardly be said to *revere* it. Most healthy boys would rather be consigned to the schoolship Saint Mary's than dedicated, like Samuel by his mother, to the ministry. "A man despite his sacerdotal robes" is the description given by an eminent reviewer to Margaret Deland's creation, Dr. Lavendar. The priest gets his compliment at the expense of his priesthood. And whatever be said as to the ungenerosity of the phrase, it is only an expression of sentiment of which the modern air is full. Nor is the poison less dangerous for being impalpable. Our young men early become inoculated with it. Anemia is counted native to a ministerial calling. Take the ordinary stage portrayal of the clergyman—long-frocked, mincing, perfunctory. Unfair, you say. Well, let it be no truer to the facts than is the average theatrical conception of saint or of wanton, it must be reckoned with. It is the minister as the playwright sees him and as his audiences are expected to recognize him. And such will be the image burned into the average youthful mind. Ralph Connor's heroes—red-blooded, strong-fisted, deep-chested preachers, have won readers by the

sheer surprise of such conception. The long coat and the long face have been so long wedded in popular opinion that it seems almost sacrilege for anybody to put them asunder. "He does not look like a preacher," said a father by way of inviting his son to hear the new pastor. "Too bad to spoil so good a lawyer," was the compliment often applied to a certain eminent clergyman. As if any left-over sort of material were competent for the ministry. Paul thought the best was all too poor; he almost doubted the divine wisdom which called him—a defective instrument—to the apostleship. But nowadays the church must be content, forsooth, with any kind of recruits for its pulpit. Such is the widespread drift of popular opinion. No wonder, then, that the ministry fails to attract the average robust young manhood. No wonder that men talk about being compelled into the ministry like conscripts in the army, as if no virile spirit, apart from some fearful compulsion, would ever choose the healing of souls. Nor will it be otherwise until the ministry ceases to be apologetic for itself. Let the preacher claim all the prerogatives of full-grown manhood; let him eschew half rates on the railroad and ten per cent discounts upon his dignity; let him shorten his coat if thereby he may lengthen his credit as a man. Upon us who are in the ministry today will depend, in no small part, the attitude of young men toward the ministry of tomorrow. By every honorable means are we to rehabilitate the parson in the eyes of the community. Not by clerical arrogance but by sheer manhood values, not by special favors but by special self-devotement, not by elaboration of ritual but by eager, vital service of humanity shall we prove the majesty of our "high calling." Only when the ambassador of Christ succeeds in making himself as indispensable to the community as the attorney or the meat man—and for purposes as immeasurably higher as the heavens are high above the earth—will a call to the ministry be worthily appraised.

Another obvious deterrent to a ministerial career may be found in its meagerness of secular wage. "It is a dreadful thing to work for wages, to sell one's brains, one's time, one's soul—the modern version of the world-old tragedy of slavery." True. And the preacher should be the last to sell himself for wages: the

sole protestant, if need be, against such slavery. But there must be wages in dollars. "He can't eat souls," replied a pastor who was reminded by a stingy parishioner that a preacher should "work for souls, not money." It is not sheer mercenariness which prompts men to claim a living wage and a competence for old age. The Christian pastor is not a monk, but, presumably, a man of family. There are wife and babies. There are constant appeals to his purse. It is, doubtless, "no disgrace to be poor," but money has so many gracious, holy uses. Even a minister may like to "pay his way," as do ordinary mortals. And the young man may be pardoned for not thinking overkindly of a lean purse. To deliberately choose a salary of a thousand over a salary of ten thousand a year might be Quixotic instead of Christly. Only with the supreme rewards of life in the ministry in view has a healthy-minded young man any warrant for despising the value of dollars. Not until the glory of the invisible breaks across his sky, not until his soul by long "time exposure" catches the delicate outlines of spiritual visions can a young man honestly choose the ministry for his vocation. And even such transfiguring experience in the preacher's soul fails to justify his laymen for keeping his salary at starvation point.

A third hindrance to choosing the ministry as a vocation may be found in the difficulty of appraising its successes. "To open the door of the House of Sorrow, not with the hand of authority but as one of the household," to carry a cup of cold water to nameless disciples, to build one's soul into the recreant and back-slidden, to "fling open the gates of new life" to those staled with life's weariness and embittered by its defeats—this is very beautiful, but it is so often so painfully vague and indefinite! It is all well enough to assure a man that the record of his fidelity is written in heaven; he longs to see it written upon earth. Other callings have norms of achievement. "Bradstreet" tells the merchant when he has won. A lawyer may be said to have succeeded when clients increase or the bench is opened for him. Grant knew his own worth when Confederate legions reeled and broke. Even the artist in words or colors is permitted a sense of definite value to the community as his book sells up into the hundred

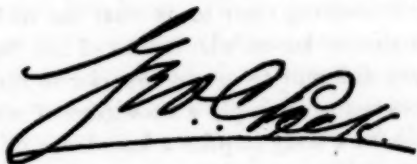
thousands or his picture hangs in the Salon. But by the very genius of his profession is the minister denied the privilege of thus rating his work. Neither may a five-thousand-dollar salary nor an elevation to the Episcopacy adequately spell success. He must find the proof of his ministry in results never tangible and at best uncertain. So many of his converts, like one of my early parishioners, backslide every summer. The young folk, over whose indoctrination with the lessons of Jesus he has spent the most unsparing pains, grow up to break his heart with their wantonness. The veriest saints of the fold show such disgusting traits. What pastor is stranger to the agony of seeing his work undone over night? Of needing to call the same sinners again and again to repentance? Of having his eagerly-borne cup of cold water flung back into the bearer's face? These experiences are the sheerest truisms of every pastor's ministry. Nor may he look, ordinarily, for lasting gratitude. He who hopes to be paid in the coin of appreciation for his service of others will go bankrupt. The most Christly toils are often the most thankless. "Were there not ten cleansed?" asked our Master. "The 'nine' are still quite as conspicuous by their short memories. And he who in the twentieth century gives himself to the cure of souls must not expect to be above his Master. His passion for souls must 'hope all things' against surface appearances, 'endure all things' of disappointment and chagrin, 'believe all things' of his ministry to be worth while. Only the divine appreciation is assured. Pastoral rewards are not wholly changed from that Pauline list of which one cried: "Great God, what a salary for a preacher!"

Then there are the constraints of the ministry. I do not now refer to the solemn obligation of a clean life. Pastors are not alone in the sacrificial necessities laid upon them. Who can read without admiration of the princely self-abnegation of the Pasteur group of scientists? Theirs, too, are crucified lives, in the interest of their humane mission. Denial of the lusts and luxuries of the flesh is not much to ask of any real servant of mankind, in whatever field of devotion. The curtailment I speak of, in the case of the ministry, refers to the very spirit of moral adventure which gives to other sacred callings their zest. Young souls feel cramped

beforehand at the bare suggestion of a pulpit and a surplice. The idea of being tied down to historic formularies, of going through the same motions year upon year, of asking permission for every innovation, galls an eager spirit. It is part of the Anglo-Saxon blood to seek new continents, to explore the unknown. Show him the land all acquired and carefully parceled and you have smitten him with *ennui*. The same passion for conquest which has given us our marvelous inventions, our commercial prestige, our national glory fronts the ministry with distrust and dismay. Never until we have conquered by crushing shall we make a great soul content with prayer-books and ministerial motions. Nor does God want "broken spirits" of this sort. What pains Jesus took to save Peter without emasculating him! to use John with his fire! Saul would never have become Paul by mutilation. But the young men who might be ministers have not yet learned these things. And there seems so much apparent repression, such interminable sameness and staleness involved in a ministerial career that an eager soul flinches at the bare suggestion. Peculiarly does he start back from mental bondage. Works such as President White's famous Conflict have left their mark on popular opinion. Rightly or wrongly, the impression prevails that a man must commit intellectual suicide before he can enter the ministry. And too often, alas, has the pulpit staked its crown in a quarrel with the spirit of inquiry. There has been too much declamation, too fiery defending of vacant citadels, too little trust of the harmonies of divine revelation. And these things have been remembered outside the church. They have not been permitted to be forgotten. They are in the popular mind today. Their ghost will not down, however complete our penitence. And they stagger the soul that might otherwise hear eagerly the call divine.

Other hindrances to the ministry might be named: loss of faith in the Bible, the war of sects, the professionalism of preachers, the intolerance of church folks, the paradoxes of divine Providence, and so on through a long list. I may, however, emphasize just one further reason for the present widespread attitude toward the ministry—a lack of definite religious conviction. Ours is an age of fine sentiments. From most unlikely lips have I heard

most canny things avouched. There is a sort of emotional rhapsody which easily passes for spiritual *finesse*. The huge ground swell of modern materialism easily crests in rainbow sprays of pretty sentiment. Communion with flowers and "wee beasties," the language of sky and hill, the majesty of the mercy of God—these are the themes over which folks go easily into raptures. Ah, but such spirit may be only too shallow and impotent. Gush of emotion is lamentable substitute for the grip of conviction. Not in the titillation of one's poetic mood but in the stirring of the great deeps where conviction is born are preachers made. Nothing less than a fresh sense of the urgency of eternal verities, only a new grasp upon the old lifelines of faith or their equivalent, only a rebirth of the heroic spirit of obligation which gave Paul and Luther, Wesley and Simpson, Moody and Brooks to the world will ever bring adequate reinforcement to the modern pulpit. God must get at grips with man. No man is fit to preach until he feels the "woe" of not preaching. Deep in the chambers of the soul must the issue be fought to a finish. A great soul in the Christian ministry without great conviction is a paradox and a warning. But with the deepening of personal conviction, with the real pressing sense of God, with the inarticulate cry in the soul of a world's sinning and suffering, with joyous consciousness of knowing a message which one's neighbors are needing to hear, most of the other hindrances will vanish. Popular esteem, wages, personal abridgment will bulk small against the weight of a great imperative. There is a pitch of self-devotement at which the soul eagerly counts everything else "but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord." In such heroic mood comes the call to heal souls.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "J. O. Beck". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a prominent underline.

ART. VIII.—THE VALUE OF PSYCHOLOGY TO THE MINISTER

THE three most important factors in the professional education of a minister are the knowledge of God, of man, and of the Bible. In a sense these three are one. To know God one must know man and the Bible, and, similarly, to know either of the other two one must know a great deal of both the remaining objects. Of these three fields of knowledge which are vitally important to the Christian minister I propose to discuss the second, namely, the knowledge of man. And lest there should be misunderstanding it must be stated that the theme is not man as a physical creation, and not man as an individual unit in the mass of humanity, but rather man as an individual spirit, a self, an I, a mind. Psychology tells us of that which is the "man himself." The minister's task relates precisely to that same subject. He is to be the agent in saving and building up the "man himself." How important this factor is in the total man the New Testament appropriately emphasizes: What shall a man give in exchange for his "self"? What will it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his "self"? From two different standpoints the minister and the psychologist approach the same subject—the former studies that he may serve, the latter studies that he may know. And if the psychologist has surely ascertained conclusions as to the nature and functions of the soul, we may be sure that the wise preacher will appropriate these conclusions, that he may render a wiser and more adequate service to the souls or selves of men within the range of his opportunity. Psychology tells us what the soul is by making clear to us what the soul does. We all have souls, as anyone knows who speaks of his "self"; a something which is very different from and superior to his body. But to have a soul does not at all imply a knowledge of what a soul is, any more than to have a body implies a knowledge of the body. Quite true it is that ordinary people know enough of body and of soul for ordinary purposes, but when it comes to the "cure" of either bodies or souls no sensible individual ought to be satisfied with such limited

practical knowledge as the dullest mortals may, and perhaps do, possess. It is a truism that where important interests are involved those having such interests in their care must have as complete and exact knowledge of that which is committed to them as it is possible to obtain. The maxim is beyond challenge that service is ordinarily proportioned to the intelligent appreciation of the object served (granted, of course, the mind to serve).

I have used the term, the *cure* of souls, as descriptive of the work of the minister. The term has the wider sense of "care" and within that the narrower sense of "healing." If one could conceive a pedagogue to be at once father, teacher, and physician, he would come very close to the ideal of the Christian pastor as he stands related to the souls of men. These "selves" or souls are undeveloped; they must needs be educated; not informed simply, but developed and strengthened in their normal powers. These souls need nourishment; they must receive the food which is convenient for them. These souls are sick; they must be supplied with that which is suited to the healing of their disease. When a work is so comprehensive in relation to the souls of men it seems almost a sacrilege that men should enter upon it without knowledge of what the normal development of the soul is, of what the processes of assimilation and the appropriate food to be assimilated are, and of what the sickness of a soul may be, the medicine for its cure, and the nature of the cure itself. I have employed the terms "education," "nourishment," and "healing" of the soul. They represent the comprehensive ministry of an ideal religion, and we thankfully recognize that they represent in fact the actual ministry of the Christian religion of which our Christian ministers are the agents. These three processes are described in one way or another in the Scriptures from Genesis to Revelation. They are expounded in every treatise that deals with the doctrine of human salvation. They are implicit or explicit in the articles of all Christian faiths. But in this connection the all-important thing for us is that they are not found primarily in books or in teachings, but *first of all* in the conscious life of individuals. If they are found anywhere else, in any human speech or literature or symbol whatsoever, it is because they are, before that, actual facts within the life of

man's soul. Being such they necessarily form material for psychological study and report.

The minister is to be the instrument of a new life to souls. What is this new life? The minister may give us his answer from the Bible itself or he may adopt the language of his Christian theology, but whether he do the one or the other, the fact in consciousness lies back of it, and that psychology sets itself to report. Where the Bible or theology speak of restoration or new birth psychology recognizes, as the actual fact in the life of the soul, that certain abnormal features have been eliminated and that there has been a return to normal subjective conditions. It is most unwise to occupy an exclusively dogmatic attitude with reference to human salvation, for every single doctrine affecting human salvation requires for its full and sympathetic appreciation a knowledge of the soul and of the particular fact in the soul's life which it assumes to set forth. When the New Testament or our Christian teaching speaks of "salvation," who can understand the speech of these authorities without having studied earnestly the fact of salvation as it is actually present in the life of men? Seek to estimate, if you will, the interpretative value of psychological knowledge in relation to the following questions: What is actually happening in consciousness when one is "convinced of sin"? What is sin in the actual life of a human self? How shall we distinguish "sin in character" and "sin in deed" within the soul itself? What is "faith" as the self performs the act? What is "conversion" as a conscious state? What does a man actually do when he "seeks" salvation? What is the inner soul-history which we call "sanctification"? What does a careful and reverent examination of consciousness show the "witness of the Spirit" to be? What is the glorious fact of the soul's "communion with God" as a fact? On answers to these questions rest the statements of Inspiration and the uninspired statements of our Christian teaching. Psychology, more particularly the psychology of religion, gives us its answer to each of these queries. The answer is, strictly speaking, a reflection, in language as exact as the trained mind of the scientist can employ, of the facts—the whole facts, and nothing but the facts—in the inner experience of man's soul. Where inferences are

drawn they are assumed to be coextensive with the data of fact furnished by experience. If we think of these questions only as forms of teaching and do not seek to obtain a near view of the experiences they represent, we are contenting ourselves with the poorest and least satisfying aspect of the truth involved. The fact-aspect is by far the more important and attractive. Psychology does not use the language of our theological systems in its descriptions and explanations of religious experience. These symbols go beyond the actual facts of consciousness and the immediate antecedents and conditions and give a philosophy of these facts. For example, psychology will report the constituent factors of the act of faith; theology will go farther, and affirm that God is the author of faith and that faith procures for its possessor acceptance in God's sight. These are truths, but truths of another science than that of psychology. Christian theology asserts that God holds certain very definite relations to spiritual change in the life of man; psychology is not in position to either affirm or deny the truth of this assertion. It reports the change, explains its nature and genetic relations in the conscious life, but cannot transcend its own field of observation. I repeat, however, my emphasis on the necessity for a knowledge of the psychology which lies at the basis of Christian teaching concerning the soul. If we do not understand the spiritual facts which underlie doctrines and statements of experience, and understand these facts with clear and vivid apprehension, we shall leave out the most necessary of all elements for the proper interpretation of the words that are before us. We shall simply be persuading ourselves that we know when as a matter of fact we have not gone beyond an arbitrary construction of certain words. The words or symbols may then become but bandages over our intellectual sight, effectually preventing our coming to that which alone can satisfy, namely, the reality of experience. This will be true with the grandest utterances of inspired truth and with the most exact theological statement relating to the experience of the Christian life. When a Christian minister uses the splendid words of divine revelation or the stately phraseology of our Christian dogmas without clear appreciation of the conscious facts for which they stand any keen observer will

detect the note of unreality, however sincere he may feel the preacher to be; he will feel that his words have not been brought into vital touch with the data of experience. Any Christian teacher who fails to connect teaching and life, and interpret the former by the latter, is getting not only himself into confusion, but, worse than that, he is confusing souls that hear him. He may have the experience which will keep him steady in the midst of mental entanglement but he cannot be so sure that others have the same advantage. Do I seem too much concerned about this matter? Are not preachers, with the Christian experience filling and satisfying their souls, actually leading souls to spiritual life, and training them in spiritual life, without having had so much as the A. B. C. of psychological instruction? This is undoubtedly the fact; but to increase the equipment of an already efficient spiritual agent cannot possibly lessen this efficiency. Observation also teaches that those who have had marked success with the masses of the people still find themselves almost helpless in the presence of a large class of persons whose spiritual needs they but imperfectly understand, and for whose spiritual relief they can but imperfectly prescribe. A better understanding of the human soul in its normal and abnormal operations would put a powerful instrument into the hands of earnest Christian ministers who are concerned about these people whom they cannot reach. There are also a large number of ministers who bear on their hearts the burden of a failure in their efforts to win men to the Christian life. These men do not know why they have failed. They know that they have not been unfaithful; they comfort themselves in some poor way by reflecting that Christ himself was not greatly successful while he was on earth. These men would in many cases know why they had failed, or rather whether they had failed, had they but studied the facts and conclusions of psychological science.

One of the impressive things, impressive not in a favorable but rather in an unfavorable sense, in religious work, is the mechanical character which much of it bears. Men are following the prevailing mode without knowing why; the younger men are doing as the older men have done, and the best that can be said is that the older men have had success. The reason for their success

is not often a matter of conscientious investigation. Moreover, what is success in religious work? For lack of knowing what actually takes place in religious life the tests of success are made too outward and mechanical; and worst of all, because we do not know the significance and relations of spiritual states, we deal with souls in intense spiritual distress in the most mechanical and uniform way. Nowhere is it so necessary to be intensely individual and completely intelligent in our line of action as in dealing with souls which need spiritual counsel and encouragement. There are two points which the study of psychology in a general way emphasizes. In the first place, the normal development of the soul cannot by any fair construction be termed wrong or sinful. The knowledge of the psychology of the normal life will therefore disclose to us what "righteousness," "holiness," "moral purity," "cleanness of heart," or whatever our Christian terminology may use in describing the state, is as a fact in life. In the second place, psychology shows that the abnormal, in so far as responsibility attaches to it, is never fairly designated as anything else than wrong or sinful. The study of the abnormal development of the self, as it is presented in psychology, will give us the facts of life corresponding to the Christian conceptions of "wickedness," "unholiness," "impurity," "corruption," "depravity," etc. The study of both aspects of the psychical life are important to those who are set to eradicate sin and implant righteousness in men.

The sympathetic study of the facts of the human spirit will leave with the minister of the gospel the following inestimable results: (1) An intense appreciation of the value of a soul; (2) a thrilling conception of its possibilities of development; (3) a vision of the priceless worth of the Christian salvation as a fact of experience; (4) a burning conviction of the soul's indispensable need of God; (5) a perception of the measureless importance of the world of men and things for the discipline and growth of the soul; (6) an appreciation of the fact and nature of temptation, ever near, real, and terrible; (7) a sight of the frightful nature of sin as a fact. A man who knows the psychology of religion, to speak of that special aspect of psychology more particularly, has no standing ground as a rationalist, for psychology makes

it clear that religion is a fact of life which must of necessity be recorded as grounded in the constitution of man. It is not a theory to be explained on the basis of either speculation or experience. It is a capacity native to man which finds in experience the opportunity of its exercise. Moreover, psychology makes it clear that, like all deeper elements of our experience, religion in its foundation and essence is matter of feeling, not of reflective reasoning. The course of religious development has throughout had as its power and impulse the emotions. It has been guided by the reason, but the deeper element has been that of feeling. A rationalistic denial of the validity and worth of religion must rest upon the basis of a poor psychology.

It has been obvious throughout this discussion that psychology is intensely concerned with the individual. If it study the social environment it is for the purpose of discovering its relation to the perfection of the individual self. Religion, too, is most of all concerned with the soul as a unit. Whatever be the social influence of Christianity it is realized through the development of individual activity; and if we are striving for the establishment of a society which we describe as the kingdom of God, we realize that the attainment of this social ideal depends upon the influence of Christianity upon the individual. Religion recognizes that the social atmosphere has a great deal to do with the advance of the spiritual life, but it, in its turn, depends for its character upon this individual spiritual life; hence, religion and psychology are two realms of intellectual interest which make prominent one and the same subject—the individual soul. Still thinking of this element of individuality, we may ask that ministers lay more stress upon the differences in disposition between man and man and upon the difference in views and aims which depends upon individuality of temperament. In no direction will psychology prove more useful than in that of accounting for the specialties of individual disposition. And a knowledge of psychology will give us a just estimate of what the Christian religion may be expected to accomplish in individual men, each with his own specialty of character.

Walter A. Patton

ART. IX.—THE BIBLE ON THE TONGUE OF LINCOLN

FORTY-SIX years ago a man of Springfield, Illinois, to world-wide fame unknown, spoke farewell to his neighbors, commending them and himself to the keeping of God as, in his own words, he went forth to a task "greater than that which rested upon Washington." That man, born in obscurity, until seventeen knowing no teacher but nature and the blessed Book of nature's God, which was his dying mother's only legacy, and who in all his lifetime had not been ten months under human instructors, had yet before that parting day proved himself in the toughest contests a "master of assemblies" and a speechmaker worthy to rank among the mightiest ten that have ever held their fellow men enthralled. Seven years previously, upborne upon the wings of a new reform, he had so rushed through the "third heaven" of oratorical achievement that a dozen reporters, seated purposely to take notes of his speech as the chiefest event of the convention they were commissioned to report, were swiftly pulled to their feet to stand, like two thousand others, spellbound under the torrent of his thought, entirely forgetting their duty as scribes in their enthusiasm as patriots, and aware only at the close that they had listened to the greatest address ever delivered in the West, and in all likelihood, the greatest address of the generation then battling for human rights. The fragments of that famous Bloomington "Lost Speech," gathered by Miss Tarbell's persistence, fully warrant the laudation its thrilled hearers concurrently gave it. That speech was as sane as the Declaration of Independence, while as hot with aroused righteousness as the fieriest utterances of Mirabeau and Burke, or of Patrick Henry and Sam Adams combined.

It was not the known personality of either, much less the versatility of the darling son of the northern Democracy, which lifted the Illinois senatorial debate of 1858 into national and international prominence. That elevation of a debate which, given simply two men of even Douglas's caliber, would have been a mere prairie roustabout, was due to the moral and intellectual grandeur

of the arguments proclaimed by the sturdy interpreter of the Declaration of Independence and of the purposes of the nation's founders, who seized the opportunity to speak through the state to the nation and to the world upon the burning moral issue of the period. Thousands of orators and innumerable rhetoricians, ranging in utterance all the way from the crudeness of John Brown, the impetuosity of Elijah Lovejoy, the ruggedness of Horace Greeley, the bluntness of Lyman Beecher, the pathos of Harriet Beecher Stowe, the imploration of Frederick Douglass, and the vehemence of William Lloyd Garrison up to the polished ponderosity of Daniel Webster, casuistry of Henry Clay, accusations of Henry Ward Beecher, sedateness of William H. Seward, sarcasms of Wendell Phillips, and ironies of Charles Sumner had for three decades been holding in the limelight every conceivable aspect of the subject, yet it remained for this self-tutored offspring of Kentucky's "poor white trash" not only to build arguments, but to sound the death knell of human slavery in a republic founded for the sole purpose of attesting that "all men" were created with certain inalienable rights, among which was certainly "the right to eat the bread, without the leave of anybody else, which their own hand earns," by transmuting in the alembic of his practical mind the glittering generality of Seward's "irrepressible conflict" into the bedrock philosophy of the Son of God: "A house divided against itself cannot stand." This is the man who, proclaimed a boor by his foes, apologized for as a lucky illiterate by many of his friends, and even today reckoned by many as sadly deficient in culture, in less than three years from that farewell to his neighbors, by a few hours' labor and by three minutes' utterance gave to the world that Gettysburg Dedication which Emerson, Lowell, and Victor Hugo unite in declaring to be one of the three masterpieces of human speech in the history of the race. This is the man who, coming with the last shots of the Confederacy and the confident shouts of his conquering armies ringing in his ears, and with the momentous problem of reconstruction looming as awesome before him as had the certainty of civil war four years before, cast all the traditions of the occasion to the winds that, with the majesty of an Old Testament prophet and the grandeur

of Paul on Mars Hill, he might from that loftiest tribune in the world proclaim the sublimities and austerities of the providential relations to human affairs of that sovereign God before whom he bowed. That address—in his own judgment outranking all his other productions—stands unparalleled among the sayings of the rulers of the earth during six thousand years. Gladstone declared that its ideas were loftier than had ever been uttered from a throne in all the annals of time, and certainly the character that backed them and gave them force has never been equaled by any other occupant of a sovereign position.

But it is with the words, the ideas of this man, the thoughts so marvelously expressed, that we have here most to do. They raise the question concerning him that was raised of another eighteen centuries previous: "Whence hath this man learning?" How comes it that this man who learned his alphabet in his teens, who split his infinitives in company with the rails that piled before his axe, who had not read a total of five books when he was twenty, and that not because papers crowded them out as today but in an age when papers of any sort were rarer and smaller than decent ones are now, who was never a wide reader of literature in any period of his life, how comes it that this man has at command a vocabulary and a style that never fail him in expressing in the most practical, precise, and concise way, a way even though the subject matter is so abstract that from all other tongues it issues in a mist and leaves one in a haze? He had this learning, he had this vocabulary, he had this style because he made himself master of the Book his dying mother committed to him. Multitudinous are the testimonies of men of letters to the influence of that Book upon their literary output, but in Abraham Lincoln that Book stood upon the legs of a man fit to take his place among those who were inspired for its promulgation. Almost wholly trained intellectually by its pages, copying its precision in his own thinking and its accuracy in his own statements, his whole mental stock and product were so permeated with its very ideas that, whether he indulged in the genial wit that made his presence the sun in which many a troubled mind lost its gloom or stood among those graves at Gettysburg to utter what Bishop Warren lists as the

most "apt and telling speech of all time," it was Bible history, imagery, economy, philosophy, or theology that burst spontaneous from his lips. It was no "happen so" that the four greatest products of his mind and heart—the "Lost Speech," the "House Divided" utterance, the Gettysburg Dedication, and the Second Inaugural—were in conception and finish so marvelously scriptural; it was the inevitable outcome of his intimate acquaintance with the Bible. The "Lost Speech" burns with the passion of Elijah on Mount Carmel and is stamped all over with the superscription of the sacred pages; the "House Divided" utterance was literally a nail fastened by a master of assemblies because it was so unmistakable an application of the very words of the Son of God to the problem of the period; the Gettysburg Dedication, as we will show later on, is couched in language not only thoroughly scriptural but marvelously illustrative of the more intimate personal relations which had during that year developed between the ruler of these United States and that Supreme Ruler of all men and nations whose humble instrument he acknowledged himself to be; the Second Inaugural had no other purpose than to utilize the undivided attention of the world, given him in that hour, to interpret the mysteries of divine Providence to a people just emerging from a hell of evil passions, to unite in brotherly love and political amity men and states that had during four years destroyed five hundred thousand human beings and fully seven billions of each other's treasure. Is it any wonder that coming to that utterance he found nothing upon his lips but the words of his God and a sane interpretation of their meaning? What is the mightiest miracle of modern if not of all times, a miracle before which the physical wonders that made men stare and women gape in Judea and Galilee nineteen hundred years ago pale and fade as do those very "works" before the life of Him who wrought them? It is the unearthly swiftness with which all the passions and enmities engendered by sixty years of rancorous debate and four years of unparalleled warfare ran out of the blood of both combatants, the rapidity with which old feuds were buried and new issues fraternally faced and mastered. That reknitting of the old ties, that reblending of sundered peoples went on with such unconscious

celerity, with such subtle persuasiveness and thoroughness that not until the barely concealed theft of the Presidency in 1876 put it to the test were the home people and the world really aware of the marvelous rapprochement which had been wrought. Where and when in the world's history has the like been manifested? Neither ancient nor modern times present a parallel. And to whom and to what shall you ascribe it? Surely only to that God who, according to Lincoln's conviction, wrought through men the infinite purposes of his own will; and chief among the means used of God to achieve this beneficent result was the sublime interpretation of that will so marvelously announced in the Second Inaugural and so speedily sealed with the blood of him who uttered it. Lincoln's task was God's task; he was fitted for it by being most mysteriously hedged about from all literature but God's book, and it is no wonder that in every supreme moment of his life its ideas and its phraseology sprang from his lips. A brief survey of some of his sayings, those notable and those less known, will show how spontaneously he thought and spoke in Bible language, and ought to spur many another who would speak to men for their betterment, to drink more copiously at this source of truth and grace.

In his first reported speech, that to the Young Men's Lyceum of Springfield, January 27, 1837, in his twenty-eighth year, I count at least ten sentences surely fashioned by his knowledge of Bible phraseology. His method of handling his theme on this occasion did not lend itself readily to biblical reference, but when he had in conclusion enumerated the materials for the future support and defense of the republic he finished with the words and the quotation: "Upon these let the proud fabric of freedom rest as the rock of its basis, and, as truly as has been said of the only greater institution, 'the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.' " In that great Temperance Address of Washington's Birthday, 1842, he hailed a cause going forth "conquering and to conquer"; spoke of the reformed drunkard as one "clothed and in his right mind," and silenced the respectable teetotaler who objected to joining a society of reformed drunkards with the argument: "Surely no Christian will adhere to this objection. If they

believe, as they profess, that Omnipotence condescended to take on himself the form of sinful man, and as such to die an ignominious death for their sakes, surely they will not refuse submission to the infinitely lesser condescension for the temporal, and perhaps eternal, salvation of a large, erring, and unfortunate class of their fellow creatures." Drawing to his close he pictured the demon of intemperance as having "gone forth like the Egyptian angel of death, commissioned to slay, if not the first, the fairest born of every family," and asked: "Shall he now be arrested in his desolating career? . . . Who shall be excused that can and will not help? Far around as human breath has ever blown he keeps our fathers, our brothers, our sons, and our friends prostrate in the chains of moral death. To all the living everywhere we cry, 'Come, sound the moral trump, that these may rise and stand up an exceeding great army.' 'Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live.' If the relative grandeur of revolutions shall be estimated by the great amount of human misery they alleviate and the small amount they inflict, then, indeed, will this be the grandest the world shall ever have seen." Four months later he is writing to his bosom friend, Joshua F. Speed. It is during that terrible period when his constitutional melancholy was preying most horribly upon him. It is not true, as some of his biographers have stated, that he failed to appear on the day when his marriage to Mary Todd was to have been consummated, but it is true that after their betrothal their relations became severely strained owing to Lincoln's morbid compunctions as to the honorableness of a man of so little standing and prospects as himself taking to wife a woman of the culture and of the social rank of his affianced; offering to one who had been long accustomed to the luxuries of life only the hazardous fortune of a country politician. Speed had gone through a very similar struggle and had been set right by Lincoln himself, who in this letter avows that he believed God had used him as an instrument in bringing Speed and his wife together in their happy union. Of himself, relative to his love affair, he wrote: "Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord" is my text just now." This is not irreverence, not jocularity. He is in a most serious,

heart and head troubled mood. It shows not only how closely he thought in biblical terms, but how intensely he believed what he in this same letter affirmed regarding divine control: "Whatever he designs he will yet do for me." But it was in making a Bible quotation or reference hit off precisely a political situation or drub an opponent that showed his art best. It is a vast pity that his addresses at the bar are so scantily reported, or we should have a wealth of this illustrative material which would richly reward the closest study. Writing to a political friend on his return from the convention that nominated Taylor for the Presidency, to which convention Lincoln was a delegate, and commenting on the strategy of the Whigs—the Anti-Mexican War party—in giving their nomination to the popular hero of that war, he said: "Taylor's nomination takes the Locos on the blind side. It turns the war thunder against them. The war is now to them the gallows of Haman, which they built for us, and on which they are doomed to be hanged themselves," as most assuredly they were. In the earlier rumbling of that battle of the hustings which was to keep his tongue and Douglas's busy with each other, the "Little Giant" had railed at him for alleged lack of devotion to the memory of Webster and Clay. Lincoln in his great Peoria speech, October 16, 1854, after showing that neither of the great compromisers ever held the principles that Douglas ascribed to them, countered: "The truth is, that some support from Whigs is now a necessity with the Judge, and for this the names of Clay and Webster are invoked. His old friends have deserted him in such numbers as to leave him too few to live by. He came to his own, and his own received him not, and lo! he turns unto the Gentiles." Speaking of those Republicans, of whom Greeley and Seward were samples, who favored the senatorial election of Douglas rather than his own in 1858 under the mistaken notion that Douglas's break with Buchanan meant his separation from the Democracy, and that his greatness would be a glorious card for the Republicans, Lincoln in accepting the senatorial nomination said: "They remind us that he is a great man, and that the largest of us are very small ones. Let this be granted, but 'a living dog is better than a dead lion.' Judge Douglas if not a dead lion for this work, is at least a caged

and toothless one. How can he oppose the advance of slavery? By his own confession he doesn't care whether it is voted up or voted down." Colfax, Speaker of the House, reports that calling one day when stories were rife concerning the fitness of one or more members of the Cabinet, and mentioning the matter, Lincoln stopped him with the remark, "Now, Colfax, you be easy. Mr. — has just been here attacking one of my Cabinet, but I stopped him with this text," and picking up a Bible he read from Proverbs a line Colfax had not known before: "Accuse not a servant to his master." At another time, being chided for considering for a certain valuable appointment a person who had bitterly opposed him, he responded: "Yes, I suppose that J——, having been disappointed before, did behave pretty ugly, but that wouldn't make him any less fit for this place, and I have scriptural authority for appointing him. You recall that while the Lord on Mount Sinai was getting out a commission for Aaron that same Aaron was at the foot of the mountain making a golden calf for the people. Yet he got his commission, didn't he?" Congressman Henry C. Deming, of Connecticut, reported that calling upon Lincoln just after Frémont had declined to run against him, in 1864, the President took pleasure in showing him the magnificent Bible which had just been presented to him by the Negroes of Baltimore. While examining the book Deming recited the strange passage in Chronicles: "Eastward were six Levites, northward four a day, southward four a day, and towards Asuppim two and two. At Parbar westward, four at the causeway, and two at Parbar." Lincoln immediately challenged the congressman to find any such passage in *his* Bible, but after it was pointed out to him, and he was satisfied of its genuineness, he asked if Deming remembered the text which certain of his friends had recently applied to Frémont, and instantly turning to the verse in First Samuel, put on his spectacles, and read in his slow, peculiar, waggish tone: "And every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him; and he became a captain over them: and there were with him about four hundred men." It is doubtful if poor Frémont finally had so many. Hugh McCulloch, while Comp-

troller of the Currency, one day brought a delegation of New York bankers to see Lincoln, and managing to get his ear for a private word whispered: "These gentleman came to see you and Chase about a new loan. I can vouch for their patriotism and loyalty, for the Good Book says, 'Where the treasure is, there will the heart be also.'" Lincoln looked up quickly from his desk, pen in hand, to reply: "Mac, there is another text that might apply equally well—'Wheresoever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together.'"

The big-heartedness of the President was constantly shown in his pardoning of soldiers under sentence of death, yet, knowing that discipline must be maintained, he liked for his own conscience sake to have a foundation for his mercy that would be self-explaining. Once a young soldier, who had proved his bravery in battle and had been severely wounded, after returning to the ranks deserted, was captured, and sentenced to death. His Congressman put the petition before Lincoln. It was difficult to decide. Discipline demanded his death, but the heart of Lincoln revolted at what seemed a ruthless shedding of blood. "Did you say that he was once badly wounded?" he asked the Congressman. "Yes." "Then, as the Scriptures say that in the shedding of blood is remission of sins, I guess we'll have to let him off this time." The pardon was issued, and the mercy of God shown in the clemency of his workman. So he made the same great Book and his acquaintance with it carry his ideas of mercy at the close of the war. His old friend Joseph Gillispie in the spring of 1865 asked him what was to be done with captured rebels. In answering Lincoln referred to the vehement demand prevalent in certain quarters for the exemplary punishment of all leaders captured, but showed his own determination to be led into no such diabolism by quoting the words of David to his nephews who were asking for vengeance upon Shimei because he had cursed the Lord's anointed: "What have I to do with you, ye sons of Zeruiah, that ye should this day be adversaries unto me? shall there any man be put to death this day in Israel?"

As an introduction to one of Lincoln's most searching applications of scriptural truth it will be well to recall his exposition of

Christ's words, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." It was in his speech at Springfield, accepting the senatorial nomination in 1858 and really opening the great debate of that year. His interpretation and application of the passage is as follows:

The Saviour, I suppose, did not expect that any human creature could be perfect as the Father in heaven; but he said: "As your Father in heaven is perfect, be ye also perfect." He set that up as a standard, and he who did most toward reaching that standard attained the highest degree of moral perfection. So I say, in relation to the principle that all men are created equal, let it be as nearly reached as we can. If we cannot give freedom to every creature, let us do nothing that will impose slavery upon any other creature. Let us turn this government back into the channel in which the framers of the Constitution originally placed it. Let us stand firmly by each other. If we do not do so, we are tending in the contrary direction that Judge Douglas proposes—not intentionally; working in the traces that tend to make this one universal slave nation. He is one that runs in that direction, and as such I resist him.

The same searching application of scriptural truth and in scriptural language is found in a letter of May 30, 1864, conveying his response to the greetings of the Baptist Home Mission Society. It is surprising that this rare word has had so little currency; this results, possibly, because it has had no Bishop Simpson and Bishop Newman to publish it abroad, as had the more complimentary but less searching word of sixteen days earlier to the greetings of the Methodist Episcopal General Conference of 1864. Ponder the wisdom and force of these words:

I can only thank you for thus adding to the effective and almost unanimous support which the Christian communities are so zealously giving to the country and to liberty. Indeed, it is difficult to conceive how it could be otherwise with anyone professing Christianity, or even having ordinary perceptions of right and wrong. To read in the Bible, as the word of God himself, that in "the sweat of *thy* face shalt thou eat bread," and to preach therefrom that "in the sweat of *other men's* faces shalt thou eat bread," to my mind can scarcely be reconciled with honest sincerity. When brought to my final reckoning may I have to answer for robbing no man of his goods; yet more tolerable even this than for robbing him of himself and all that was his. When, a year or two ago, those professedly holy men of the South met in the semblance of prayer and devotion, and in the name of Him who said, "As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them," appealed to the Christian world to aid them in doing to a whole race of men as they would have no man do unto them—

selves, to my thinking they contemned and insulted God and his church far more than did Satan when he tempted the Saviour with the kingdoms of the earth. The devil's attempt was no more false, and far less hypocritical. But let me forbear, remembering it is also written, "Judge not, lest ye be judged."

If the people who that very year were worrying lest the President would recall or in some manner side-track the Proclamation of Emancipation had studied that speech, they would have had ease from their torment. It is difficult for us at this date to realize how many felt convinced that the measure would never be allowed to stand, and that under the pressure of events Lincoln himself would in some manner modify it. A visitor from Scotland conveying to the President the greetings of his Scotch admirers, notably of Dr. Guthrie, mentioned this, and expressing their hope that Lincoln would stand firm drew from him the reply: "Well, I am inclined to remain firm, but do not say I certainly will though all others should fail, as Peter once said and repeated with so much confidence, only to learn his folly and weakness as the cock crew; yet, God helping me, I trust to prove true to a principle which I feel to be right, and which I trust public sentiment approves, and which the country is prepared to support and maintain."

Was President Lincoln a Christian? That question has come perplexingly down the four decades since his death. That he was I have been more and more convinced as fact after fact, all tending in one direction, has shown itself in my close examination of the literature of his life with which, since the passing of John Hay, I believe I have the right to count myself the most familiar of anyone living. A statement of these facts and the only rational deduction from them I hope in due time to make elsewhere, but in connection with the theme now in hand it is but proper to point to them. Here, then, is a bare outline:

Reading Paine's *Age of Reason* when first getting hold of books, Lincoln became a freethinker, holding always to a personal God but looking askance at the Bible as an authoritative revelation of that God, until, under the pastorate of Dr. James Smith, at the First Presbyterian Church, Springfield, and following the death of his son Edward, he gave that subject thorough investigation and made known to his pastor in a perfectly frank statement his con-

viction that the Holy Scriptures were indeed the revelation of God to the world and worthy of acceptance as such by all men. Thereafter, busied with the legal duties of his daily task, and still more with the intellectual processes through which his lifelong study of the slavery problem was ripening into the addresses which gave form and platform to the new party of the West, he paid slight attention to the personal side of the religious life; yet by the unconscious attraction of the good—to which his heart was always responsive—he was being drawn nearer and nearer to the truth. The mere telling of his life story to the children of the slums gathered in the Five Points Mission, on the Sunday connected with his trip to New York on the occasion of that famous Cooper Institute speech, had a reflex influence upon himself of which he was scarcely aware, and perhaps he himself, though in every word sincere, was as much surprised as his neighbors at the intensely religious tone of his farewell words at Springfield. He did not then count himself a Christian. By no formal act of conscious self-surrender had he made himself such. But the stress of war, with its perplexities past human unraveling and its evidence of providential interposition to which he repeatedly testified, took him often to his knees. Then, following his own recovery from the smallpox, came the death of Willie, a sorrow that so took hold upon him that for a week his Cabinet feared that the reason of their chief was to be dethroned. The marvel of conversion Lincoln first personally studied as night by night he and Mrs. Pomroy—sweet, sane, at peace with God though he had suffered her husband and all her children to die—talked of holy things as they together watched over the President's suffering, dying boy; what he there learned took form when the invasion of the North and the thunders of Gettysburg forced him more importunately before the throne of God and led him, as he confessed to General Sickles, to vow to God that if he would save the Army he would personally serve him the rest of his days. All these experiences, by his own confession and Mrs. Lincoln's attestation, culminated when he stood among those myriad dead at Gettysburg and there apparently asked of his own great mind, "Why were all these men so willing to die?" He found but one answer big enough to fit the fact of those miles of

fresh-heaped graves beneath which tens of thousands of heroes slept: God—Christ, a self-giving Saviour and his love, compelled devotion of men to the right as God gave them to see the right; and in that mood, himself strange to, but convinced of, his new relations to God, confident that something, as he had recently confessed to Mrs. Pomroy, had taken place in his life which tallied with that *change* which she called “conversion,” he uttered that marvelous dedicatory address which, as the Rev. Nelson L. Brake-man (Methodist Episcopal Post Chaplain, Baton Rouge, La.,) pointed out, at once interprets his mood and speaks for his “new birth” in the surprising manner in which he possibly unconsciously, yet steadily, used the very terms which the Church and, through its terminology, all souls new to the kingdom of God use in describing their own personal self-dedication to God. Note these words in this main section of the address:

But in a larger sense we cannot *dedicate*, we cannot *consecrate*—we cannot *hallow*—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have *consecrated* it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the *living*, rather, to be *dedicated* here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here *dedicated* to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased *devotion* to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of *devotion*, that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a *new birth* of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Possibly it is only by chance that language so closely allied with self-dedication to God should be used here; yet one has solid foundation for belief that these words entered into this great dedicatory address simply because they had become so prominent in his own mental processes in relation to his personal dedication to the work of God and Christ in the world. Bishop Simpson said at Lincoln's grave: “He believed in Christ, the Saviour of sinners, and I think he was sincerely trying to bring his life under the principles of revealed religion.” Candid consideration of the accessible evidence convinces me that he was simply awaiting a perfectly fitting occasion—and no public man

ever better timed his speeches—to make public acknowledgment of his new relation not only to the God in whom he had always believed but to the Christ of God, whose form, presence, inspiration, and saving help he had sought, recognized, and surrendered to in the fiery furnace of the war. In my own mind I am convinced that such acknowledgment would have been in some way connected with the great national Thanksgiving Day which he had already named when the assassin's bullet sent him to make that acknowledgment before the face of Christ and turned the day appointed for national rejoicing into a national fast, and I can conceive of no greater, loftier, holier, sublimer preparation for such an announcement than his marvelous Second Inaugural. It was as if he felt he must first, in the sight of the gazing world, transform the great Capitol of the nation into an altar, and standing beside it make acknowledgment of the sins of the whole people and plead with them to follow him in the acknowledgment of God's eternal law of sacrifice, fully determined that when that Second Inaugural had accomplished its initial mission, and he next stood before that altar on Capitol Hill, it would be to say as great a word for Christ's constraining love and daily help as on the fourth of March he spoke for the righteousness of the Father.

There remains, then, for our study this last great address, the Second Inaugural. Listen to it. Get hold not only of the Bible in it by quotation and reference, but grip fast to an apprehension of the Bible spirit in its whole philosophy and purpose and so secure an adequate conception of the full measure of the Bible spirit which actuated this man, whom Bishops Fowler and McCabe and Señor Roldan, the most eloquent man produced by the United States of Colombia, unite in declaring to be the greatest man in six thousand years:

The Almighty has his own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offenses! for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through his appointed time, he now wills to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living

God always ascribe to him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

What spokesman for God has ever declared the whole counsel of the Eternal in sublimer ideas or loftier phraseology? Has Job, or David, or Isaiah, or John, or Paul? These words of the modern Moses, who led a race into freedom and a nation into a larger life, suffer no eclipse when run parallel with the mightiest utterances of Jehovah's earlier sons. What was Lincoln's purpose in uttering this truth upon what would in all likelihood prove to be the supreme public occasion of his career? He never told any man; yet a study of the speeches and measures in which he had been expressing his ideas of reconstruction would indicate that he was convinced that only when the whole people, North and South alike, awoke to a realization of their mutual accountability for the presence and continuance of that slavery which had been the real root of the war, could reconstruction be expected to go forward in that just, fraternal, Christlike way which he longed for, and which, against the mightiest of obstruction within the very party that hailed him chief, he was battling daily to press to the front. As no other man Lincoln rose to the occasion by beholding and asserting the fault of the whole people, and though, as he wrote Thurlow Weed eleven days later, he knew that "men are not flattered by being shown that there has been a difference of purpose between the Almighty and them," he, feeling that "to deny it, in this case," would be "to deny that there is a God governing the world," reckoned it to be his duty to so speak for God that he might make the vast prestige of that matchless occasion help him to turn the thoughts of the people into the one sure path that could lead to a speedy reconciliation of the foemen then self-evidently fighting their last battles. He was ready to take his own measure of blame for the difference in purpose which he mentioned, for in the same letter to Weed he wrote: "It is a truth which I thought needed to be told, and, as whatever humiliation

there is in it falls most directly on myself, I thought others might afford for me to tell it." He meant, then, that this speech should be through him that ruling of God's message to the American people; and that that message might have fullest opportunity to burn in and flame forth he said nothing other than this, though the wide world waited on his words. The paragraph quoted is a full third of the address and all that went before it was simply a review of the four years' warfare of the two peoples who read the same Bible and prayed to the same God—a mere preface to this most striking and stalwart exposition of the doctrine of divine Providence the world has ever heard. But one conclusion, therefore, can be reached. Facing the problem of reconstruction, scorched already by the infernal passions of Wade and Stevens and Henry Winter Davis, and realizing that only by lifting the whole problem above the level where these and their savage breed could breathe was there hope of ever conquering the hearts of those now to be so surely and speedily conquered by the sword, Lincoln, having been on his knees before the throne, stood upon his feet before the people to call upon them "with malice toward none, with charity for all," "to achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among themselves," by universal acknowledgment that, inasmuch as the righteous God had smitten North and South alike, so both, accepting the severities of the war as mutual atonement for mutual sin, should without recrimination turn from the past that was under that blood and face the future determined to know and treat each other only as brothers indeed.

When the facts are fully comprehended this Second Inaugural will gradually move in front of the Gettysburg Dedication as the supreme expression of Lincoln's heart and head, and nobly does it, in language wholly biblical, close the long speechmaking of this king of men on whose tongue the English Bible ever found reverent place.

Geo. T. Lumm.

ART. X.—JOHN OLIVER HOBBS

JOHN OLIVER HOBBS is not an artistic, ornate name. It is hardly an attractive name. There is something substantial about it, though; I had almost said commercial. It is respectable, democratic, and middle-class. The way of a woman in choosing a name is often similar to her way in taking a husband. The timid, shrinking, feminine ones do not call themselves Ethelbert or Algernon, they leave such gingerbread for their assertive, strident masculine sisters. They naturally attach themselves to John or George or a business-like initial, cowering behind a formidable mask of a name as some tender 'Arriet does behind her 'Arry. They would do ill to go for protection to a Loren or a Preston; to even a Francis or a Clarence, "Mary Jane Smith" will strike as much terror as "Wilmer Ray Smith"; indeed, my male readers will incline to think more. Some women cannot find noms de plume sufficiently soft and slushy among those of masculine gender, so we have our "Sadie" and "Violet Fane" and "Pansy." We have also our George Eliot, our E. Nesbit, and our John Oliver Hobbes. Mrs. Craigie, it is believed, deliberately chose this last name for its bourgeois smack. She believed her idealistic temperament needed a compensatory balance. If her realism owes anything to her assumed name, here is ample material for High School debates on the subject, "What's in a name?" From some of her stories one would hardly suspect her of idealism. Just as this name is getting to be familiar to American readers, and the elect are fairly sure when he is mentioned that John is a woman, the literary world is startled by news of her death. Pearl Mary Teresa Craigie has finished a brief life. She had fifteen years of production, which, fulfilling wonders as a literary artist, promised even greater. What she would have done, none can say; what she might have done, her admirers, blunting their grief on the divine plan, can only surmise. As Americans we are interested in her, for we gave her birth; as students and seekers after truth we admire and honor her, for she has made a permanent contribu-

tion to the world's riches and carved a new niche in the advance of literary expression.

When a few years ago, in 1891, a thick volume was published containing four novels—short because concise, not because incomplete—and bearing the above mentioned pseudonym, some few discerning ones congratulated themselves on a “find.” Here was something new, something really unique. Some were piqued later to discover that the author was a woman. This proves the stories were unique. A woman had never before shown a book so sexless. The genius of irony seemed to have guided the pen. Review the titles: “Some Emotions and a Moral,” “A Bundle of Life,” “The Sinner’s Comedy,” and “A Study in Temptations”—certainly not sleepy-sounding. No one ever went to sleep reading them. The people are not always *nice* company, nor such as we should care to associate with, but, for that matter, the strongest books in modern fiction abound in the most exasperating characters. Exasperation seems to have been added only in recent years to the stock of emotions of legitimate literary appeal. Certainly the writers who have impressed our time most strongly have trafficked in it largely; Barrie, Caine, Kipling, and John Oliver Hobbes. A critical justification would doubtless be that the appeal, while not distinctly pleasing, is deeply wholesome. In *Lear* and *Othello*, fretfulness at the credulity of the central figures swells the colossal effect of the whole. Moreover, is it just to blame the author for exasperating characters if they are true characters and if there is any benefit to be derived from their delineation? Thomas Sandys, and Anna Christian, and Bishop Sacheverell, and even Oscar Stephenson, though all nerve-racking enough, owe their paternity to the age. If we can produce such people, we ought to know about it. Perhaps we may improve our standard. While Mrs. Craigie’s people, then, are not always companionable folk, such as we should enjoy on a day’s outing, they are brilliant or—brilliantly dull. Her conversations sparkle—sometimes with a cold luster, to be sure, but they do sparkle—and so many other literary diamonds turn out rhine-stones. Her pages fairly bristle with terse aphorisms, niceties of expression, subtleties of logic. If sarcasm is a weapon that cuts both ways,

she must needs have been an unhappy woman. The pen of irony has had few such masters since the terrible Dean of Saint Patrick's. It is safe to say that one does not turn a page of the four stories already named, of Robert Orange, The School for Saints, The Herb Moon, The Serious Wooing, or The Vineyard, without pausing to read some sentence again and to conclude either that it is strikingly true or that it is keen to feather-edge and has a good deal of truth in it. The sophistries of her society people are worthy of Thackeray while her simple folk remind one of the region of Raveloe, Dolly Winthrop, Mr. Macey, and Silas Marner himself. But the charm for an athletic reader, of these jets and juts of wisdom, sarcasm, humor, and pathos, is that one has to make such intellectual leaps to keep alongside. She indicates the chasm, but she does not help us jump. A sedentary, lethargic reader will be left behind—in disgust. The author cares little; natural selection blesses her with appreciative way-farers. I said no one went to sleep over *Some Emotions and a Moral*; I should say sleepy people cannot read far enough to get up a drowse. Mrs. Craigie has traveled far from George Eliot in the matter of psychology, and has prophesied the school of the future, *Suggestion*.

The last page of *The Sinner's Comedy* is an epitome of our author's matter and manner: Anna Christian, wife of a drunken brute, loved by Bishop Sacheverell has just died of a broken heart. The Bishop's sister says:

"Will you preach tomorrow as usual?"

"Of course," he said, without looking up from his paper. "Shall I not live as she would have me live—working?"

But the future, as he saw it, was dim.

Some years after the Bishop of Gaunt confided his brief love story to a friend.

"But why," said the friend, "since the husband had forfeited every right to be considered, why didn't you punch his head and bear the woman off in triumph?"

"To tell the truth," said Sacheverell, "I was tempted to some such decisive measure—sorely tempted."

"If you had succumbed," said the friend dryly, "she would have recovered."

"Don't say so," said Sacheverell, putting out his hand; "*I think I know it.*"

The friend, who was a psychologist, went home with more material for his great work on Impulse and Reason.

If the gods have no sense of humor they must weep a great deal.

This may be dangerous doctrine, if interpreted literally, like The Statue and the Bust; but we like a woman who can handle a climax without writing a text-book on psychology.

Cynicism?

"I have been harder hit than you," said Legge, "I died twelve years ago; the only thing about me that lives is my stomach. I remember they fed it with chops—on the day *She* was buried. Life is certainly humorous."

Wit? Why multiply instances? Look on any page. It loses its flavor, detached.

Character? When Robsart entered Rose Arden "sighed, smiled, and chose a brighter thread." You don't need to be told what she thought; it is all there.

Unlike most satirists, Mrs. Craigie could write exquisite songs,

"Love is a bubble
Love is a trouble—"

has gone the rounds, and the lines of the last stanza are eloquent beyond most modern songs:

"Love is a jig
So tread you a measure;
Love is a dirge
So fill you with grief.
Love is bright wine
To quicken your pleasure;
Love's the North Wind
And man the dead leaf."

The song Rose Arden sang is almost as beautiful in its pathos as "Tears, Idle Tears," which, indeed, it suggests:

"O weep, my heart, for summer days are fled,
The earth is cold, and roses that were red,
Birds that once sang and little things that flew
Are dead.

"The pallid day is moist with chilling dew,
There is no moon, because the wind that blew
The clouds across the sun is stern, poor heart,
Like you."

After this we feel like Robsart, "Dear Girl, sing something cheerful."

Nonsense verse she might have written, too, had she cared to try. In *The Serious Wooing*,

"There was Harry Augustus, Lord Beauleigh.
He ~~was~~ good, really and truly;
And when pretty dears looked at him with their leers,
He wished 'em to Heaven, did Beauleigh."

But with all her cynicism and all her sarcasm she is not a pessimist. Individuals are silly and mean and abominable, but she has not lost faith in humanity. The lump is good and waits only for the leaven. She has the sharp tongue and the tender heart of the true reformer. Because some good people are uncomfortable companions, and some bad ones good fellows, she does not turn the moral standards topsy-turvy. In *The Herb Moon* she says: "A famous priest once wrote that the majority of sinners are so excessively unpleasant that one wondered how the Almighty could feel love for them." Mr. Bernard Shaw would have substituted for "sinners" "saints." There lies the difference, she shirks not truth, even courts realism, but truth for her is not circumscribed by her little horizon of experience. There may be something beyond. It cannot all be put into a syllogism and shot at every mark.

Thomas P. Ryan

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

THE METHODIST REVIEW is part of the permanent literature of the church. Its bound volumes are preserved in many libraries, public and private. The complete set of eighty-eight volumes is a veritable cyclopedia for a minister. No church corner-stone should be laid without containing a copy of the REVIEW.

THE GOD OF LAW AND ORDER

God is nowhere the originator of disorder. The visible creation reverberates through all its depth and echoes from all its heights that the Creator is the God of order. The evidence is written in light upon the sky, where the spheres keep time and tune; and upon the air, whose winds, though they seem wild, wayward, and wanton, without known whence or whither, are yet not unchartered, but go with secret orders, under rigid law, to definite destinations. It is written also over all the varied surface of the earth, and in the stone parchment of its voluminous strata, as well as in the restless depths of the sea, marked by the Almighty long ago with "ocean lanes," along which the great currents sweep and curve between the continents.

All sciences with their classification of phenomena and facts, their discovery of principles and tracing of laws, are but the progressive demonstration of the Divine order. Looking up into the stupendous firmament, where all things keep appointed orbits and nothing flies the track, it is plain that the order seen there is transcendent. No step of the best-trained soldiers the earth ever saw could compare with the drill of those starry regiments which wheel and maneuver on the blue parade-ground of infinite space. No wise and skillful housekeeper of the best-ordered home that woman's statesmanship ever directed could approach the perfect management of the great unseen Keeper of this "house of many mansions" which we call the universe. Yet, clear as this now seems, there was a time when men looked on the ordered firmament and discerned no plan, no harmony; stared at the powdery splendor and thought it a piece of wild spatter-work without a pattern. Only by the painful study of thousands of years has the outline of its plan become vivid to the

eye of man. Thus science, slowly uncovering plan and order where none had been perceived, teaches us that in God's other ways of providence and life, though "the drift of the Maker is dark" and we see no wise purpose, there is doubtless order and the reign of law, awaiting discovery in the fullness of time.

God is so orderly that both the scientist and the most illiterate Christian can count on him out of sight. The astronomer tracks the craziest comet in the sky along the small part of its orbit which is in sight, and then knows all its path beyond vision, telling with precision in how many thousand years the punctual God will bring the wanderer back. The most unbelieving scientist constantly exercises more faith in God than would suffice to save his soul if directed aright. Everywhere we may depend on God, in the dark, for all which, in the light, he leads us to expect. To this God of order, man is amenable. On us, as on the world of matter, he imposes restrictions, rules, and system, requiring regulated character and life. Order does not yet visibly and completely prevail in the moral world; but it is exacted, and will in the long run be enforced. The universe is so constituted that moral disorder, which is mutiny and treason, is certain to be effectively discouraged. Human hearts, thoughts and lives are full of disorder, and society is a troubled sea; but God has not made, and will not countenance, this confusion. He insists on control, rhythmic regulations and moral decorum in all that we are and do. Disregarding this, we lie under his eye, a spectacle of miserable and guilty anarchy.

Among the faculties and powers of man's nature a relative rank is ordained on the recognition and sacred maintenance of which depend the peace and welfare of his being. The appetites, passions and desires of the flesh belong in the lowest place. The intellect, clear and unbesotted by carnal indulgence, is set to perceive logical consequences and the reasonableness of righteousness. The affections are put in their graded place to furnish pure, beneficent fire of motive warmth, kindled rightly from, and aspiring to, the holy source of love. Above all is conscience, clear as intellect, loyal as love, charged to give law to all that ranks below it, receiving law from Him who ranks above it; its fit upward look being humble, docile, dutiful; its downward attitude imperative and lordly. Yet conscience is but God's vicegerent, needing constant communication with the Home Government, to receive instructions therefrom.

Whoever will keep his nature and life under due discipline and

subjection must needs be vigilant over all the turbulencies and treacheries of his own being; for no Russian Empire was ever so catcombed with conspiracies, mined by mutinies, and infested with enemies as this many-provined, half-explored, triple-zoned human nature of ours. Vigilant also must we be against the hostile and pitfalled world neighboring all around us, and swarming in all its thickets of concealment and ambush with secret, subtle, and savage foes. Introspection must see if law and order rule the inward elements into their places, in due relations of authority and subjection. Circumspection, observing our outward relations, must ascertain if we are in our required place in the world; for to be out of place is to be in the way of penalty—on the track, when the lightning express is due and coming, though unseen, around the curve.

These things are inexorable. We must make our peace with them or they will grind us to powder. The God of order punishes disorder.

"His will fulfilled shall be:
For, in-daylight or in dark,
His thunderbolt hath eyes to see
Its way home to the mark."

Not by arbitrary nor even by special decree is man's final destiny fixed, but by the normal operation of the natural forces of the moral universe. By the law of moral gravitation every man goes to his own place, to the good place or the bad place according as the one or the other has the greater attraction for him. God endows man with free agency, allows him to choose, and then simply lets him have what he has chosen. The just and sufficient reward for having chosen the good is to have it ever more and more with all its sweet and blessed fruitage. The just, unexcessive, yet unsurpassable punishment for having chosen the evil is to have it to the full with all its bitter, rankling, fiery and consuming consequences. The natural forces of the spiritual universe, its attractions and repulsions, carry men to their destiny. That for which they have affinity is what they go to. The place or state where a man would feel most at home, that place or state shall be his home forever. This is eminently right and manifestly inevitable. The story of the conversion of John Nelson, one of the most remarkable of Wesley's early preachers, is impressive. It was brought about by means of a dream. "He saw the great white throne set and the myriads gathered of earth and heaven. The Judge sat silent, but before him was an open book. Up to that book came,

one by one in long procession, every soul of all mankind, and as each advanced he tore open his breast as a man would tear open the bosom of his shirt, and then compared his heart with the commandments written in the book. Not a word was said nor did the Judge lift his finger, but each man, according as his heart agreed or disagreed with that perfect standard, went with joy to the company of the saved, or in despair to the company of the lost. Every man was conscious where he belonged and each went to his own place."

THE IMITATION OF CHRIST

THOMAS À KEMPIS wrote an immortal book setting forth man's highest possibility, *The Imitation of Christ*. It is amazing what store men have set on the power of imitation; and the more refined they have become the higher value they have seemed to put on this capacity. It has almost been regarded as man's finest faculty. To discover the deep philosophy which explains the laudation that has been bestowed on him who has the genius for imitation is not easy. It is the occult reason of all love of art and praise of artists. The artist is simply the imitator. Imitation is the work of the painter on canvas, the sculptor in clay, marble, or bronze, the engraver with his burin, and the etcher with his *agua fortis*. The artist labors to copy effects of light, colors of sunsets, tints of flesh, sheen of silk or satin, gleam of metal, bloom of flower or fruit, delicate intricacy of lace, subtle expression of the eye, animals' fur, or sparkle of moonlight on water. In this work, such is the fame men win that we are told the artist outlives in renown the general, the magistrate, and the statesman; indeed, never dies. What is the great artist but the consummate imitator?

This faculty of imitation is essential and natural, not grafted on by education, for it develops almost in earliest infancy; indeed, scarce anything is more marked in childhood. And it is universal, for the most savage and brutal tribes display it, making rude images of things. Everywhere this instinct hews in wood, or carves in stone, or molds in clay some copy of things known, heard of, or imagined.

Singularly enough, it is before the product of this imitative faculty that groping, dim-eyed, unenlightened man bows down and worships. When his instinct for copying has carved out and completed its result, the next instinct which springs into operation makes of his image a god, before which he prostrates himself and offers sacrifices. Is there a subtle persuasion, an intuitive assumption, in

human nature, that the imitative faculty is to be man's instrument for his most valuable achievement—nay, his guide to God? The facts of human sentiment and conduct are hardly explicable otherwise. Did the Divine Intelligence implant this active power in humanity at the beginning, in order that when at last the complete, stainless Pattern should be visibly presented in the person of Jesus Christ this instinct, groping ever to find a perfect model for its copying, might not only be impelled to imitate the perfection, but be carried by the natural current of its unformulated reasoning and unconscious inference to the conclusion that what satisfies the imitative faculty as an adequate object for its exercise must be Divine? that the ultimate outreach, arrival, and seizure of this most noble capacity can be nothing less than God? It would seem so. The lines of this logic appear to have been invisibly bedded as in the very marrow of man's bones and laid deeper than thrilling nerves.

Recent years have witnessed in art the revival of the pre-Raphaelite or realistic school of painting, the ruling principle of which is to copy literally, to paint things as they are, instead of idealizing and painting them as the artist thinks they ought to be.

Let us say that it is this principle of fidelity to reality which must rule and insure our moral progress, through the exercise of our power of imitation, to the highest result. Christianity is the realistic imitation of Christ. Whatever objection may be made to the pre-Raphaelite principle in reproducing a faulty original, it is the only rule to be approved when we are to render the faultless model.

Sir Joshua Reynolds once complained of the difficulty of the work of a portrait painter, in that he must in each case paint "a particular man, and consequently a defective model." As any human face is defective, so is every human character, and any one who tries to copy or imitate it has an imperfect model. One perfect Model stands singular, sublime, supreme. All imitation which has not sighted Christ shows by its partialness and immense defect the meanness of its ideal.

"An Ethiop's god hath Ethiop's lips,
Black cheek, and woolly hair;
The Grecian god hath a Grecian face,
As keen-eyed and as fair."

A portrait painter or engraver may fall into two noticeable faults. One is that the portrait may show more of the personality of the artist who copies than of the subject who is copied. Longhi com-

plained of Bartolozzi that in engraving portraits he was "most unfaithful to his archetype," and so inflexible and unsympathetic in his selfhood that, whatever the original, his engraving exhibited more his own characteristics than the features and spirit of the face he was copying.

To melt self into Christ so that the new man shall be more marked by the Christly spirit than by our peculiar native individual traits is not easy; but Paul must have arrived at it when he could say, "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

We have seen deeply stained glass in a window shone through by the sun more noticeable for the conspicuousness of its own strong bright color than for the amount of sunlight it transmitted. Our life should rather transmit Christ-light than exhibit self-color.

A second possible fault in a portrait artist is to make more of accessories than of the principal, more of the drapery than of the person, or more of the surface than of the soul. It is far easier to copy incidentals and furnishings than to capture and render that subtle, complex, evasive something which we call the expression—the face with its spirit-meaning.

The engraving of Jerome Bonaparte, by the Müller brothers, is most famous for the skill with which the fur and lace of the Westphalian king's attire are rendered. Longhi's copy of Josephine's son, Eugene Beauharnais, is remarkable chiefly for the surpassing finish of the plume in the cap of the Viceroy of Italy; and in his picture of Washington this artist felicitated himself especially upon the hair. Wille's graver showed its highest mastership in representing satin and metal, and he sought for portraits which had rich surroundings.

Being set to copy Christ, we may give more attention to moralities and humanities, observances and respectabilities, than to spirituality and Christ-likeness of heart. The reason why the hem of the robe was healing to the sick woman was because Christ was inside of the robe. The virtue of externals is in their relation to Jesus. Ceremonies, observances, ritual and conduct are impotent and expressionless unless they drape, depend from and set forth the living Christ.

Of the arts, sculpture and painting are imitations of visible external objects; music and architecture are not. Bible prefigurations of heaven give us songs of the blessed, and the Holy City coming down from God. Building and melody are thus put into our celestial

expectations, but there is no hint of statues or pictures. The imitative arts are represented only in "*We shall be like him.*" The halls of the King's palace, the paths and slopes of its gardens shall be populated and adorned not by the motionless marbles of niche and pedestal but by moving, animated copies of our Lord. Purified human beings renewed in the Divine image are to be the fair, white, living statues of heaven. To this end we work, while God works in us his own good pleasure, which is that we be conformed to the image of his Son. To shape us thus must be the purpose of life's smiting discipline and reduction.

One day the great sculptor, Michael Angelo, caught a holy thought from the block of marble he was chiseling toward its desired form, and laying down his implements and taking up his pen he wrote a sonnet which has this line: "The more the marble wastes the more the statue grows." A block of marble feeling itself broken and chipped away under incessant blow on blow might think, "This is destruction; this fierce man means to make an end of me; shortly there will be nothing left of me and mine." But there is that that diminishes bulk, yet enhances value. If "the Captain of our salvation" was made "perfect through suffering," shall not we also submit to be brought toward perfection by the process of reduction?

To make us Christlike is the greatest Sculptor's purpose; let him smite!

The imitation of Christ is our business and endeavor; let us set the Lord continually before us!

MY PARISH

FROM pastoral life to editorial duties is a change likely to make certain faculties feel lost through being deprived of the particular exercise to which they were habituated. The unemployed pastoral instincts feel out for an object, and go around seeking a job like a man out of work. For three years Providence mercifully met this exigency by providing one editor with a small parish sufficient to give play to certain ministering impulses which find little scope in an editorial office. A good woman of high character, godly, wise, and sensible, widow of Rev. William Torrey, a missionary in South America who died in 1858, herself nearly fourscore and ten years old, was in Brooklyn without a pastor. She adopted the editor, and became his parish. So Sunday afternoons were provided with a

chance for pastoral visiting, without trespass, three miles away. Her membership rested in the Fourth Presbyterian Church of Albany, New York, whence she removed five years before her death. She left her name there for two reasons: because she was too aged and infirm to make acquaintance in or to attend any church here; and because two officers in the Albany church, her friends and admirers, always remembered her in their prayer-meeting petitions, so that whenever prayer service night came round she had the dear feeling of being prayed for, by those who knew and loved her, one hundred and fifty miles away. Between her church in Albany and her adopted pastor here she had the benefit of prayers on both the Calvinistic and the Arminian basis; if one failed because of basal error, success might the more reasonably be hoped for the other. Practically and in effect Calvinism and Arminianism mix pretty well. A pastor of considerable experience records here his observation that Presbyterians make excellent Methodists; sometimes they ripen to it simply by the progress of the seasons. In one of this pastor's churches were two eminently successful class leaders, one of young women and the other of young men, and both were thoroughbred Presbyterian women married to Methodist husbands. It is a good thing to be well grounded in definite doctrines and thoroughly drilled in the Catechism, even if it be the Westminster, and then to have the whole sweetened and sun-drenched and mellowed with Methodism. A hard-headed, warm-hearted leather dealer, in business many years in "The Swamp" in New York city, long president of the Board of Stewards in a prominent city church, but later retired to his ancestral farm, fed himself regularly on the *Christian Advocate*, the *METHODIST REVIEW*, and the *New York Observer*—a nutritious and sufficiently varied diet.

Whether "My Parish" was most Presbyterian or most Methodist I could not tell. In that respect it was like heaven. But it was fore-ordained to have, at the last, a pastor who did not believe in fore-ordination. Possibly Mrs. Elizabeth Sutton Torrey had been suffused, if not saturated, with the essential spirit of Methodism through an intimate and loving friendship of over seventy years with Richard Sutton Rust. The two were cousins, on his mother's and her father's side, and lived together as little children under the same New England roof, in her father's house. For her ninetieth birthday, which fell on October 3, 1895, that life-long friend sent her a characteristically genial and tender letter, to cheer her in her "age and feebleness extreme." In it he wrote: "Dear cousin, you are too near home

to be sad or sorrowful. Be happy! Were you a Methodist, I would say, Shout 'Glory!' Get used to it, cousin, before you go. It is the common language up there. May the hour of your departure be the great coronation time to you! I wish I might be with you then; but I could only commend you to Jesus. My sister died as I was aiding her to quote the lines:

'Jesus, the vision of thy face
Hath overpowering charms;
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace
If thou be in my arms.
And while you hear my heart-strings break,
How sweet my moments roll—
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
But glory in my soul!'

No matter whether we go now or a little later, God will take good care of you. Dear cousin, I wish you a happy New Year on earth or in heaven! God knows best." She went home on Monday morning at seven o'clock, November 25, 1895. Having lived ninety years in this world of mortality without ever seeing anybody die, she knew not what death might be like, and perplexed herself much with wondering what mien the messenger would wear. But heaven stole a march on her. The angels took her when she was asleep, and she found herself with the Lord in paradise without knowing how she got there. She experienced immortality without seeing death.

Some interesting things were learned from "My Parish"—how early sometimes in beneficent lives, as well as in others, the currents of the soul select a course to which they keep life-long, like the Gulf Stream, unfenced but steady, flowing where most needed, warming the ocean and its borders against the chill of arctic tides. Very early the sympathies of Richard Sutton Rust seem to have chosen the channel in which to this day they continue their humane and benignant flow. From the house in which he was a lad the family wash went regularly to the home of a poor colored woman. Her small son was often sent to bring and return it. When the wash was heavy little Richard Rust would take hold of the basket on one side and help the little colored boy carry it. (He never let go of that basket, but kept on helping the Negro with his load.) Once, when he went to her poor dwelling, the black laundress told him about slavery as she had known it, and how cruelly slaves were sometimes treated. The story was more than he could bear, and he came home sobbing as if his heart was broken. On that long-ago day a chief champion of

the cause of the oppressed and a steadfast friend of the African set his face toward the presidency of Wilberforce University, and the secretaryship of the Freedmen's Aid Society, and all the noble service of many years. This was learned in visiting "My Parish."

Another story impressing the same lesson was recently told. One Sunday afternoon more than sixty years ago a minister talked with his four little boys, explaining to them as simply as possible what it is to give one's heart to God and be a Christian. He asked if they understood, and they answered: "Yes." Then he said: "If any one of you wants to give his heart to the Lord now, let him come and kiss me." The boys sat silent, thinking, for a while. Then one by one, with intervals between—the youngest, five years old, first; and the oldest, twelve, last—they came and kissed their father's face; kissing also, in that sacred act, the Son of God, in token of reconciliation with the heavenly Father. One of those boys, retired at seventy from long and faithful service in the Congregational ministry, says: "If I ever gave my heart to the Lord, that was the time when I did it." He was six years old when that happened. Bishop Wiley did the same thing when he was ten. The lesson is so plain that he who runs may read.

The pastor of "My Parish" has on one end of his mantel a photograph of the Adirondack Lake Placid, tranquil and beautiful, with old Whiteface sloping steeply up from its shore into the crystalline sky. On the opposite end is another charming picture of equal serenity and peace, a photograph of "My Parish," taken in her room the day before she was ninety. She sits in her chair, knitting. On the table at her left her spectacles lie on her well-worn Spanish Testament, between which and her arm stands a framed cabinet photograph of her fondly cherished cousin, Dr. Rust, dear to her heart for almost eighty years. What is the lovely old saint in this picture knitting? Her father was a sea captain, and the men of the sea have always seemed like her own. She knows the perils and hardships of their life, and is interested in every effort for their welfare. Every fall she knits several dozen pairs of woolen wristlets, which are sent to the men of the Life-saving Service on the coasts of New Jersey and Maine; the men whose swinging lanterns twinkle like fireflies along the surf through the long, wild, bitter nights, as they patrol the beaches on the lookout for vessels in distress, ready to risk their own lives for the saving of others.

The heart of a woman who would have mothered the whole world,

and saved every soul and body in it if she could, beats on her ninetieth birthday as strong as ever with that yearning and passionate compassion which receives its example and its impulse from the cross of Christ. Uchimura, the Japanese, tells us that characters like this are among the evidences of Christianity, because paganism does not produce such. As a rule, "heathens go into decay early," lose interest and spirit and enterprise; but Christians, as a rule, "know no decay whatever." "Octogenarians, still planning for future as if they were still in twenties, are objects of almost miraculous wonders with us heathens. We count men above forty among the old in age, while in Christendom no man below fifty is considered to be fit for a position of any great responsibility. Judson, a missionary, after hardships of his life-time, exclaims he wants to live and work more." "Faith, Hope, and Charity, the three life-angels that defy Death and his angels, have worked upon Christendom for the past nineteen hundred years, and made it as we have it now."

An old age, with expectation and desire still full of eagerness and onwardness, with sympathies still flowing, affections still fresh and warm, intellect still enterprising, ready for new tasks or persisting earnestly in old ones—this, a born pagan tells us, is a distinctively Christian phenomenon. And he asks: "Is not Christianity worth having, if but for this power alone?" Who was it came in order that men might have more abundant life, spirit-life, heart-life powerful enough to push on superbly past eighty and ninety, and then exult in the prospect of entering on mightier employments in the heavens? Whoever He was, His mission seems not to have failed. By Him, today, is fresh life, imperishable and bountiful life, breathed into human hearts for their perpetual renewing, as undeniably as in the beginning, by creative Power, was breathed into man's nostrils the breath of original life. Of this "My Parish" was an evidence. She took up the study of German after she was seventy and mastered it, so that she could then read her Bible in four languages—English, French, Spanish, and German. Her faithful fingers failed fast as they worked at their final self-imposed task; but she was happy in using her last strength to finish the annual batch of wristlets, in pure Christian love, for men she had never seen, and whose names she knew not. The life-savers on watch along the coast wore them after she was gone. The small part of "My Parish" that was mortal her children and grandchildren laid to rest at Honesdale, in the hollow of Pennsylvania hills, which lie in the hollow of God's hand.

THE ARENA**SYSTEMATIC PULPIT TEACHING**

Is our present pulpit work systematic? Let the average preacher examine the record of his sermons for some successive weeks and will he not find his texts to have been somewhat as follows: Two from the Psalms, one from Revelation, one from Genesis, one from First Corinthians, one from Nehemiah, one from Matthew, and so on, as if they had been kicked out in a game of hop-scotch? Is this in harmony with systematic pulpit teaching? Possibly; but probably not. If the preacher has had in mind some definite order for the presentation of the truth, and has found these texts, scattered as they are, best suited for foundation statements of the truth to be presented, then he has been giving systematic pulpit teaching. But is it uncharitable to judge that these texts, seemingly chosen at haphazard, indicate haphazard preaching, as far as the relation of one sermon to another is concerned?

But is it really desirable that the sermons preached from week to week should stand in any definite relation to each other? Ought not a minister of the gospel to hold himself free to present such teaching on any particular Sunday as he has been impressed during the week preceding will be adapted to that day? Would not a different course grieve the Holy Spirit, who is to teach us what we shall speak? Judging from the course we have commonly followed in the past, and probably will follow in the future, one would suppose this to be our conviction. Yet certain considerations are not out of order. Indeed, the object of this paper is that we may examine and see whether the general practice in this matter is wisest and best. First, Is it not quite possible for us to mistake a natural impulse to speak on a certain subject at a certain time for the voice of the Spirit directing us so to do? Have we not each probably made such a mistake a time or two since we entered the ministry? Have not some ministers thus been led to continue to speak on one subject or one class of subjects until the church has really suffered by their action? Furthermore, the sudden flashing of light upon a portion of Scripture that we may come upon in our reading and study, can hardly be taken as evidence that we should at once preach a sermon on that particular passage. For, if so, we should have to preach a half dozen sermons on one Sunday, and, perhaps, on another Sunday have no sermon at all. Then, too, if God is pleased to give the leading of the Spirit in our choice of text or subject for a certain Sabbath, may he not, seeing the end from the beginning, direct us in the choice of themes for a month, or a quarter, or a year in advance? The harmony of the universe proclaims his far-reaching plans and his love of order. Is it not supposable that he would have his ministers give an orderly presentation of the truth of revelation throughout the year?

Of course all does not depend on the pulpit. There are the Christian

home, the Sunday school, and the Bible study work of the Senior and the Junior Leagues. Yet, without detracting at all from the actual work done through these agencies, it must still be affirmed that the bulk of religious instruction has to be imparted from the pulpit; and this the more positively when we remember that many are brought into the church from year to year who have had little if any help from the sources named. Does not some sort of system therefore become necessary that we may fulfill satisfactorily our office as religious teachers?

Admitting the necessity, what plans shall we adopt? This must be for every man to decide for himself. Recognizing the obligation to present the full round of truth, let him look the whole field over, enter upon some order, keep track of himself, have a constant look ahead so as to steer his course aright, and the work will be accomplished. The old-fashioned way of preaching a regular course of doctrinal sermons, following the order used in works on Systematic Theology, might be employed to good advantage. And in this day the very novelty of such a proceeding might attract and interest the people to an unusual degree. With or without announcement to that effect, one might plan a course of Sunday morning sermons under the head of "A Year with Jesus," following in part such an order as is presented in Stalker's *Imago Christi*; of which some of the chapter headings are "Christ in the Home," "Christ in the State," "Christ in the Church," "Christ as a Man of Prayer," "Christ as a Student of Scripture," "Christ as a Sufferer," "Christ as a Winner of Souls." The parables and miracles of our Lord would furnish many other themes in this course. A plan of this kind would help to put down the charge, perhaps too truthfully made, that we preach Paul more than we do Christ.

The biographical method is now used extensively in teaching history. Why may it not be used as well in presenting the vital doctrines of Christianity? Have we not a hint of this method in 1 Cor. 10. 11, "Now these things happened unto them by way of example; and they were written for our admonition, upon whom the ends of the ages are come"? Certainly various Christian doctrines find concrete expression in the lives of Scripture characters, while modern heroes and heroines of the cross exemplify most inspiringly the teachings of the Book as to what constitutes real manhood and sainthood.

Bible geography may even furnish a foundation for the setting forth of Bible doctrine. The sacred mountains, Sinai, Nebo, Ebal and Gerizim, Carmel, Zion, Hermon and Olivet, the Sea of Galilee, the River Jordan all afford splendid opportunities for pressing home essential teachings.

Then what could be more helpful in the promotion of Scripture study—a matter so indispensable to the true knowledge of God and the development of Christian character—than a course of sermons on books of the Bible? The authorship, circumstances calling it forth, a brief analysis, and the chief message, of one of the epistles, for instance, would supply material for a sermon that might give a new view of what the Bible really is and impress important truth so as never to be forgotten. Or, devoting more time to a single book, here are a few themes from the Book of Daniel: "A Young Man's Purpose," chapter 1. 8; "The Eternal

Kingdom," 2. 44; "The Tested Three," 3. 17; "The Great Deliverer," 3. 29; "The King's Experience," 4. 2; "The Faithful Counselor," 4. 27; "Weighed and Wanting," 5. 25-28. Or, for a course covering the development of God's purpose in the Scriptures, try the following: "The Patriarch," "The Lawgiver," "The Judge," "The King," "The Psalmist," "The Prophet," "The Herald," "The Messiah," "The Apostle."

These are only a few suggestions of lines of procedure in systematic pulpit teaching. The profit of following some plan is obvious. First, and mainly, as to the congregation, is it not clear that greater knowledge of the Scriptures will be gained thus, a better understanding of God's ways acquired, and a more symmetrical Christian character developed? And would it not seem that this orderly movement in teaching from Sabbath to Sabbath would promote more regular and constant attendance? Is it not probable also that the pulpit would come to be respected more highly by the community at large and the churchgoing habit become general? And, as more people come under the influence of the church and of gospel truth, will not more converts be secured? If these questions claim an affirmative answer, is not the duty of the preacher to follow such a method both plain and binding?

At the same time, for the preacher's own good, is it not evident that systematic pulpit teaching will necessitate his being more studious and making more diligent and careful pulpit preparation? And will not this in return make him an abler minister of the gospel of Christ?

If all this be true, the case is a strong one, and the words of Scripture apply with special force: "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."

Warren, Indiana.

J. W. CAIN.

GOLDWIN SMITH AND "RATIONAL CHRISTIANITY"

UNDER the above caption the Literary Digest some time ago discussed Goldwin Smith's attitude toward the Christian religion as revealed in his recent letters to the press. He describes his attitude as "that of one who has heard the words of the Founder of Christianity on a hillside in Galilee. No miracle was needed to confirm belief in his words, nor was any performed by him on that occasion. Of dogma nothing fell from his lips." He further says: "As to dogma, the whole structure apparently rests on the Mosaic account of Creation and of the Fall of Man. Without the Fall there could have been no room for the Incarnation and the Atonement. But who, in the face of the discoveries of science can continue to believe in the Mosaic account of Creation and the Fall of Man?" A correspondent of the New York Sun said of Smith: "He accepts the Sermon on the Mount; the crux of Christ's law (not Paul's theology, nor Dean Farrar's apologetics, but the law of kindness, patience, justice, mercy, and self-sacrifice—hence Christianity)."

Now, in Goldwin Smith's apparently monumental faith in the so-called discoveries of science which negative the Mosaic account of Creation and the Fall of Man, the undersigned has no particular interest, but at the

easy way in which he accepts the Sermon on the Mount and at the same time rejects the Incarnation and the Atonement, surprise and wonder are confessed. The doctrinal implications of the Sermon on the Mount are as pronounced as its ethics and are not to be lightly passed by. In this sermon Jesus represents himself as in future the Judge of mankind. Witness: "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven. Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name . . . and then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity." Now, what sort of being must he be who has the wisdom to see through all the infinite ramifications of human conduct and pronounce an accurate and just judgment, as Jesus assumes that he will do? If we were to assent that any being short of Deity could do this we would have to insist that none as low as man would be capable of it. We have, then, in the Sermon on the Mount a human being and a supernatural one, and they are the same Person—this constitutes an Incarnation. But we do not so assent; instead, we insist that nothing short of Deity would be capable of rendering just judgment upon the deeds of a sinning world. Hence we say that in the Sermon on the Mount we have not only an Incarnation, but the Incarnation. And this is not far from the theology of Paul, who says that Jesus thought it not robbery to be equal with God, and also declares that we must all stand before the judgment seat of Christ. Furthermore, Jesus says of himself in that sermon that he came to fulfill the law and the prophets. Concerning this statement Alexander MacLaren says: "He asserted that he, standing there in the midst, the son of a carpenter in a little village, was the goal toward which the whole solemn march of progressive revelation through the centuries had been tending, and that in him all the purposes and premonitions of that earlier revelation centered and were fulfilled; that he was the realized ideal of humanity as God had willed it to be, that he was the pivot on which the world's history turned, the center to which all the rays of the earlier revelation converged and who dared to put his 'I say unto you' side by side with Moses's 'Jehovah hath said.'" On the basis of Jesus's plain statements in the Sermon on the Mount it is difficult to avoid constructing a Christology that involves Deity and the Incarnation, not to say also the Atonement. And this is the essence of Paul's theology. The ethics and the theology of that sermon stand together, and to gushingly accept the former and have disdain for the latter is no credit to the acumen of any man. The fact is, the somewhat fashionable cry against dogma is very largely what the English would call "twaddle."

Centralia, Kansas.

W. A. KEVE.

WANTED, A VISION

WANTED, a vision! Not of the former days, which were no better than these, but of our own times, and of the years that are yet to come; a vision of civic and political righteousness, of national, state, and municipal

honesty; a vision of unselfish patriotism when public men will be patriots and statesmen, rather than mere politicians, and the public weal will concern them more than personal gain. Most of us can look back to some vision or dream that was so real to our youthful imaginations that the impression it has left is still fresh. Imagination is usually vivid and strong in the young, and sometimes in the old, and middle-aged. The Bible is replete with such pictures given to patriarchs, prophets, and apostles. And one old prophet, Joel, tells us that in the times in which we live, because of the outpouring of the Divine Spirit, sons and daughters should prophesy, old men should dream dreams, and young men see visions. The experiences of the few should become the birthright of the many.

Visions and dreams, though sometimes considered alike, differ according to the circumstances and place of their birth. The dream is like a mist of the morning which is dissipated with the rising sun; like the vapor, which appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away. The vision may abide forever. Visions and dreams may come from above as well as from beneath; they may be revelations from God as well as outgrowths of human imagination. Centuries ago a young man of twenty-six years had a vision which he called "heavenly." It came from the skies. It came to him not in the darkness of the night, when dreams come to men, but in midday. It came with light, and power, and glory. It came to him on a public highway near a great city, and while accompanied by others on a persecuting mission. A voice from the skies called him by name and reproved him for his waywardness. He was not an ignorant man in other respects, but in this he acknowledges that he did it ignorantly, in unbelief. He was told where to go and what to do. He recognized the voice or the place whence it came, as the Lord's, and responded cheerfully to the commands of the persecuted Jesus. He was not disobedient to the "heavenly vision" but went forward to do his Lord's will. Had Saul of Tarsus conferred with flesh and blood, and disobeyed this vision who can tell what the Christian world would have lost? During nineteen hundred years his influence has been second only to that of the Lord Jesus Christ, whom he preached, and about whom he wrote, and in whose cross he gloried more than in anything else. But he was not disobedient to the heavenly vision, and the church and the world are even today reaping the benefits of his prompt obedience. If "great oaks from little acorns grow," as saith the proverb, verily the greatest moral movement of the ages past has sprung from the obedience of Paul to the heavenly vision, which came to him from Jesus, near Damascus, nineteen hundred years ago. How quickly a heavenly vision—a vision of the Christ, takes the conceit out of a man! It leaves him no room for boasting. Ancestral inheritance, scholarly attainments, ecclesiastical or political prominence, great material possessions, are as nothing when the soul hears the voice and looks into the face of Jesus Christ, as into a mirror. Paul who was a great linguist, a profound philosopher and logician, possibly not a brilliant orator, but one who could wield a ready pen, and who might have been a marvelous leader of men, counted all his attain-

ments of every kind as dross and dung, compared with the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus his Lord. He was nothing, but Christ was all and in all. If there is moral power and beauty anywhere recorded in the literature of the world, it is surely in the evangelistic and Pauline portraits of the life and character of Jesus Christ. If God is perfectly revealed anywhere in this world, he certainly is in Jesus Christ, reconciling the world unto himself. Paul realized this, and it threw such a spell over him that he determined to know nothing among men save Jesus Christ and him crucified. He was a man of many ideas but of only one theme. That absorbed his thought and life. We can readily perceive what a wonderful influence this heavenly vision had upon him, mentally, as well as physically. When, later in life, doubts were thrown over his apostolic commission, he could proudly ask his detractors: Am not I an apostle? Have I not seen Jesus Christ? This midday vision placed Paul on the same apostolic footing as Peter, and James, and John, and other apostles of the Lord.

Have we had a heavenly vision and obeyed it? Has the Methodist Church—the Christian Church, seen the glorified Lord, and received her commission? If she has, what is she doing with it? Has the ministry looked into the risen Redeemer's face and asked, "What wilt thou have me to do?" Oh for the vision that thrilled the great Apostle to the Gentiles to come to every minister, and every church in this land, and make us all as he was, in labors more abundant than we have been, that the day of the Lord may hasten its coming. Is it too much to ask and to long for the vision of a world when men shall learn war no more, but shall turn their swords into plough-shares and their spears into pruning hooks, when the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea; when peace shall flow down as a river and righteousness shall abound as the waves of the sea? A famous Russian jurist has declared that "armed peace and direct despotism are a mighty drag on the beneficial development of nations. Only the rule of justice can strengthen real peace and check the ruin of nations by the unlimited increase of military expenditure." Russia is reaping today the fruits of unjust government, and barbaric cruelty toward God's ancient people. And the end is not yet. When peace shall have her victories, not less renowned than war, and the lion shall lie down with the lamb, and eat straw like the ox; when the weaned child shall play in the cockatrice's den without fear or harm; when the Sabbath will be a delight, the holy of the Lord honorable, instead of as at present being a day of mirth and madness, of fun and frolic; when the word of the Lord shall be more precious than the secular newspaper or the latest novel; and the worship of Jehovah be more sought after than the ball game, the automobile, or boat race; when the rights of the godly majority to a quiet rest day will be recognized as binding, and be accorded by the ungodly, pleasure-seeking minority, then will be seen the heavenly vision I long to see. Don't you?

Dixon, Illinois.

JOHN WILLIAMS.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

THE ANTHEMS OF THE APOCALYPSE

MANY students of the Apocalypse of John have recognized its poetic structure, and some have discovered here and there its great choric songs, but no one has ventured to freshly translate and set in order the great series of anthems which dominate at once the artistic form of the book and set forth its lofty message. It cannot be doubted that the chief note of the Revelation is one of assured triumph, a revelation vouchsafed on the part of Jehovah through Jesus Christ his Son, and signified by his angel unto his servants of all times and tongues for their encouragement and sure support. From Him that overcame to him that overcometh.

The voices of the Apocalypse, now single, now double, now fourfold, now sevenfold, and now of innumerable multitudes, utter words of vast variety, from acclaiming anthem to damning dirge, but the series of seven great hymns under review mark the chief points of crisis into which the great action is divided. It must be remembered that the real climax in any such sevenfold cycle of scriptural visions is not to be sought at the conclusion but rather midway between the beginning and the end, that is, at the fourth rather than at the seventh member of the series.

FIRST ANTHEM.—REV. 1. 5-8. UNTO HIM THAT LOVETH US

1. Song of the Saved

"Unto him that loveth us
And from our Sins loosed us
By his blood
And made us to be a Kingdom,
Priests unto his God and Father;
Unto him be the glory
And the dominion
Unto the ages of the ages. Amen."

2. Chorus of the Angels

"Behold he cometh with the clouds;
And every eye shall see him,
And they that pierced him;
And all the tribes of the earth
Shall mourn at Sight of him."

3. Response of Jehovah

"Even so Amen. Saith the Lord Jehovah,
I am the Alpha and the Omega
Who is and who was and who is coming,
The Allpowerful."

It is clear that there are three members in this movement: first, the acclamation of praise and dominion on the part of the redeemed to their

King; second, the refrain, or chorus, of the angelic hosts; third, the response of Jehovah the Allruler himself. The word *παντοκράτωρ* in English would be "pantocrat" or "almighty," but perhaps more correctly "allpowerful." It is interesting to note that it occurs only once in the New Testament outside of the Apocalypse and is here confined almost entirely to these anthems.

SECOND ANTHEM.—REV. 4. 8-10 and 5. 8-13. WORTHY IS THE ALLPOWERFUL AND THE LAMB

1. *Trisagion by the Four Living Creatures*

"Holy, holy, holy,
Lord God the Allpowerful
Who was and who is and who is coming."

2. *The Twenty-four Elders*

"Worthy art thou, our Lord and our God,
To take the glory and the honor and the power:
Because thou didst create all things
And through thy will they were, and were created."

3. *The Four Creatures and Twenty-four Elders*

"Worthy art thou to take the book;
And to open its seals:
Because thou wast slain,
And didst purchase to God with thy blood
Men out of every tribe, and tongue, and people, and nation,
And didst make them to our God
A kingdom and priests; and they are ruling over the earth."

4. *Creatures, Elders, and Heavenly Hosts*

"Worthy is the Lamb that hath been slain
To take the power, and riches, and wisdom, and might,
And honor, and glory, and blessing."

5. *All Creation*

"To him that is enthroned, and to the Lamb,
Be the blessing, and the honor, and the glory, and the dominion,
Unto the ages of the ages."

6. *The Four Living Creatures*

"Amen."

7. *The Twenty-four Elders*

Prostration and worship in silence.

In this anthem there are seven parts, beginning with the trisagion and closing with silence. It rises to a mighty climax in the middle where the threefold combination of choristers and the sevenfold ascription of homage mark the emphasis.

THIRD ANTHEM.—REV. 7. 9-17. SALVATION TO GOD AND THE LAMB

1. *Chorus of the Innumerable Multitudes*

"Salvation unto our God that is enthroned,
And unto the Lamb."

2. *Response of the Angelic Hosts*

"Amen: The blessing, and the glory, and the wisdom,
And the thanksgiving,
And the honor, and the power, and the might,
Be unto our God
Unto the ages of the ages. Amen."

3. *Inquiry of One of the Elders*

"These that wear the white robes,
Who are they and whence did they come?"

4. *Reply of the Revelator*

"My Lord thou knowest."

5. *Aria of the Elder*

"These are they coming out of the great tribulation,
And they washed their robes,
And made them white in the blood of the Lamb.
Therefore are they before the throne of God;
And are serving him day and night in his temple:
And he who is enthroned will spread his canopy over them.
They shall no more hunger, nor thirst any more;
Nor shall the Sun smite them, nor any heat:
Because the Lamb that is before the throne
Shall shepherd them, and shall guide them
Unto springs of living water:
And God shall wipe away every tear from their eyes."

This is the song of the universal church, in some sense a continuation of the last, but here the special and peculiar outburst of praise from those most vitally concerned, namely, redeemed men. Beginning with the full chorus of sinners saved, one of every race and time, the angels answer with sevenfold response, falling prostrate in adoration and worship. Then one of the twenty-four elders, inspired with the unique character of the theme, with great art draws forth from John the request to dwell upon it in fitting detail. Finally comes the climax as the same mighty presbyter lifts up his voice and with bursting heart proclaims—"These are they."

FOURTH ANTHEM.—REV. 11. 15-19; 12. 10-12. THE KINGDOM IS OUR LORD'S
AND HE SHALL REIGN

1. *Acclamation of the Heavenly Hosts*

"The kingdom of the world
Is become our Lord's and his Christ's
And he shall reign unto the ages of the ages."

2. *Response of the Twenty-four Elders*

"We give thee thanks, O Lord God, the Allpowerful,
Who is and who was; because thou hast taken
Thy great power and didst reign.
And the nations were wroth, and thy wrath came,

And the time of the dead to be judged,
 And to give their reward to thy servants the prophets,
 And to thy saints, and to those fearing thy name,
 The small and the great;
 And to destroy those destroying the earth."

3. A Great Voice in Heaven

"Now is come the salvation, and the power,
 And the kingdom of our God, and the rule of his Christ:
 Because the accuser of our brethren was overthrown,
 Who accuseth them before our God day and night.
 And they themselves conquered him
 Through the blood of the Lamb, and through their testimony;
 And they loved not their life even unto death,
 Therefore rejoice, O heaven, and ye that dwell in them.
 Woe for the earth and the sea:
 Because the devil is gone down unto you,
 Having great wrath, showing that he has but a short time."

In this anthem we have the center and summit of all the great Apocalypse, namely, the enthronement of the eternal King. The trumpet of the seventh angel had just sounded. The following silence is broken by a mighty outburst of great voices in heaven, "The kingdom is become." Then the twelve and twelve elders representing the old and new church of the covenant fall prone upon their faces while they give formal thanks. After which follow the four great signs of conflict and of conquest: the woman, the dragon, the Son, and the victory. Whereupon the soul of a great voice in heaven assures the redeemed that they, too, shall overcome through the blood of the Lamb and through their own martyrdom.

FIFTH ANTHEM.—REV. 15. 2-4. GREAT AND MARVELOUS ARE THY WORKS

Song of Moses and of the Lamb

"Great and marvelous are thy works,
 O Lord God, the Allpowerful;
 Righteous and true are thy ways,
 Thou King of the nations.
 Who shall not fear, O Lord,
 And glorify thy name? for thou alone art holy;
 For all the nations shall come and worship before thee;
 For thy righteous acts have been made manifest."

With this song of Moses and the Lamb belongs the song without words referred to at the beginning of the preceding chapter and led by the Saviour himself with a voice "as the voice of many waters," and taken up by the one hundred and forty-four thousand "as the voice of harpers, harping with their harps." Here again mention is made of that ineffable praise which only sinners saved can bring. Thus, also, in this anthem it is the same redeemed host assembled by the glassy sea mingled with fire, whither they have come victorious "from the beast and from his image and from the number of his name."

SIXTH ANTHEM.—REV. 19. 1-7. THE HALLELUJAH CHORUS

1. Full Chorus of the Heavenly Hosts

"Hallelujah;

The Salvation, and the glory, and the power,
Belong to our God:
For true and righteous are his judgments;
For he hath judged the great harlot,
Her that corrupted the earth with her pollution,
And he hath avenged the blood of his servant
At her hands. Hallelujah."

2. Response of the Elders and Living Creatures

"Amen; Hallelujah."

3. A Voice from the Throne

"Give praise to our God,
All ye his servants,
Ye that fear him,
The small and the great."

4. A Great Multitude

"Hallelujah!

For Jehovah our God, the Allpowerful, reigneth.
Let us rejoice and be exceeding glad,
And let us give the glory unto him:
For the marriage of the Lamb has come,
And his wife hath made herself ready.
And it was given unto her to clothe herself
In fine linen, bright and pure:
For the fine linen is the righteous acts of the saints."

This is the well-nigh frenzied outburst of souls but just escaped from the flames of the pit and the thralldom of the harlot of hell. With a great voice a great multitude in heaven break out in splendid unison as they lean above the battlements of bliss, "Hallelujah," and a second time they say, "Hallelujah." Then the twenty-four elders and the four living creatures fall down in adoration saying, "Amen, Hallelujah." Again the great throng bursts forth "as the voice of many waters and as the voice of mighty thunders, 'Hallelujah.'" The spell of a double intoxication has here fallen upon the trembling host and finds mingled utterance. On the one hand horror and loathing of the scarlet woman and on the other rejoicing beyond bounds at the presence and bright array of the heavenly bride.

SEVENTH ANTHEM.—21. 3-7; 22. 12. BEHOLD GOD'S TABERNACLE IS WITH MEN

1. A Voice Out of the Throne

"Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men,
And he shall tabernacle with them,
And they shall be his peoples,
And God himself shall be with them,

And he shall wipe away every tear from their eyes;
And death shall be no more;
Neither shall there be mourning, nor crying,
Nor pain, any more: the first things are passed away."

2. Response from Jehovah

"Behold, I make all things new.
These words are faithful and true.
They are already fulfilled.
I am the Alpha and the Omega,
The beginning and the end.
I will give to him that is athirst
Freely of the fountain of the water of life.
He that overcometh shall inherit these things;
And I will be his God and he shall be my son.

Behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me,
To render to each man as his work is.
I am the Alpha and the Omega,
The first and the last, the beginning and the end.
Blessed are they that wash their robes,
That they may have right to the tree of life,
And may enter in by the gates into the city."

3. Chant of Invitation by the Spirit and the Bride

"And the Spirit and the bride say, Come.
And he that heareth, let him say, Come.
And he that is athirst, let him come:
He that will, let him freely take the water of life."

4. The Attestation of Jehovah and John's Amen

"Yea: I am coming quickly.
Amen: come, Lord Jesus."

At last the drama is complete. Heaven descends to earth, Jehovah dwells with men. The bridegroom claims his bride, let joy be unconfined, let the wedding feast be spread, let the viands flow freely, and all that hear, and all that thirst, and all that will, come freely and partake.

This is the order of the action: First, a great voice out of the throne proclaims the new creation and Paradise redeemed with God again in the garden with his children. Second, Jehovah himself speaks as at the beginning and offers freely of the tree and stream of life and sonship to him who overcomes. Then follows a prose-poem picture of the Lamb's wife as a bride, as a city, and as an Oriental garden. Finally the word of Jehovah, the Allruler, silences all voices and brings a quick end to the entire Apocalypse with a renewal of the beatitude upon such as wash their robes and thus enter in by the gates into the city. The wooing chant of the brooding spirit and the inviting bride, "Come," "Come," and the farreaching "Yea" of the returning bridegroom and "Amen" of the revealer himself bring us to the benediction, "The grace of the Lord Jesus be with the saints. Amen."

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

THE SUMERIANS

THE term "Sumerian" is the name now usually given by Assyriologists to a prehistoric people, supposed to have preceded the Semites in ancient Babylonia; we say supposed, for to this day, there is not a consensus of opinion that there ever was either a Sumerian people or Sumerian language. Though a very large majority of those entitled to speak upon this difficult question believe that Babylonia was settled by an industrious, peaceful, and highly civilized people ages upon ages before a Semite set foot upon that fertile country, yet, there are not a few of equal learning, who follow in the footsteps of the great Halévy and stubbornly reject the theory of a pre-Semitic occupation of the Tigris and Euphrates valleys.

Mr. E. J. Banks, who superintended the recent excavations at Bismya, shares the view held by the majority of Assyriologists, as may be gathered from the following words from his pen. He says: "The earliest Mesopotamian ruins far beneath cities which flourished six thousand years ago, indicate that thousands of years before that remote age the Sumerians began to evolve a civilization which has never been surpassed or hardly equaled by any other nation." Thus Mr. Banks has doubt neither regarding the existence of a Sumerian people, nor the superiority of their civilization.

Here we might remark that till comparatively recent times there was a widespread tradition among Jews, Christians, and Mohammedans that Babylonia was first settled by the descendants of Shem, the reputed father of the Semitic people, and that from this center the ancestors of the Assyrians, Syrians, Phœnicians, Hebrews, Arabs, and other minor tribes, forced by inadequacy of sustenance, emigrated in all directions, taking with them everywhere in more or less pure form, the elements of an advanced civilization and the foundations of a spiritual religion. In other words, the Semites and not the Sumerians were the people to which we are indebted for the best in our civilization and religion. Halévy and his disciples cut the discussion short, by denying the existence of Accadians or Sumerians. This view is also held among others, by Professor McCurdy, of Toronto, and Professor Price, of the Chicago University. These two are ardent adherents of Halévy's school. Professor McCurdy states his position at great length in his *History, Prophecy, and the Monuments*. Notwithstanding his splendid learning and the weighty arguments produced by him in support of his deductions it must be confessed that he is fighting a losing game, if we are to judge from the number of those opposed to him. While true that from very ancient times there was a Semitic civilization in Babylonia, and that it is next to impossible to point with certainty to a period when any other civilization exclusively prevailed, yet it is equally true that recent excavations

have brought to light facts which seem to indicate that the Semites were at one time intruders and invaders, and that they settled there only after having subdued their more peaceful predecessors.

Halévy with great force has emphasized the fact that in all Semitic inscriptions, whether early or late, there is not a syllable referring to a people which they subdued before becoming the possessors and masters of the land. This is, indeed, remarkable, for Babylonia and Assyria inscriptions abound in references to later wars with other nations and great victories over the same. Why, then, this sphinxlike silence regarding their victories over and subjugation of the Sumerians? Those who aver that a Sumerian civilization preceded the occupation of Babylonia by the Semites claim that the latter were indebted to the former not only for their script, but also for many of their laws and institutions, and for even their religious ideas. "The Semites," says Mr. Bank, "adopted the civilization of the Sumerians, accepted their polytheistic worship, repaired the temples which they had destroyed, learned to sing the old Sumerian hymns, and responsive psalms, and offered sacrifices to the various local gods, though retaining their own Semitic language."

While saying that the Semitic inscriptions do not make the least acknowledgment of their indebtedness to the Sumerians or any other race for any of these things, it is, however, true that both the kings of Babylonia and Assyria constantly speak of "Sumer and Akkad." The phrase, however, is rarely, if ever, used by itself, but as an additional title by some ruler or king. For instance, Ur-Gur styles himself king of Ur and king of Sumer and Akkad. So also Dungi and many other Babylonian rulers. It is also a fact worth mentioning that Sumer and Akkad are never mentioned alone as independent powers, but always in connection with some other city or land. From this it has been inferred, correctly or incorrectly, that the phrase is political rather than geographical in its nature, and that Sumer and Akkad had, at no time in the world's history, an independent existence.

But a word regarding the terms. The Akkad of the inscriptions is doubtless the same as the Accad of Gen. 10. 10, where we read that the beginning of Nimrod's kingdom was Babel, Erech, Accad, and Calneh in the land of Shinar. Assyriologists are generally agreed that Akkad and Accad are different spellings of the same word, and may be the same as *Agade*, the capital of Sargon, the first historical ruler of Babylonia. The name "Sumer" or "Shumer" is nowhere found in the Bible, at least in that form, but Assyriologists of the Hommel school regard it as a dialectic variation of the scriptural "Shinar." The oldest form of the word was *Ki-Ingi*; then, we have *Imgur*, or *Imgir*, hence *Ki-Imgir*, from which we have *Shimir*, or *Shumir*, which, in turn, was early changed into *Shingar*—*Shinar*. This etymological feat is regarded with suspicion by Halévy, Jensen, and others, who suggest other derivations equally obscure.

Those who regard Akkad and Sumer as geographical designations locate the former in the southern part of Mesopotamia and Sumer directly south of it. In other words, Akkad was north Babylonia, and Sumer, southern Babylonia. But granting that Sumer and Shinar are synonymous

then there can be no objection for making the term the equivalent of entire Babylonia. But it must be remembered that Babylonia shifted its boundaries at various times, as has been the case with many other provinces or countries in every period of the world's history.

Now what are some of the chief arguments in favor of the ever growing claim that the Sumerians preceded the Semites in Babylonia?

First of all, it is an undeniable fact that the discoveries of the past few years, especially at Telloh (ancient Sirpurba or Lagash), Nippur, Bismya, and elsewhere have disclosed very convincing evidence of the presence of a race, highly cultured and civilized, which must have existed many centuries previous to the reign of Sargon I, who flourished about 3800 B. C. The ruins of these ancient capitals have produced abundant material, such as bas-relief, dolerite, and diorite inscriptions, seals, cylinders, and other antiquities of exquisite workmanship. Indeed, we are assured by competent judges that, if the marble slabs and other sculpture from Nineveh and Calah be compared with similar objects from Telloh, a supposed ancient capital of the Sumerians, the difference at once becomes evident. The former appear very modern and superior when contrasted with the latter.

Now, the so-called Sumerian monuments were found at a much greater depth than those which Assyriologists have agreed to date from the reign of Sargon I and his immediate successors. Then again, there is a real difference in the script itself. Everything about the Sumerian monuments appears archaic when placed side by side with the most ancient Semitic objects discovered in the same ruins.

Pinches tells us that the terms, "tongue of Sumer," and, the "tongue of Akkad" are found more than once in the Babylonian inscriptions. Accepting, then, the fact of a Sumerian language let us now inquire into its nature. Schrader pointed out many years ago that this language was neither Semitic nor Indo-germanic, but in its construction, agglutinative rather than inflectional—something similar to the Finno-tartaric or Turkish. Those who deny the existence of the Sumerian people naturally maintain that there never was such a language as the Sumerian. They assure us that what has been regarded as such was nothing more nor less than a system of cryptograms in which the priestly class concealed their thoughts from the common people. Professor McCurdy, discussing this subject, says: "A closer examination of these alleged foreign vocables shows that in many cases they are common Semitic words, slightly altered, and in the majority of the remaining instances they are made up of the same idiom more or less disguised according to methods for the most part easily ascertainable." He further says that the so-called Sumerian cuneiform script had no phonetic value but was simply hieroglyphic or ideographic, and consequently, that nothing could be proved from the script itself, for a script purely pictorial or ideographic would be as easily deciphered by a Semite as by a Sumerian or vice versa. Even those who fully recognize the existence of the Sumerian language freely admit that the Sumerian inscriptions are saturated with Semitic words and Semitic constructions. This, however, proves little or nothing, for it is

generally the case that when two nations speaking different languages have lived for any length of time side by side or even in the same community it is the easiest thing in the world to borrow words and expressions from the language of each other.

The fact that a large number of bilingual or at least interlinear texts have been found goes far to prove the existence of a language not intelligible to those for whom these tablets were written. Halévy replies to the objection by saying, that both texts were Babylonian, but the one was the vulgar script and language and the other a mere cabalistic method of writing, invented by the Babylonian priests, for esoteric purposes.

Those who have compared the Sumerian and Semitic languages call attention to several differences. Nowhere does this difference appear more clearly than in the matter of prefixes and suffixes. A Hebrew, for example, would say "to-house-his"; a Sumerian, on the other hand, reversed the order of the compound and wrote "house-his-to," that is, where one language used prepositions the other employed postpositions. There is also a marked difference in the numeral system of the two languages. The Sumerian counts up to five, then begins again and says five-one, five-two, etc., up to ten.

If we make a comparative study of ancient Babylonian sculpture, we cannot fail to notice the marked contrast between what we know to be Semitic and that found in lower strata. The Sumerian is lank and slender while the Semite is heavy set and muscular. The former shaved both the face and the head while the Semitic people made but little use of the razor, but wore full, flowing beard and long hair.

Another very conclusive argument in favor of a Sumerian race, or at any rate a foreign people as predecessors of the Semites in Babylonia is the fact that many of the Semitic Babylonian gods have non-Semitic names. This goes far to prove that the religion of the Semites was at least, in part, inherited or rather adapted, rather than of native development. "As in our own era the wild Turkish hordes yielded to the influences of the cultured Arabs, adopting their civilization, their religion, and their written characters, though retaining their own language, so the Semites adopted the civilization [and script] of the Sumerians."

Finally, the Hebrew Scripture recognizes Nimrod the founder of the most ancient Babylonian cities as of non-Semitic origin. It is true that not a tablet has yet been found which throws any light whatever upon the name, character, or nationality of Nimrod; thus nothing can be concluded concerning him from the monuments.

THE ARTEMISIUM OF EPHEBUS

MR. D. C. HOGARTH, well known to archaeologists, met with extraordinary success during the past winter in the excavations under his supervision at Ephesus. His attention was especially directed to the ruins of the Artemisium, which must not be confounded with the famous temple of Diana so widely known in later ages, and mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles. According to special correspondence in *The Evening*

Post, this experienced archaeologist came across one of the most valuable pockets of antiquarian treasures, which have yet come to light.

It is a pity that all these objects cannot be taken to the British Museum, or some other center of learning, and thus made accessible to the largest number of students possible. Turkish law, however, requires that all objects of antiquarian interest discovered on Turkish soil must be left in Turkey. Thus, of the four thousand objects discovered by Mr. Hogarth at Ephesus, by far the greater part will be deposited in the Imperial Museum at Constantinople, and at best, worthy but few duplicates will find their way to Europe or America. In the future, therefore, advanced students of Oriental antiquities must needs repair to Constantinople and Cairo to finish their education.

As to the age of the objects brought to light in the ruins of the Artemisium, most of them belong to the seventh and eighth centuries before our era. This, however, does not apply to the large number of coins, found here. Some of these, unmarked, unstamped, mere pieces of metal, bear eloquent testimony to their own antiquity. Some of them, too, have very archaic characters, which, so far, have refused to give up their secret. It is possible that in this newly discovered collection, there may be coins older than any other so far brought to light.

Several terra-cotta figures of Artemis were dug up, none, however, representing the goddess as many-breasted, as are found in later figures. It is worthy of remark that Artemis is represented in this last collection with a babe in her arms, involuntarily reminding us of a modern Madonna. It may be purely accidental, nevertheless it seems to be a fact, that the worship of the Virgin Mary was first sanctioned by the council of Ephesus in 431 A. D. It is possible that the pagan worship of Artemis and her babe did in some way contribute to the sanction given by this council to the adoration paid Mary, the mother of our Lord? The goddess is also represented as accompanied by the sacred hawk, the lion, and the bee. The large number of objects in all sorts of material, show all stages of workmanship from the rudest to the most exquisite. Many of the objects are vessels, bowls, knives, etc., such as would be used in the temple service. There is also quite a collection of *astragali* (dice) used, no doubt, in ascertaining the will of the goddess. Personal ornaments were found galore. No less than one thousand of these are of the precious metals, while many more are of bronze, lead, and stone. There are, too, a large number of "repoussé gold plates," which were probably used, much as we in our day use embroidery or gold lace to trim garments. These ornaments were left as presents for the goddess and her female attendants. There are, too, a large number of ex-voto offerings which reminded us of many a modern Catholic shrine, such as the Lourdes, or Saint Anne. The great quantity of rude representations of hands, ears, eyes, and other parts of the body bear eloquent testimony to the faith the poorer classes had in the healing power of Artemis.

The publication of a volume by Mr. Hogarth for the British Museum in the near future fully describing this last excavation at Ephesus will be awaited anxiously by students of archæology.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

SOME LEADERS OF THOUGHT

Adolf Harnack. There would be little need of bringing him to the attention of readers of the REVIEW were it not that he has recently appeared in a somewhat new role. During the early part of 1906 he issued a book entitled *Lukas der Arzt der Verfasser des dritten Evangeliums und der Apostelgeschichte* (Luke the Physician the Author of the Third Gospel and of the Acts of the Apostles). The work is done as we would expect Harnack to do it, in a comprehensive, detailed, and thorough manner. It is impossible to give here more than a general outline of his argument. After a general investigation as to the personality of Luke and the relation of the Gospel to the Acts, he examines minutely the so-called "We" portions of the Acts to show that the contents of those portions are not out of harmony with the spirit running through the third Gospel, and that the vocabulary, the style, and the syntax, are like those of the Gospel. In the third chapter he considers the question whether, as is ordinarily supposed, the third Gospel and the Acts could not have been written by Luke. It is needless to say that he concludes that they could have been and that they were written by Luke, the beloved physician and companion of Paul the Apostle. Speaking of the Acts of the Apostles he says that all the mistakes that have ever been made in New Testament criticism have been made in connection with this one book of the Acts of the Apostles. In this chapter Harnack takes up about all the objections that have been made to the Lukan authorship of the Acts and shows that they are of very little force. In the fourth chapter he draws the consequences of the conclusion that Luke wrote the Gospel and Acts. In this connection he discusses the probability that Luke gained much of his information relative to the events in the life of Christ from the daughters of Philip, who, it will be remembered, are called prophetesses. Here it is that he calls attention to the large feminine element in the third Gospel. Of these features he mentions the prominence of Elizabeth, Anna the prophetess, the widow of Nain, the woman who was a sinner, the statements of chapter 8, 1ff., Mary and Martha, the woman who called the mother of Jesus blessed, the woman who had been eighteen years sick, the widow and the unjust judge, the widow's mite, the Galilean woman at the cross, the women who bewailed and lamented as they followed him to Calvary, the women as the first messengers of the resurrection of Christ, and the like. He thinks this is one of the indications that the family of Philip gave him much of his information. It is interesting to note also that he regards the information contained in Mark and Luke as older than is generally supposed. This, he thinks, is some advantage, though neither this, nor the fact that Gospel and Acts were written by Luke, makes unbelievable statements believable; and he distinctly says that Luke might as easily have been

in error as anyone else. In fact, he repudiates the reputation of being conservative by saying that while in the criticism of the sources of our information we are tending toward orthodox positions, thereby gaining some things, he believes that in reference to the material itself we are farther away from orthodoxy than ever. In fact, he regards it as in some respects a disadvantage to discover that the Gospels were written earlier than many critics have hitherto supposed. It would be a serious mistake, therefore, for the traditionalist to lean upon Harnack for support. One of the most interesting and suggestive features of Harnack's deliverance in this book is his comparison of the third and fourth Gospels, showing that they have much in common. Indeed, the more one studies the views of Harnack the more one is convinced that but for his critical predictions we would admit that since the Gospels are so much alike, and since the Gospels are so much like the writings of Paul, these writings must all be essentially true.

Daniel Völter. Perhaps there is no better way by which to discover the folly of one kind and the sanity of another kind of criticism than to take the case of a man like Völter, of which like there are all too many, and examine into his methods. In a recent book on *Paulus und seine Briefe. Kritische Untersuchungen zu einer neuen Grundlegung der paulinischen Briefliteratur und ihrer Theologie* (Paul and his Epistles. Critical researches designed to provide a new Foundation for the Literature and Theology of the Pauline Epistles, Strassburg, that is, J. H. E. Heitz, 1905), he has exhibited his methods to perfection. His avowed purpose is to show us the true Paul and the real letters of Paul, and thus to do a real service to theology. The presupposition is that we have a distorted conception of Paul and his theology as well as of his literary products. In order to get at the genuine writings of Paul, Völter examines critically every section to see whether the verses as they succeed each other are suited together in their inner connection. For example, in 1 Cor. 11. 10-16, verses 11 and 12 can be dropped out without injury to the sense. In 1 Cor. 4. 16, 17, verse 16 is out of harmony with the entire connection, etc. Of this principle he makes much use, with the result that a good part of each book or letter is eliminated. That this principle is sometimes valuable in detecting interpolations is unquestionably true. But the danger in it is that it is peculiarly subject to abuse. If one wishes to rid himself of an inconvenient passage, and if the passage in question can be made to appear inharmonious with the connection, or unnecessary to the connection, it may be dropped out without further ado. This may result in losing to us an idea of an author who was more anxious to give us the idea than to place its expression in some suitable and necessary connection. Besides, while one may regard the doubtful passage as unsuitable another may feel it to be necessary to the complete argument. The full use of the principle may be properly called subjective criticism from the seed. Very much the same principle is it when Völter professes to find in the letters of Paul as we have them ideas which, if

not directly contradictory, so differ as to show that they are not the product of the same mind. For example, he holds that in the true Paul we have the thought of the death of Christ as the ground of reconciliation and justification, but no such idea as the sinfulness of the flesh, the preexistence of Christ, or any theory of the Spirit, or any antinomianism. All these last ideas he holds were interpolated into the writings of Paul by later Paulinists of the extreme type. Because these two lines of thought are found in the New Testament Pauline letters Völter thinks those letters need expurgation. He thinks he has found the criteria by which to detect the genuine and the spurious. In the former we have as the central thought the reconciling death of Christ, a purely human Messiah, and the recognition of sin in history, but not as inherent in the flesh. In the spurious we have the resurrection of Christ, who was a heavenly being, and the recognition of sin as inherent in the flesh. Probably there is no one who would fail to note these differences; but it is not necessary either to accurate thinking to regard them as impossible of being joined in one system of thought, nor is it impossible that they should all have sprung from the same mind, especially when it is considered that the whole work of Paul was that of an advocate who used such material as best suited his purpose in accomplishing his end in any given case. Besides, the Paul that Völter leaves us is a very weak sort of man to make so much stir in the world.

RECENT THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE

Beiträge zur Einführung in die Geschichte der Philosophie (Contributions to the Understanding of the History of Philosophy). By Rudolf Eucken. Leipzig, Dürrsche Buchhandlung, 1906. Anything that Eucken writes is worthy of attention. This book is no exception. It consists of a series of essays, some formerly published, some entirely new. One of them is *The Doctrine of Development as Taught by Paracelsus*, in which Eucken shows that in one phase of his teaching Paracelsus prepared the way for our present-day theory of evolution, while in another of its phases Paracelsus differs from our thought of evolution, probably in the interest of truth. Among French philosophers he takes up Bayle whom he regards as a thinker striving to escape from the skeptical and to reach the critical stage of thought, but was unable to loose himself from the clutches of doubt. Had he been able, like Kant, to see in the nature of moral obligation the ground for belief in a Supreme Being he might have reached a firmer standing place. Eucken does not underestimate the brilliant labors and industrious efforts of recent decades in the field of the history of philosophy. Still, he finds in these results too much of learned and disinterested chronicling of facts, or at best only a hesitating and changing judgment of facts in accordance with purely subjective moods. Instead of this he would have in the history of philosophy an attempt to take an attitude toward philosophical systems in accordance with the same universal, objective, standard of judgment in

the light of which all systems should be estimated. But such a demand cannot be fulfilled if our life and deeds belong exclusively to time and if there is no kind of influence operating against the changeableness of time. Hence the presupposition must be that thinking is elevated above the variable and contradictory conditions of individuals, which is impossible without some kind of participation in an absolute and timeless spirit. Judged by these premises the labors of the different philosophers appear in a new light, and new points of view appear for judging and representing their works. The worth and significance of distinguished thinkers does not rest upon the fullness of their knowledge, their calm consideration of reality, their keenness in reflection, but in the fact that in their effort to understand given facts new meanings, new potencies, and new tasks are opened up, and in the fact that thus they have proved themselves collaborators and cobuilders in a world of mind superior to time. If, however, the history of philosophy is bound to exhibit the creative activity and energy of the individual thinker, on the other hand, it is its duty to give a more careful statement of what has already been accomplished in the light of the present and existing conditions. Hence the by-products of investigation should be taken into account in richer measure than hitherto, especially the finer forms of the dependence of philosophers upon their surroundings. Among the most valuable features of the book is his opposition to what he calls the dangerous influence of a rationalistic doctrine of evolution upon the formation of one's general view of things, on the classification of phenomena, the division of the periods of history, because it thoughtlessly and constantly regards the present time as the highest point of the whole movement. To rebut this it is not sufficient to reason weakly against Hegel, but it is necessary to apply with all possible energy the consequences of the fundamental idea that all movement toward truth proceeds not from one period of time to another but from every period to a timeless order of things.

Sabbat und Wache im Alten Testament (Sabbath and Week in the Old Testament). By Johannes Meinhold. Göttingen, Vandenhoeck & Ruprecht, 1905. W. Bousset and H. Gunkel are editing a series of studies in the religion and literature of the Old and New Testaments, of which this is the fifth number. It is not in any sense a practical work, but belongs strictly to the category of critical studies. Meinhold was incited to this investigation by a remark of Zimmern to the effect that in ancient Israel the Sabbath was the day of the full moon. This remark was based in turn on a day-list discovered by Pinches in which the fifteenth of the month, that is the day of the full moon, is called *sa-pa-ti* (the resemblance to Sabbath is plain). Meinhold shows that the periods both of the new and the full moon were celebrated both in northern and southern Palestine as family festivals. As a result of this these days became days of rest from the ordinary daily occupations. The first by whom the Sabbath appears as the seventh day of the week is Ezekiel. But if the Sabbath was originally a festival of the moon it was probably

brought with the Israelites from the Sinai peninsula. Meinhold points out that the Babylonians had a week of five days, but that there is no evidence that they had the seven-day week. Hence the Israelites could not have gotten their seven-day week from the Babylonians. By some means the Israelites came to hold the number seven as sacred. There is no suggestion of the custom of dividing the month into four parts of seven days each, or of dividing the year into seven-day weeks. In fact, Meinhold is of the opinion that the seven-year period is older than the seven-day period. The week is found first in the South and had reference only to the period of harvest. These beginnings of a rest period of seven days in the period of plowing and reaping were confused in the recollection with the festivals of the Sabbath kept in honor of Jahve, and thus the way was prepared for the later Sabbath. It is probably needless to say that this deduction of the seventh day rest from the seven-year and seven-day rest is a complete reversal of all our previous conceptions, according to which all periods, whether of seven days, seven weeks, or seven years, were not the product of any gradual, natural evolution, but of direct divine command. Relative to the Sabbath as an institution of the Jewish Church Meinhold finds nothing in the sources previous to Nehemiah to indicate an observance of the Sabbath. There were various localities in which the seventh day was observed as a day of rest, and these, according to Meinhold, were made the basis for holding it a religious duty to keep this seventh day as a Sabbath. He thinks Ezekiel was the first to do this. Plainly the Sabbath had taken deep root even during the exile, so that it could be adopted as a sort of Shibboleth of Judaism. In Exod. 20, which Meinhold thinks was contributed by P, the Sabbath is known not only by name but as to its meaning and obligation. Hence some knowledge of it must have existed previously; so, for example, in Exod. 16. The priests interested themselves especially for the Sabbath, and from them came Exod. 31. 12ff.; and the Sabbath became the sign of the covenant (see Ezek. 20. 12ff.; 22. 8, 26; 23. 38) which could have occurred only in heathen surroundings where the Sabbath as a day of rest was unknown. All manner of questions arose and to these we find instances in such passages as Exod. 25. 1ff. and Num. 15. 32ff. Respect for the Sabbath grew greater and greater. The execution of the Sabbath commandment in the year 400 met with difficulties inconceivable if it was of Mosaic origin; nevertheless, in Neh. 9. 6ff. it is called the holy day, and its observance is a greater and more important duty than all other ritual obligations. We must leave the estimate of the argument to the reader.

GLIMPSES OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

A richly varied number was the Fortnightly Review (London and New York) for November, 1906, with eighteen contributors on topics literary, economic, industrial, artistic, political, historical, and military. Henry James continues his studies of American cities; this time Richmond, Virginia, reports the impression made upon this Anglicized American revisiting his native land and scrutinizing it with the critical eyes of a foreigner. This temporarily repatriated observer found the Confederate capital a great disappointment, so characterless, shapeless, and shabby in appearance, so meager in memorials of its tremendous history. The city which was for four years the center of a tragedy, immense, august, terrific, gave Henry James only a weak impression of that epic and epochal tragedy. The poverty of the place in this particular added to the general pathos of its historic background. He deplores that there are for the eye of the visitor so few visible records and references to help him reproduce to his imagination the awful majesty of the history there enacted. Recalling what the Confederacy stood for and attempted, he sees that the old Southern idea was the hugest fallacy for which hundreds of thousands of men ever laid down their lives. The immense, grotesque, extravagant project of establishing a vast Slave Empire, artfully isolated in the midst of the world that was to contain it and trade with it, was from the first fantastic, and now appears as pathetic in its folly as it proved disastrous in its downfall. James Ford Rhodes's admirable History of the United States since the Missouri Compromise shows us lucidly and humanly the Southern mind in the fifties and sixties possessed by its perverse misconception—the conception of a modern world rearranged on an outworn plan, an Empire or State solidly and comfortably tucked-in by itself in the interest of slave-produced Cotton. This solidity and comfort, says Henry James, were to involve the complete intellectual, moral and economic reconsecration of slavery—an enlarged, glorified and beatified application of its principle. Against this fatuous anachronism, this mediæval scheme, all the light of experience and every finger-post of history, all the lessons of empires long ago gone, drifting with their dead things down to dark oblivion, gave warning; and all the political and spiritual science of civilization looked with amazement and huge derision. Nothing in the Slave-Scheme conformed to the reality of things. If it were to succeed, the plan of Christendom and the gathered wisdom of ages would have to be renounced. The South said with sacramental solemnity, "I renounce them all; I will not follow nor be led by them." It marshalled armies to establish an anachronism, isolated from and hostile to the whole great modern world. This meant, says Mr. James, a general and a permanent quarantine against the rest of mankind; "meant the eternal bowdlerization of books and journals; meant in fine all literature and all arts on an expurgatory index. It meant, still farther, an active and ardent propaganda; the reorganization of the school, the college, the

university, in the interest of the new criticism. The testimony to that thesis offered by the documents of the time, by State legislation, local eloquence, political speeches, the 'tone of the press,' strikes us today as beyond measure queer and quaint and benighted—innocent above all; stamped with the inalienable Southern sign, the inimitable *rococo* note. We talk of the provincial, but the provinciality projected by the Confederate dream, and in which it proposed to steep the whole helpless social mass, looks to our present eyes as artlessly perverse, as untouched by any intellectual tradition of beauty or wit, as some exhibited array of the odd utensils or divinities of lone primitive islanders." The painful sense of this narrow provincialism which isolated the South gave our visitor from England a feeling of tenderness toward a people historically and sentimentally bound to an eternal "false position," their affliction being that they seemed condemned to a state of temper, exasperation, and depression, a horrid heritage that has bound up the life of the South with a hundred mistakes and make-believes, suppressions, and prevarications, none of which could have lived in the air of the greater world. Mr. James sees in that section a society still shut up in a world smaller than it deserves and ought to desire. He says the tone and attitude of the South as he saw it, raised in his mind the image of a figure somehow blighted or stricken, uncomfortably and impossibly seated in an invalid-chair, and yet fixing one with strange eyes that were half a defiance and half a deprecation of one's noticing any abnormal sign. He thinks that there is today in the Southern eyes more of this deprecation than of the old lurid challenge; but the similitude that still haunts him is an image of the keeping up of appearances in an excruciating posture, and above all the maintenance of a tone, the historic "high" tone, now as always a "false note." Among Richmond's relics and memorials of the war, Mr. James noticed the fairly ample white house, a pleasant, honest structure in the style of eighty years ago, which was Jefferson Davis's official residence during part of the war. He says of the church in which the President of the Confederacy was seated in his proper pew on that fine Sunday morning of the springtime in 1865, when he was called out of church by the news of Lee's surrender: "The news was big but the place of worship was small, and the visitor cannot help resenting its trivialization of history. Though perhaps its very commonness suited with the chief promoter of so barren a polity as the futile and impossible scheme for a great Southern State isolated by its peculiar institution, in perpetual quarantine against modern civilization." Looking at the meager poorness of the local mementos in the melancholy capital of the Confederacy, located in the center of a blood-drenched radius of tremendous battle-fields, Henry James says, "No leaders of a great movement, a movement acclaimed by a whole people and paid for with every possible sacrifice, ever took such pains to make themselves uninteresting. It was as if, on the spot there, I saw Romance and Legend turn their backs on the whole scene and walk out of the place." Visiting the Museum of Confederate Relics in what was the "executive mansion" of the later half of the war, he is struck with "the nudity and crudity,

the pathetic historic poverty, of the exhibition. He found in the tragically sacred rooms not a single object of beauty, scarce one that was not altogether ugly and indicative of the absence of means and of taste and of resource. The only charm he discovered in the Museum was the soft-voiced, gracious, mellifluous, little old lady who had charge of the exhibition, and whose exquisite good manners made him feel like one received at the gate of some grandly bankrupt plantation and submerged up to his neck in that delightful, tepid medium—the social tone of the old South. For the sorry collection of objects which filled the Museum she did the honors with a gentle florid reverence that made the visitor tender toward the heroic pathetic history there memorialized. The poor assemblage of historic mementos had no beauty; "but the little old lady had it, with her thoroughly 'sectional' good manners, and that punctuality and felicity, that inimitability, one must again say, of the South in her, in the patriotic unction of her reference to the shabby objects about, which transported me as no enchanted carpet could have done. No little old lady of the North could, for the high tone and the right manner, have matched her, and poor benumbed Richmond might now be as dreary as it liked." Having seen her he felt that his pilgrimage was well rewarded. He noticed the passionate flare of the inscription over the front of the Charleston section of the exhibition, "behind which inscription the Daughters of the Confederacy nurse the old wrongs and the old wounds." He says that, practically, the South is reconciled, but that ideally and sentimentally it still burns with a smothered flame in presence of that heritage of woe and of glory which the Museum enshrines. He says that the collapse of the old order, the bitter humiliation of defeat, with the bereavement and bankruptcy involved, constitute a social revolution, which remains the most unrecorded and undepicted, in proportion to its magnitude, that ever was; and the sore consciousness of this renders the reversion of the starved spirit to these poor memorials of the South's heroic age, those four epic years, a definite soothing salve; even though the æsthetic level of the exhibition is so low that Mr. James finds it impossible to imagine a community, of equal size, more disinherited of art or of letters. For art, he found only the monument to General Lee of which he says: "The equestrian statue of the Southern hero, made to order in far-away uninterested Paris, is the work of a master and has an artistic interest—a refinement of style, in fact, under the impression of which we seem to see it, in its situation, as some precious pearl of ocean washed up on a rude bare strand. The very high florid pedestal is of the last French elegance, and the great soldier, sitting his horse with a kind of melancholy nobleness, raises his handsome head as he looks off into desolate space. He does well, we feel, to sit as high as he may, and to appear, in his lone survival, to see as far, and to overlook as many things; for the irony of fate, crowning the picture, is surely stamped in all sharpness on the scene about him. The place is the mere vague centre of two or three crossways, without form and void, with a circle half sketched by three or four groups of small, new, mean houses. It is somehow empty in spite of being ugly,

and yet expressive in spite of being empty. 'Desolate,' one has called the air; and the effect is, strangely, of some smug 'up-to-date' specimen or pattern of desolation." Nevertheless, the greatest object in Richmond is the statue of Lee. This visitor, from over the sea, looking upon the whole scene through European eyes and speaking with untrammelled foreign candor, says that Richmond's plight is a consequence of having worshiped false gods. The statue of the great General perched aloft seems to him to be over-arched by the very heaven of futility; and as he gives it a last look he says: "I recognized something more than the melancholy of a lost cause; the whole infelicitous scene speaks of a cause that never could have been gained." Wandering among the historic memorials he met a handsome and stalwart youth Southerner, who told Mr. James with evident pride how his father had escaped capture or worse by luckily smashing with his musket the skull of a Union soldier. And the gallant young man added: "I myself would be ready to do it all over again, if need should arise. That's the kind of Southerner I am." Looking into his innocent, smiling face, Mr. James did not believe that he would really hurt a Northern fly; but that he felt it necessary, out of loyalty to his ancestry, his section and its history, to cherish this sort of Platonic passion which did not mean anything serious. The visitor from Europe thanked the ingenuous young man for being such a capital Southerner, just the sort of Southerner he had wanted to see a sample of. The one object in Richmond which seemed to the visitor to stand for the large and liberal world, and to make the affirmation farthest removed from the vain vaunt of the narrow old time and from the social order which was founded on delusions and exclusions, was the town Library. Everything else seemed to Mr. James a bequest from a sadly mistaken even though heroic age, part of a heritage of departed glory and lingering woe. The Library stood in the beautiful openness of world-relation, and exhaled the balm of a disprovincializing breath. For our own part, reading Mr. James's cold and unsympathetic criticisms of the mementos of a misguided and ill-fated enterprise, we cannot help feeling that he expects and exacts too much from a Confederacy whose painfully precarious existence was so brief, and whose energies and resources, for every day of that brief time, were taxed to the uttermost by the mere effort to exist. This frequenter of the rich historic museums of Europe is unreasonable in the demands he makes for stately and splendid memorials upon a people who came out of their tremendous struggle utterly impoverished and destitute, unable for many long years thereafter to do more than barely to subsist. We wonder also that to so bright a man as Henry James it did not occur that in the absence of any large number of conspicuous and imposing memorials of Secession from the Confederate Capital, there may be some sign of a loyal refraining, some play of the larger patriotism which arose in the honest hearts of noble Southern men when, having fought and suffered like heroes and martyrs for a cause they believed in, and the arbitrament of war having gone against them, bravely and faithfully accepted the verdict and gave to the happily reunited Nation the patriotism and loyalty which they had given to their Section.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

Letters on Evangelism. By EDWIN H. HUGHES, President of DePauw University. 16mo. pp. 104. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. New York: Eaton & Maina. Cloth, 25 cents, net; paper, 15 cents, net.

We call attention to this little book because it seems to us well adapted to be helpful to the working pastor. Its manner is unconventional, its method unhackneyed, and the note of reality sounds all through it. Its author has come to a college presidency through years of aggressively evangelistic pastoral life, and writes out of knowledge gathered in actual experience and successful evangelism. All its wisdom is practical. These twelve letters are written to a young Christian who longs to be a true teller of the good news, but does not know exactly how to fit the gospel trumpet to his lips, or how to decide when other souls will probably give heed to his notes, to one of thousands of ministers who have the evangelistic spirit but who lack knowledge and confidence for its efficient expression and use. The general secretary of the Epworth League and his coworkers told President Hughes it was his duty to help his younger brethren by writing these messages. "Evangelism," he says, "is the finest art on earth." The church has special reason for thanking when a college presidency is held by a man full of the evangelistic spirit and passion; and the possibility of potent and perpetual usefulness is vast and glorious for such a man in such a place. Indubitable and sturdy manliness, ringing clear and fervent, real religiousness, appealing by character and call to his students, will bring nearly all of them to follow Jesus Christ. To such appeal, youth makes a generous and loyal response. And this little book makes us think how good an omen it is when our culture is becoming more passionately and resolutely evangelistic; as also when all evangelism is becoming less crude and ignorant—more intelligent, rational and convincing. One of President Hughes's letters gives counsel about approaching individuals on behalf of Christ. One admonition is: "Allow me to warn you, my young friend, that this individualism is not easy work. I have worked publicly and privately in evangelistic effort. The private way calls for the more grace and consecration, and it requires more boldness. Be quite sure that your life is measurably consistent ere you undertake the sacred task. Do you know that if every Methodist Episcopal pastor brought one person each month to Christ and his church by this method of individualism, it would mean an annual increase of 160,000? And that, if each evangelical pastor in the republic did the same, it would mean fully 1,500,000 souls each year? And what would be the effect if one in ten of our young lay members should claim for the Lord in this way one person every twelve months? That these suggestions point the way to the Church's power and hope is my earnest opinion; that the call to such work may now come to you is

my equally earnest prayer." Another wise suggestion is: "I would advise that letter writing should have a place in your individual work. There are several differences between spoken and written address. A conversation often seems passing—very much as if our words went out into the air and never found a stopping-place; but a letter has a kind of permanent quality. It is easier to file than is a conversation. Spoken address may be laughed away; but it is hard to joke about an evangelistic letter. Men's lips sometimes say what their pens would refuse to write. Besides, a brief note is often an excellent test and forerunner. The recipient feels that he must take some notice of it, and in meeting the law of courtesy he is almost bound to reveal himself somewhat. I am not writing to you a mere theory; I have written scores of evangelistic letters—and with marked results. The post office is used for business correspondence, and for social correspondence. Why should it not be used to carry our personal gospel? But, my friend, in heaven's name be natural and unstilted in what you write; and in all ordinary cases be brief." At one point Dr. Hughes makes unexpected but effective use of Kipling: "We need a promotion of lay preaching—not of that type which shows a pride of public speech and which leads its victim to take time in a prayer meeting which belongs to better and more modest folk, but rather of that type which counts it both joy and duty to tell the good news where the telling does not spread abroad the teller's name. Kipling has a poem with an evangelistic lesson for our day. It is called 'Mulholland's Contract.' Mulholland was a worker on the cattle boats—a gambling, cursing, drinking fellow. One day the gale was on the sea and fear came on the cattle. They broke loose on the lower deck and became wild. Mulholland looked into the face of death. In his wild eagerness for life he made 'a Contract with God':

"An' by the terms of the Contract, as I have read the same,
If He got me to port alive, I would exalt His name,
An' praise His Holy Majesty till further orders came."

They picked Mulholland up senseless with a vast gash in his head. When he came to consciousness he saw 'the shiny Scripture texts' on the walls of a Seamen's Hospital. These reminded him of his solemn promise:

"'An' I spoke to God of our Contract, an' He says to my prayer:
'I never puts on my ministers no more than they can bear,
So back you go to the cattle boats an' preach my gospel there.

"' For human life is ehancy at any kind of trade,
But most of all, as well as you know, when the steers are mad afraid,
So you go back to the cattle boats an' preach 'em as I have said.

"' They must quit drinkin' an' swearin', they mustn't knife on a blow,
They must quit gamblin' their wages, and you must preach it so.
For now those boats are more like Hell than anything else I know.'

"' I didn't want to do it, for I knew what I should get,
An' I wanted to preach Religion, handsome an' out of the wet,
But the Word of the Lord were lain on me, an' I done what I was set.

"' An' I sign for four pound ten a month and save the money clear,
An' I am in charge of the lower deck, and I never lose a steer;
An' I believe in Almighty God, an' I preach his gospel here.'"

This is the voice of the everyday worker, crude and rasping, if you please, but sincere and penetrating. God grant that this voice may begin to sound in genuineness until factories and stores and fields and roadsides may become the places of the blessed Evangel!" Very judicious is the letter on "Evangelism and Children." On exacting too much of the child this is said: "The question is, *Whose child is he?* What if he does show inconsistency and weakness? Are we older people perfect? Are we free from inbred taints? And how does this affect our relation to the kingdom? As for the child's questionable conduct, we can match it by the conduct of older people who profess the Lord's grace. The child gets angry! So does the church trustee. The child is forgetful! So is our older listener. The child wants his way! So does that mature steward. The child is selfish! Well, that adult member grasps what he can get and keeps it quite successfully. Of course it is unwise and untrue to idealize childhood too gloriously. Wordsworth says: "Heaven lies about us in our infancy." Sometimes it does and sometimes it does not. Still, I am inclined to believe that the normal child is as true to his conception of duty as is the average adult to his. It is not fair that we should try the child by a stricter standard than we apply to the older folks. Childhood has its essential immaturities. Let us allow for them. You, my friend, must often be glad to believe that God has yet several million years in which to work on you for your improvement. What does your own childhood experience say about this? Do you recall how fully you believed in God? Do you remember how surprised you were when you discovered that certain people did not consent or profess to belong to Christ? Were not your prayers in the idiom of full trust? Did not the sympathy of your young heart turn toward God? My own experience in childhood confirms fully the Saviour's words. If I have ever belonged to God, I belonged to him then. For thousands of people with whom you work, nothing better could be done than to bring them back to the love and faith of their childhood. Tom Hood writes:

"I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky.
"It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy."

This speaks of the tragedy of too many lives. If your evangelism can save children from this pathetic experience, you may well count yourself both happy and successful. Let me commend to you, my young friend, Dr. John T. McFarland's pamphlet on Preservation versus the Rescue of the Child. That will make clear your evangelistic duty with reference to children much more forcefully than I have here presented the matter." In the letter on "Evangelism and Men" is this piece of good sense: "A religion that merely empties and restrains will not conquer the young

man. He does not like bare deserts and vacant rooms and bristling negatives. He will not answer an invitation that calls to prison and to chains. God always seeks to put the good, rich and full in the place of the evil. You should not say more to the young man about what he must 'give up' than you say about the blessed and noble things he will take on. The emptiness made in his life by the prohibitions of religion should be filled at once by its positive inspirations and duties. So, my friend, do not make the young man feel that our blessed faith is a vast 'No,' when it is truly an eternal 'Yes' for the best that is in him. Directly the young man comes to feel that life is large—very large. We have much to say about the confidence of youth and the lexicon that does not contain the word 'fail.' But I wonder if the people who talk thus really know the dictionary of the young man. He does fear failure. Whether he teaches his first school, attends his first patient, addresses his first jury, or deals with his first customer, his outer boldness hides an inner tremor. The largeness of life oppresses him. It is just here that the Christian evangelist has his opportunity. Personally, I have found young men peculiarly susceptible when they stand before life's opening work. They well know that the strength and wisdom of the great God are alone adequate for their help. My friend, watch for this peculiar mood in the life of the average young man and meet it with the offer of Christ's unfailing aid. I think, too, that the young man has the sense of life's conflict and that our appeal must be to his heroic quality. Truly he is not looking for softness. He prefers football above croquet. In deeper things his heroism comes out. Our armies were largely made up of young men who became the central heroes in the tragedy of the last century. Our faith will reach the young man more surely if it sounds an heroic note. We often say that life is a battle; yet I feel that we do not make real enough the spiritual conflict. An eminent teacher said recently that we need now 'a moral equivalent for war.' Our Lord offers just this; offers it so actually that his greatest follower called himself a 'soldier of Jesus Christ.' My friend, put this militant spirit into evangelistic appeal until many a young man shall feel that the failure to enlist under the banner of the cross is the very shame of cowardice." Speaking of the need of more aggressive methods in church work, and of going out among men to get their attention on behalf of religion, Dr. Hughes truly says that no other business on earth could survive if it depended so largely as the church does on voluntary public gatherings. Once Dr. Hughes said to a wholesale merchant: "Suppose that your salesmen were sent into our various towns and cities to sell your goods; that they advertised in the papers in each place that at 10:30 A. M., on a certain day (one special day out of the seven being chosen) the goods of the firm would be presented and described by an expert; that all people interested would be 'heartily welcomed'; and that, if the feeling of those present seemed to warrant it, the goods would be offered for sale! How long would your firm last?" The merchant's immediate answer was: "We would go into bankruptcy next year." Dr. Hughes insists that this illustration points a terrific moral for church work. For two centuries

we have been following the course described above, depending largely on the public and general presentation of our gospel wares and too often wholly omitting that "face to face" urging which is the very life of most business houses. It is little short of a miracle that our church is alive at all! The literature which furnishes instruction, suggestion and inspiration for practical evangelism is now voluminous and varied. No pastor can plead lack of guidance as an excuse for inaction and a passive ministry. The intensifying urgency of the times in which we live serves notice on the young minister of today that if he wishes to win success for his Master and for himself in this intense age, his ministry must be of the stirring, active, outreaching, ingathering type. Dr. Hughes's *Letters on Evangelism*, Dr. W. F. Sheridan's *The Sunday Night Service*, Dr. C. F. Reisner's *Workable Plans for Wide-Awake Churches* are, each in its own way, helpfully suggestive. From them each minister can select such suggestions as he can best use.

Atonement in Literature and Life. By CHARLES ALLEN DINSMORE. Crown 8vo, pp. 251. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, \$1.50.

The successor of Dr. Joseph Anderson in the pastorate of the First Congregational Church in Waterbury, Conn., is already known to our readers by his two books on the study and the teachings of Dante. In this volume Dr. Dinsmore takes the gospel of reconciliation out of the stiff forms of theology and finds its essential truths as they appear in life as the best minds have seen it. Inasmuch as *Atonement* is as prominent a theme in literature as in religion, this book makes a study of the theme in the pages of the great seers who have been recognized by the generations as portraying most truthfully the guilt, the woe, the peace of the heart. Approaching one of Christianity's supreme verities by this unfrequented path, he brings to view two aspects of Reconciliation which are clearly revealed in literature, but which have either been neglected by theology or been left out of our systems of religious thought. Walking with such master-minds as Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Hawthorne, Tennyson, and Whittier, who saw life steadily and saw it whole, one becomes convinced that the legend of Lethe with its magical waters has a deep spiritual value, and that a trust in "some soul of goodness in things evil" exercises a most important part in reconciliation. It is the unfolding of these two truths that gives distinction to Dr. Dinsmore's study of "*Atonement in Literature and Life*," a study which makes strongly and in a fresh way for faith in the reality of the eternal atonement wrought by the Son of God. His book will help to bring on the day, which he with confidence expects, "when the Church that has lingered weeping at the Cross will catch a glimpse of a splendor which will dim the shadow, and with exultant joy will preach the glad tidings that the blood of Christ, offered through the eternal Spirit, is efficacious through all the ages, changing the wrath of man to praise, restraining the residue of evil, and achieving for God and man the great Reconciliation." The first chapter shows that sin, retribution, and reconciliation are the controlling ideas of both literature and religion; the second defines recon-

ciliation and atonement, and the relation of the incarnation to the atonement; the third studies sin, retribution, and reconciliation as set forth in Homer's *Iliad*; the fourth examines this theme as treated in the pages of *Æschylus*; the fifth in *Sophocles*; the sixth in *Dante*; the seventh in *Shakespeare*; other chapters study the great all-pervading theme in *Milton*, *Hawthorne*, *George Eliot*, *Tennyson*, *Hosea*, *Job*, *Symonds*, and *Whittier*. In Part Second, the first chapter deals with Sin, its defilement, devastation, moral blindness, and lawlessness; the certainty of retribution: also with Reconciliation, its conditions—repentance, confession, satisfaction: and the necessity that the sanctity of moral obligation shall suffer no diminution in forgiveness. It is shown that reconciliation is a larger problem than forgiveness, and that memory needs a *Lethe*, and that the triumph of goodness, either realized or believed in, is the ground of reconciliation. The next chapter shows that over against every great clerical expounder of the Atonement there is a great poet or novelist who caught the same vision and proclaimed the same essential truth. By way of illustration, our author sets *Æschylus* over against *Anselm*, *Dante* over against *Aquinas*, *Sophocles* over against *Duns Scotus*, *Hawthorne* over against *McLeod Campbell*, *Hugo* over against *Bushnell*. The next chapter answers the question, "What Did Jesus of Nazareth Do for the Forgiveness of Our Sins?"; and the closing chapter aims to set forth what the Eternal Christ does for our reconciliation. It is explained that the Eternal Christ is Christianity's solution of cosmic evil; that while the chief note of every great theory of the Atonement is that God must be satisfied, it is also true that sin will be so dealt with that every living creature, every moral being, will be satisfied; that Christ's victory is a *Lethe* for the memory; that the indwelling Christ literally takes our sins upon himself; and that his triumph is as essential a part of the Atonement as are his sufferings. Such is the outline of the volume's argument, which is presented as a new path to Calvary and to that Cross which is the focus of all the truths and forces disclosed in the life and words of Jesus. The soundness and virility of Dr. Dinsmore's doctrine is indicated in a sample passage like the following: "The moral-influence theory of the Atonement is greatly in vogue to-day. As often expounded, it amounts to little more than this: God, in the life and sufferings and death of Jesus Christ, so revealed his fatherly love and pity that men are persuaded to repentance and won to a life of rectitude and filial obedience. This makes Christ an actor and Calvary a spectacular performance. The voices both of literature and of experience are strongly against any such trifling and artificial conception of Redemption. In all the authors studied in this book, the sinner has been aroused by a knowledge of the dire consequences of his sin, and not by any vision of the glories of righteousness. The penalties of sin check the footsteps of the one going in the wrong way; the solicitations of love are effective after the sin has become abhorrent." As to *Horace Bushnell*, a powerful exponent of the so-called "moral-influence theory," this book says that he sought to avoid any such dilutions of his doctrine as have become current; he taught that Christ does more than reveal God's fatherly com-

passion, that He is "the moral power of God upon us," and that "He executes the remission by taking away the sin and dispensing the justification of life." In all literature, whenever the problem of sin, pardon, reconciliation, has been presented or pondered, one point of universal agreement is found; the invariable conclusion is that forgiveness must be strictly in accord with fundamental righteousness; in its very going forth it must reveal the blackness and baseness of sin, and unveil the august and spotless majesty of holiness. As Dr. Dinsmore presents to us the teachings of author after author related to his theme, we perceive anew how full of ethical feeling and force all really great literature is. Even very ancient writers furnish us with language for describing and denouncing the sins of to-day. *Æschylus* might be characterizing the criminal rich of our own time when he speaks of "the gorgeous glare of gold, obtained by foul, polluted hands"; and his ancient warning loses no force now when he says that though "ruthless and oppressive power may triumph for its little hour," yet full soon a Power above the hard oppressor's power "shall break his fell force, and whirl him down through life's dark paths, unpitied and unknown." The reader of this admirable book will have only pleasure and profit in its pages. From the choice and apt extracts which preface the chapters we take these: "There is no principle involved in the Atonement that is not included in its essence in the most sacred relations between man and man" (*Phillips Brooks*). "I am striving to bring the God which is in me into harmony with the God which is in the universe" (*Plotinus*). Also from *James Martineau* this following, which leans far toward evangelical orthodoxy; "Were the human Conscience, like human Prudence, the mere product of experience; were it the reflection of the world's opinion; were it given only for our temporal guidance without significance beyond; why should we not get rid of our sins as we do of our mistakes,—commit them and have done with them,—and leave no ghost behind? This is actually the approved wisdom of hard and driving men whose ethics are but the instruments of external work. But where there is a deeper insight, where the outer doing is looked upon as the symbol of the inner being, where affection, character, will, have any life and drama of their own, this discharge of old compunctions, this cheerful erasure of bankrupt accounts, is quite impossible. Only when evil is regarded as a transitory mishap, can it be thus forgot: once let the consciousness awake that it is disloyalty to the Spirit of eternal Holiness, and there is in this a conservative power which will forbid its awful shadow to depart. And hence, strange as it may seem, it is not the guilty who know the most of guilt; it is the pure, the lofty, the faithful, that are ever haunted by the sense of sin, and are compelled by it to throw themselves upon a love they never doubt yet cannot claim. . . . Why do you hear from a *Fénelon* words of humiliation that never escape a *Richelieu*? why are the prayers of prophets and hymns of saintly souls so pathetic in their penitence, so full of the plaintive music of baffled aspiration, like the cry of some bird with broken wing? It is because to them the truly infinite nature of holiness has revealed itself, and reveals itself the more, the

higher they rise; because in its secret breathings to their hearts they recognize, not any romance of their own, but the communing Spirit of the Living God. . . . But if this be the meaning of our sense of sin, what hope, you will say, that it can ever leave us? Was it not the work of Christ to give us rest from the strife and sorrows of compunction? Yes: not, however, a rest within ourselves, as if we either ceased from sin or could see it with other or less saddened eyes; but a rest out of ourselves, a pure and perfect trust in Him whose spirit draws us from before and whose pity supports us from behind." The impression made by the personality of the author is one of blended modesty and mastery.

Is Religion Undermined? By REV. C. L. DRAWBRIDGE, M.A. Crown 8vo, pp. 238. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Price, cloth, \$1.25, net.

The author's previous book, *Old Beliefs and New Knowledge*, sought to prove that there is no necessity for a breach between devotion and intelligence, between intuition and science, between what we believe and what we know. This volume addresses the shallow notion that the foundations of religion have been undermined by modern investigation, and answers by showing that the *fundamental* faiths and facts which unite believing saints in one vast brotherhood (no matter what their theological systems may be) are still undisturbed. Various unenlightened persons, at sundry times and in divers places, have imagined that religion had been undermined and was toppling to its fall. In the early part of the eighteenth century unbelief had an uproarious revel and laughed religion down the wind. Then came Archbishop Butler in 1736 with his great *Analogy*, in the preface of which he wrote: "It seems to be taken for granted by many persons that Christianity is at length discovered to be fictitious." After him came the Wesleys with the mighty evangelical revival proving the reality of religion and its power to silence scepticism and sweep wickedness away. And the boastful giant Unbelief, pierced through the brain by Butler and through the heart by Wesley, fell down. The book before us canvasses fundamental questions without obscurity in a clear and sensible way. The author calls it a critical investigation of the bases of religious belief. Its eleven chapters contain outlines for many possible sermons. One of its notable and valuable features is its wealth of pertinent quotations from authoritative sources. In the introduction, the author shows that Faith cannot be destroyed by inquiry, any more than Life can be blotted out by interrogation points. Rather is Bishop Gore's declaration correct, that faith and inquiry "subsist together and force each other." Fearless investigation is an absolute necessity for religion. Faith cannot build its house on anything but truth and reality. To fear lest some undiscovered truth be brought to light is the depth of cowardice and the height of un wisdom. It betrays timidity, doubt, and disloyalty. As Lytton says:

"Truth is certain, soon or late, to appear
In front of us, whatever we may do
To avoid the meeting. Better when we hear
Her steps approaching for the interview,
Prepare at once, and meet her face to face."

Free investigation and liberty of judgment are the life-blood of Protestantism, distinguishing it from Romanism. The Protestant spirit speaks in Archbishop Temple's words: "The study of Theology and Criticism imperatively demands freedom as a condition of progress. To tell a man to study and yet bid him, under heavy penalties, to come to the same conclusion with those who have not studied, is to mock him. If the conclusions are prescribed, the study is precluded." The Romish spirit of unquestioning docility, accepting dogmas on the authority of a church which claims infallibility, is seen dominating even so great a mind as Cardinal Newman who believed in the liquefaction of the blood of Saint Januarius at Naples, and in the motion of the eyes of certain pictures of the Madonna, and who wrote: "I do not doubt the genuineness of the material of the Lombard Cross at Monza, and I do not see why the Holy Coat at Treves may not be what it is said to be. I firmly believe that portions of the True Cross are at Rome and elsewhere, that the Crib of Bethlehem is at Rome, and the bodies of Saint Peter and Saint Paul. Also I firmly believe that the relics of the Saints are doing innumerable miracles and graces daily. I firmly believe that Saints have raised the dead to life, crossed the seas without vessels, multiplied grain and bread, cured innumerable diseases, and stopped the laws of the universe in a multitude of ways." This is the spirit which can believe in the equal infallibility of a succession of Popes whose utterances, acts, decrees, and policies differ through the centuries to the point of incompatibility and contradiction. Cardinal Newman's capacious credo looks to the Protestant mind like a feat in deglutition, with reason in a state of suspense. By the altars of Protestantism there is room and welcome for a scientist like Sir Oliver Lodge who says: "If anyone thinks that effective study of theology, or of any other science, can be carried on by a person in fetters, with the conclusions all determined and the results all prearranged, he is mistaken; such study would be a farce." By the altars of the Papal Church there is neither welcome nor room for the relentlessly inquiring scientific spirit. In 1904, the Romish Bishop of Newport said in his pastoral address: "If the formulas of modern science contradict the science of Catholic dogma, it is the former that must be altered, not the latter." That is the ultimatum of dogmatic infallibility to the inquiring human mind, the challenge of the fourteenth century to the twentieth. Nothing but recantation and surrender can be before such pretentious and intolerant authority, just as nothing but retreat and surrender can be before the Vatican in its present defiance of the French republic, which is the people of France. As we said, the book we are noticing is rich in quotations. In one a man of sharply critical mind describes the effect upon him of simply listening to the Scripture lesson as read in an ordinary church service: "As we listen, the story is quite familiar to us. We supply the sentences beforehand as the reader proceeds. Yet it has happened, one knows not how, and will doubtless happen again, one cannot tell when, that as the verses follow each other, suddenly out of the well-known story there comes a strange, thrilling sense of heights and depths never before scaled or plumbed. Something

in the air or in ourselves or in the voice of the minister, in sunny mornings in country churches when the sounds and scents of summer come through open windows, or in the equable atmosphere of some vast minster when the words of Scripture read at the lectern are encompassed with stillness—under all sorts of varying circumstances defying calculation and explanation—the new comes out of the old, passion comes out of the commonplace, touches us inwardly in sensitive centers of our being, and we say instinctively within ourselves, "*The thing is of God.*" Heinrich Heine was no pietist; on the far contrary, possibly the most daring and startling skeptic of the nineteenth century; yet he wrote near the end of life, of the miraculous effect of God's Word upon him: "Neither vision nor ecstasy, neither voice from heaven nor bodeful dream, has pointed the way of salvation to me. I owe my enlightenment quite simply to the reading of a book. Of a book? say you. Yes, and it is an old and homely book, plain and natural as nature herself, a work-a-day and unpretentious-looking book. And this book is sometimes called quite simply *The Book*, the Bible. Rightly it is also named *Holy Writ*. He who has lost his God may find him again in this volume, and he who has never known him will there be met by the breath of the Divine Word." With regard to the present position of biblical critics, Dr. Wilberforce, the Archdeacon of Westminster, says: "No literary compilation that has ever been given to the world has been subjected to such rigorous, ceaseless, remorseless criticism as the Bible. Its survival is one of its guarantees, and one of the credentials of its inspiration. The miracle of the Book is greater than any miracle in the Book. What has been the effect of this criticising upon the theory of inspiration? Briefly it has been this: As to the New Testament, what have we gained? Conclusions of inestimable value. The four biographical sketches have been severely tested in the crucible of scientific criticism, and have been proved to be documents of the first century of a high order of historical accuracy. No one now dare commit himself to the statements that they are worthless forgeries of a late date. The authorship of the Gospel of Saint Mark, A. D. 65, compiled from reminiscences of Saint Peter, is absolutely undisputed; the Gospel of Saint John, though its date and authorship are still an open question, contains the proof within itself that God's Spirit gave it for the light and guidance of mankind; the Book of the Acts has been proved to be certainly the work of the author of the third Gospel; and the letters of Saint Paul are accepted as genuine by the greatest scholars with practical unanimity. Thus the diamond comes back to us from the hands of the polishers, smaller if you will, but more brilliant and more valuable. In the indisputable portion of the New Testament, the Gospel of Saint Mark, and the Pauline letters, we have the authentic life of Christ, and the history of the growth of Christian doctrine—a revelation which gives us the Holy Incarnation, the Holy Eucharist, the identification of the risen Christ with his brethren, and the organization of the Church." Geo. J. Romanes whose critical mind led him for many years to oppose not only Christianity but all belief in God has said: "The outcome of the great textual battle is impartially considered a signal victory for Christianity.

Prior to the new (biblical) science there was really no rational basis in thoughtful minds, either for the date of any of the New Testament books, or, consequently, for the historical truth of any one of the events narrated in them. Gospels, Acts, and Epistles were all alike shrouded in this uncertainty. Hence the validity of the eighteenth-century skepticism. But now all this kind of skepticism has been rendered obsolete, and forever impossible." There is nothing new in this book which asks whether religion has been undermined by modern research and discovery; but it brings to bear much available and pertinent material in such order as to substantiate the answer that no particle of the real foundations of religion has even been jarred.

A Hebrew and English Lexicon of the Old Testament, with an appendix containing the Biblical Aramaic, based on the Lexicon of William Gesenius as translated by Edward Robinson, late Professor in the Union Theological Seminary, New York. Edited with constant reference to the Thesaurus of Gesenius as completed by E. Rödiger, and with authorized use of the latest German editions of Gesenius' *Handwörterbuch über das Alte Testament*, by FRANCIS BROWN, D.D., D.LITT., Davenport Professor of Hebrew and the Cognate Languages in the Union Theological Seminary, with the cooperation of S. R. DRIVER, D.D., LITT. D., Regius Professor of Hebrew and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford, and CHARLES A. BRIGGS, D.D., D.LITT. Edward Robinson, Professor of Biblical Theology in the Union Theological Seminary. Lex. octavo, pp. xix, 1127. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, half Russia or full sheep, \$8, net.

There has been no more acute scholastic want in the entire system of English scholarship and teaching, than the want of a scientific lexicon of the Hebrew language. This want is now met so signally that all dispute is barred. This lexicon began to appear in parts in 1891, the last part is now issued and the entire volume completed. It is a monument of learning, patience, and skill on the part of its editors, and its beautiful composition, typography, and printing add new lustre to the well-earned fame of the Clarendon Press of Oxford University. The basis of modern Hebrew lexicography was laid in the *Hebräisch-deutsches Handwörterbuch des Alten Testaments*, 2 vols. 8vo, published at Leipzig 1810-1812, and the production of Wilhelm Gesenius, professor in the University of Halle. An abridged edition of this appeared in 1815, and of this improved editions appeared in 1823 and 1828. In 1833 Gesenius published in Latin his *Lexicon Manuale Hebraicum et Chaldaicum in V. T. Libris*, and in 1834 a German edition of the same work issued from the press. This book, edited and re-edited by different scholars, and translated from time to time into other languages has supplied the entire civilized world with the most necessary tool in Old Testament study. To few men does a kind Providence give greater honor than the preparation of a book to live and influence successive generations as this has done. Gesenius died in 1842, and the German publishers who own the copyright of his lexicon have had it revised at different times by Professor Rödiger of Berlin and by Professors Mühlau and Volck, formerly of Dorpat, and the fourteenth edition under the editorship of Professors Frants Buhl, of Copenhagen, and Albert Socin and Heinrich Zimmern of Leipzig has but lately appeared. The history of the English editions has been very different. The one with which Americans have had most to do was issued in 1836

by Edward Robinson, professor in Union Theological Seminary, who revised and republished it in several editions until 1854. In 1859 there appeared an English translation by Tregelles. With these two editions Hebrew lexicography in the English language practically ceased. The Germans continued to revise their Hebrew lexicon every four or five years, while the whole English speaking race has contented itself since 1859 with one edition that had long since ceased to represent the philological science which it was supposed to carry on. The long and painful wait is over. We now enjoy a lexicon of Hebrew in our own language superior even to the latest edition in German. Let no man dare to speak his mind henceforth upon any question of Old Testament exegesis or lexicography who has not brought his lucubrations to the touchstone of this great book. The whole learned world owes a deep debt of gratitude to the scholars who have performed this great task in such a large way. The chief credit belongs to Professor Francis Brown, of Union Theological Seminary, one of the foremost Semitic scholars of America, but Professor Briggs has written the definitions of all terms in Biblical Theology and Professor S. R. Driver, greatest Hebraist of the English speaking peoples, has dealt with all pronouns, prepositions, adverbs, conjunctions, interjections, and other particles, together with some nouns whose uses are chiefly adverbial. It is difficult to speak of the book in terms of restrained praise. It is a great book and deserves so to be called.

The Methodist Year Book. STEPHEN V. R. FORD, Editor. Pp. 246. New York: Eaton & Mains; Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, 25 cents, net; per dozen, \$2.40, net.

This compendium of the Methodist Episcopal Church is larger by thirty pages than that of last year. Many new features have been added. The statistics of our denomination were never presented in such a variety of comparison and detail as in this indispensable handbook. The Ready Reference Statistical compend answers at a glance scores of questions that are continually arising in relation to the membership of the church and Sunday school, the ministerial record, the benevolent collections, the number and value of our churches and parsonages, etc. How any pastor can attempt, without the YEAR BOOK, to answer intelligently the questions that are propounded to him by his people concerning the state of the church is a mystery. The increasing demand for the book year by year attests its value. Every pastor and every official member of the Church should have the YEAR BOOK.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

A Book of Music. By RICHARD WATSON GILDER, LL.D. 12mo, pp. 70. New York: The Century Company. Price, cloth, ornamental, \$1.

Thirty short poems about music make this book. They tell of music's power over one soul that in these pages brings tuneful memories of many a happy hour enjoyed by music's gift. When Kipling had outlined his story of "The Conversion of Aurelian McGoggin" he was surprised to find that he had written a tract. Some similar surprise seems to be in

Gilder's *Prelude*, "without intent, I find a book I've writ and music is the pleasant theme of it." His *Book of Music*, he says, "has come as doth a lover's litany by some miraculous chance, with added song to song." He speaks for many of us in saying, "Though I can no music make, I love it"; albeit of this we cannot give such ample, exquisite, and melodious proof as he gives in his latest volume. He does not agree with those who disparage music as a childish art, lacking in the things of mind, conveying no meaning. He says that music partakes of something deep, primeval, that began when God fashioned man, something near the source of being; it "repeats the vibrancy that runs in the rhythmic beats through all the shaken universe." And he insists that though the cry of music is not human language but pure ecstasy, and though one thrilled heart cannot tell another what music says, "yet is the meaning real; and many a wound wherewith our spirits are beaten to the ground heals neath its sanctity of noble sound"—a claim which finds support in what Thoreau wrote in a letter in 1842: "Soon after John's death I listened to a music box, and if at any time that event had seemed inconsistent with the beauty and harmony of the universe, it was then greatly constrained into the placid course of nature by those steady notes." Gilder likens Essipoff's playing to "a bird who, singing in a wildwood, never knows that its love melody is heard by wandering mortal, who *forgets his heavy woes*." The first poem urges that music is not to be scorned because it has no words; for each art is sufficient unto itself, and "each doth utter what none other can—some hidden mood of the large soul of man." There are thoughts and feelings that never can be spoken, too frail for the rough usage of men's words—thoughts and feelings that "Keep their silence all unbroken till music stirs them; then, like birds that in the nighttime slumber, they awake, while all the leaves of all the forest shake." And Gilder gets some message from the master violinist's "music that doth speak in wordless wail and lyric ecstasy from that good viol pressed against his cheek." Yet he recognizes the superiority of the human voice over all manufactured instruments. Though under the magic spell of the rich music of sweet instruments there seems "no hiding passion of the heart, no sigh of evening winds, no breath of dawn, no hope or hate of man that is not told"; yet when, above that surge of blended instrumental sounds, a human voice leaps up and soars aloft, "something more wonderful assails the soul." The sweet harmonies of sound made by men in a world of harsh noises and dissonance, intimate to Gilder's faith a like harmony sure to emerge eventually from all the jarring discords of human history. As our mortal musicmakers frame their melodious messages to men, even so the Eternal fashions his mighty harmonies of life, and time, and destiny. Were we to choose from these thirty poems one for quotation here, we might take the lines that report the effect of listening to Handel's *Largo*:

When the great organs, answering each to each,
 Joined with the violin's celestial speech,
 Then did it seem that all the heavenly host
 Gave praise to Father, Son and Holy Ghost:

We saw the archangels through the ether winging;
 We heard their souls go forth in solemn singing;
 "Praise, praise to God," they sang, "through endless days;
 Praise to the Eternal One, and nought but praise."
 And as they sang, the spirits of the dying
 Were upward borne from lips that ceased their sighing
 And dying seemed not death, but deeper living—
 Living and prayer, and praising and thanksgiving!

A characteristic verse is that which recalls the playing and the countenance of Rubinstein:

He of the ocean is; its thunderous waves
 Echo his music; while far down the shore
 Mad laughter hurries—a white, blowing spume.
 I hear again in memory that wild storm;
 The winds of heaven go rushing 'round the world,
 And broods above the rage one sphinx-like face.

After all the poems in his Book of Music Gilder feels the inadequacy of language to describe the wondrousness and power of music, and says that words praising music are like leaves whirled round about a fountain by the wind. The music is the fountain playing on, and the words are withered leaves that flutter and fall. Or is it not rather, the music that ceases, while Gilder's words that tell of it live on? While noticing this volume it is impossible to forget that the year which brought from the press this latest book of his poetry also brought freshly to public notice another side of Richard Watson Gilder's large, fine, affluent nature, expressed with passionate and militant patriotism, in a most scathing and scorching Philippic aimed with deadly accuracy against the brazen attempt of a yellow multi-millionaire political mountebank and social incendiary to finance himself into the highest offices, by which denunciation one of the purest of patriots exposed his spotlessness to the vile and vindictive vituperation of vulgar demagogues. In this, as in harder and heavier services rendered through the years, Mr. Gilder is seen to be the embodiment of that high, pure type of Christian citizenship which he defined and illuminated in this Review in May, 1906. He is no dilettant litterateur, no "idle singer of an empty day," as William Morris called himself, but a sturdy, resolute, patient, laborious servant of the needs of his suffering fellow men. If any man knows the history of movements for the betterment of the condition of the poor in New York city, Jacob Rlis is the man. Recently he seized an opportune occasion for recalling to the public's mind some of that history by issuing the following statement: "The two million New Yorkers who live in tenement houses remember Richard Watson Gilder as the man who gave their children their chance of life by checking landlord greed when it went unchallenged, forcing the builder to let sunshine and air into houses that had been dark; who throttled the worst conspiracy which ever beset any city till now, and tore down a hundred 'dens of death,' in New York—so named by the Board of Health itself; who gave the poor tenants' children playgrounds where before they had only the street and the gutter; who opened small parks and recreation piers; who compelled the building of

new schools; who shaped the laws that make the tenant safe against the horrid peril of midnight fires; who, as the head and great heart of the never-to-be-forgotten Gilder Tenement House Commission, stood more than any other one man for the reforms that reduced the death rate of New York from twenty-eight in a thousand to eighteen in a thousand of population, saving annually more than 12,000 baby-lives in the crowded tenements—a man who, after fighting through the civil war as a mere boy, took up in his later years, unasked, the cause of the poor and the helpless, and made it his own at unknown sacrifice of effort and time and well-earned rest. New York for all time will be a better city for his faithful work; its tollers will never live to see a greater or more unselfish champion of their cause." The three citizens of New York who did most to cleanse Augean stables and slay dragons by reforming the slums and Police Station houses and sweat-shops on behalf of the physical and moral well-being of the unfortunate, the friendless and poor are R. W. Gilder, Jacob Riis, and Theodore Roosevelt. The one citizen whom Mr. Gilder by his ideals, his position, his gifts, and his earnestness, most recalls to New Yorkers is George William Curtis; but it is only just to recognize without any disparagement of Curtis, that Gilder's services as a citizen while inferior in no particular to Curtis's have a larger range, greater practical result, a wider-flowing sympathy, and a costlier self-sacrifice even to the perilling of health and life in heavy and exhausting toil. From the marble arch in Washington Square to the lowest slum on the East Side New Yorkers note the chain of evidence which proves that the American metropolis has no finer or more useful citizen than Richard Watson Gilder who is poet, artist, patriot, prophet, reformer, soldier, missionary, inspirer and helper of mankind.

An Introduction to the Study of Browning. By ARTHUR SYMONS. 12mo, pp. 262. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Price, cloth, \$1.50, net.

Though published twenty years ago, Symons's book is still the best introduction to Browning that we know; and this new revised edition is welcomed by those who have long known it and for the sake of those who may now know it for the first time. Walter Pater said of this book, "It is before all else a useful one; it points to the best, the indisputable, rather than to the dubious portions of Browning's work." It gives patient attention, and clear, even when brief, exposition to about all of Browning's poems. It has a full Browning bibliography and a good index. Thirty pages are given to the general characteristics of Browning's works, and two hundred pages to a study of the poems one by one, beginning with *Pauline* in 1833, and ending with the *Epilogue to Asolando* in 1890. We agree with the author that the first and the final impression we receive from the work of Robert Browning is that of a great nature, an immense and magnificent personality. "He is dramatist, humorist, lyricist, painter, musician, philosopher and scholar, each in full measure, and in richness of nature, in scope and penetration of mind and vision, in energy of passion and emotion, he is second among English poets to Shakespeare alone." To this just statement from Symons we add that

Shakespeare has nothing like as much to give to the minister of today as Browning has. We are almost ready to say that the minister who really appropriates and absorbs the best of Browning's rich and splendid product, can easily do without Shakespeare. In addition to all the things Symons, in the sentence just quoted, declares Browning to be, the minister discovers this vast and mighty man to be also a tremendous preacher, a minister's comrade in faith and in works, the greatest non-professional preacher in the nineteenth century. As for Shakespeare one would hardly think of calling him a preacher. Browning is the poet of the soul, its struggles, its trials, its crises. Often he shows us some soul in its hour of conflict, opportunity, decision. The choice of good and evil is before it, and in a moment its fate will be decided. When a soul plays dice with the devil, the time comes when there is only a second in which to win or lose; but the second may be worth an eternity. These moments of intense significance, these tremendous spiritual crises, are struck out in Browning's poetry with a clearness and sharpness of outline, and with a flashing vividness, which no other poet has achieved, and which few preachers have ever equalled. In no books that we know of is there a larger opportunity to study human nature in a vast multiplicity of types than in the roomy and populous ranges of Browning's works. Scarcely in Shakespeare's characters is there such novelty and variety. Symons truly says that "there is hardly a salient epoch in the history of the modern world which Browning has not touched with vital and instinctive sympathy based on profound and accurate knowledge. He has painted the first dawn of the modern spirit in the Athens of Socrates and Euripides, revealed the whole temper and tendency of the twilight age between Paganism and Christianity, and recorded the last utterance of the last apostle of the now-conquering creed; he has distilled the very essence of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, the very essence of the modern world. The men and women who live and move in that new world of his creation are as varied and original as life itself; they are kings and beggars, saints and lovers, great captains, poets, painters, musicians, sculptors, priests and popes, Jews, gypsies and dervishes, street-girls, princesses, dancers with the wicked witcheries of the daughter of Herodias, wives with the devotion of the wife of Brutus, joyous girls and malevolent gray-beards, statesmen, cavaliers, soldiers of humanity, tyrants and bigots, ancient sages and modern spiritualists, heretics, scholars, scoundrels, devotees, rabbis, persons of quality and men of low estate, women as multiform as nature or society has made them. He has found and studied humanity, not only in English towns and villages in the glare of gaslight and under the open sky, but on the Roman Campagna, in Venetian gondolas, in Florentine streets, on the boulevards of Paris and the Prado of Madrid, in the snow-bound forests of Russia, beneath the palms of Persia and upon Egyptian sands, on the coasts of Normandy and the salt plains of Brittany, among Druses and Arabs and Syrians, in brand-new Boston and amidst the ruins of Thebes." So ranges this great healthy and hearty cosmopolite, painter and exhibitor of all sorts and conditions of men and women. And so we are warranted in repeating that in liter-

ature, or even in actual life, there are few opportunities for studying human nature comparable to those found in Browning's works. Mr. Symons' selections from Browning's poems in illustration of his exposition of them give us much of the poet's finest and best. One that never fails to go through us with a thrill is the little poem, *Count Gismond*. Two stanzas especially spoken by the falsely-accused girl, describing how her rescuer smote the liar, never fail to shake us with exultant emotion:

Till out strode Gismond; then I knew
That I was saved. I never met
His face before, but, at first view,
I felt quite sure that God had set
Himself to Satan; who would spend
A minute's mistrust on the end?

He strode to Gauthier, in his throat
Gave him the lie, then struck his mouth
With one back-handed blow that wrote
In blood men's verdict there. North, South
East, West, I looked. The lie was dead
And damned, and truth stood up instead.

Another favorite poem is *Pheidippes*, of which Bishop Warren made fine use at Bishop Merrill's funeral. Another favorite is *Echelos*. And yet others, *A Grammarian's Funeral* and *Herve Riel* and *One Word More* and *Evelyn Hope*. Of the truly great among Browning's shorter poems there are that superb, magnificent defiance of death entitled *Prospice*, and that noblest lyric of life, mortal and immortal, called *Rabbi Ben Ezra*. How any man with intelligence and soul can withstand such poetry, or fail to be roused and enkindled by it, passes our comprehension. Poems for the preacher to study are *Saul*, *Easter Day*, *Christmas Eve*, *A Death in the Desert*, *The Epistle of Karshish*. For two great glowing souls, on fire with God, who in the nineteenth century, illumined for their fellow men the realms of thought and feeling, the one in poetry and the other in prose, take Robert Browning and John Ruskin, and get help from them to realize the grandeur of the world and the glory of man's life.

Ithuriel's Spear. By W. H. FITCHETT, B.A., L.L.D. 12mo, pp. 434. New York: Eaton & Mains; Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, cloth, \$1.50.

The well-known English author, W. H. Fitchett, in *Ithuriel's Spear* reasserts the eternal principles of God's moral government. The scene of the story is laid in Middleford, England. The book describes the formation in that town of a Freethought Association whose object was to prove the "nonhistoric character of Christianity and the unscientific quality of its teachings." The apostle and high priest of the movement was a Mr. Gifford, a picturesque figure, of magnetic speech, whose daring rhetoric swept the crowd away and half emptied the not overfull churches of Middleford. Excited audiences cheered his lectures delivered at the local theatre, especially that on "Every Man his own Christ." A Mr. Hobbs, a wealthy brewer, had "vested \$150,000 in trustees for the establishment of a Freethought lectureship." The story opens with a discussion of the movement by three young men prominent in Middleford society,

namely, Claude Mears, or "Smears," a clever artist, Cecil Sparks, whose father was vicar of Saint Silas, and Christopher Somers, or "Kit," a mining engineer. Smears and Sparks had been easily won over to the Freethought cause by the fervid oratory of Mr. Gifford, whereas Kit's devotion to the orthodox faith remained absolutely unshaken. Cecil and Kit were rivals for the hand of Kate Arden, the heroine of the story, and herself a courageous, unswerving disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ. In due time the crisis in Cecil's wooing of Kate was reached, and fervently avowing his love he confidently asked her to become his wife. His was a rude awakening, however, since her reply was: "Cecil, you have separated yourself from everything I hold sacred: from Jesus Christ and all he is and means. No, I would not give up Jesus Christ for anything under heaven or in heaven." The situation was rendered doubly painful to both Kate and Cecil by reason of the fact that Kate's father was the manager of the leading bank in Middleford and Cecil was his clerk. Meanwhile Freethought flourished and grew up. Among its adherents was a sturdy, stubborn, practical Englishman, John Blunt, who essayed to put the movement to some practical tests. His niece was the wife of Tom Oxley, a drunken, brutal wifebeater, and honest John Blunt attempted to reform him along the lines of Freethought, only to be unceremoniously shown the door by both husband and wife. His next effort was to apply the principles of his propaganda to the reformation of fallen girls in "Angel Court," one of the foulest slums in the city. Utter failure ensued. He then tried an "experiment in youth" by organizing a Freethought Sunday school. But his outfit was sadly deficient. He had no hymns, no music, no gospel of hope and cheer to offer the thirty boys who came to the school. He thought to have them sing "God save the Queen," but that would be a recognition of the existence of God and so could not be. But sing the boys must and sing they did with a swing:

"Jack Spratt
Killed the cat
And made a hole in the Bobby's hat!"

And thus ended the Freethought Sunday school experiment. Soon a series of events occurred in quick succession which went far toward disrupting Freethought in Middleford, namely, the conversion of Tom Oxley through the instrumentality of "the Bible Woman," Mrs. Baxter; the tragic suicide of Smears, and the invasion of the Gifford household by the angel of death who bore away little Mary, a dainty maiden of ten summers, from the godless earthly home to "the house not made with hands," leaving the stricken parents to pass through the furnace of affliction unsupported since "God was not in the fire." Then followed the theft of the bank's funds by Mr. Arden and young Sparks; the organization of a burglarious plot by them to conceal their crime, the discovery of both the theft and plot by the sturdy Kit; his arrest as an accomplice and discharge, and departure for Africa because of the humiliation to which he had been subjected; the theft of the Hobb's Lectureship Fund by Mr. Creakles, one of the Freethought adherents, and his flight; the con-

fession by Mr. Arden to his daughter Kate of his guilt, and his death. Kate more than half convinced of Kit's complicity in the bank robbery had bade him adieu on his departure for Africa in no kindly spirit, but her father's confession and establishment of Kit's innocence left her no alternative but to send an apology to the latter which she did coupled with an appeal for his forgiveness. Her missive reached him at Ladysmith, he having enlisted under the British flag at the outbreak of the Boer war and served as a faithful soldier to its close. On receipt of Kate's letter he obtained his discharge, returned to Middleford and in due time won Kate as his bride. As for the Freethought Association it ceased to be and the secret of certainty in things spiritual came to be experienced by many of those who had been betrayed into embracing the Freethought delusion. The volume is a sturdy and brilliant defense of Christianity and is intensely interesting. Read it, put it into the hands of college students, pass it around from house to house, and from hand to hand.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY:

Memories and Thoughts. By FREDERIC HARRISON. Crown 8vo, pp. 400. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, \$2, net.

The father of Positivism was Auguste Comte. The first preacher of it in England was Richard Congreve. After him Frederic Harrison came to be in our day its expounder and advocate. He tells us that he accepted Comte's teachings in the following order: his view of history, his scheme of education, his social Utopia, his politics, his general view of philosophy and his religious scheme: yet toward some portions of Comte's system of belief Harrison felt repugnance, and by some of his fellow-Comtists he is regarded as a schismatic and heretic. He withdrew from the practice of law to the occupation of urging on his neighbors opinions which, he candidly admits, have met with small acceptance. Positivism gains few adherents. A few years ago an effort was made in London to number the Positivist Israel; and a diligent search discovered seventeen persons who confessed to holding Comte's views; so that Frederic Harrison came near having, as Lord Rosebery said of the late Duke of Argyll, a following which was compact and portable, consisting only of himself. Now, in his seventy-fifth year, Mr. Harrison finds it better to live quietly with his books and his garden than to peddle doctrines which nobody wants. The worship of Humanity is beset with discouragements, one of which is the manifest undivineness and utter inadequacy of its divinity. It is indistinguishable from self-worship. Not by the worship of Man can man uplift himself above himself. This apostle of Positivism declares that he has not, at any time in his life, lost faith in a supreme Providence, in an immortal soul, or in spiritual life. He still reads his Bible and the Christian mystics and poets. He does not seem to us to hold his Positivism with any positive conviction. He says that to be an advocate of Positivism is to be like a dog suspected of rabies. The interest of this volume is made of matters unrelated to Comtism.

After witnessing Tennyson's burial in Westminster Abbey, Mr. Harrison discusses whether the great Laureate will ever have a worthy successor, or only imitators. He says: "The exquisite jewelry of Tennyson's style, subtle and delicate as it is, is imitable up to a certain point, just as Virgil's hexameter is imitable up to a certain point, and for the same reason. Both are the poetry of intense culture, inspired by the worship of form. I take, for example, a typical stanza not surpassed in melody by any poetry of this century—a stanza wonderfully prophetic of Tennyson himself and his enduring influence:

'His memory long will live alone
In all our hearts, as mournful light
That broods above the fallen sun
And dwells in heaven half the night.'

That is simply perfect: a noble thought, an exquisite simile, a true and splendid analogy between Nature and Man, the simplicity as of marble, and a music which only Shelley has equaled. Yet it is imitable up to a measure: we can analyze the music, we can mark the gliding labials, the pathetic cadence in the 'mournful light' and 'dwells in heaven,' the *largo* in 'broods above.' It is beautiful, but it is imitable as Milton and Shakespeare are not imitable. Take Milton's

'He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.'

Or again, 'that last infirmity of noble minds,' or 'Laughter holding both his sides,' or 'thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes.' When Shakespeare says 'the multitudinous seas incarnadine,' or

'We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep—'

this is not imitable. Both thought and phrase are incalculable. No other brain could imagine them; once heard they are indelible, unalterable, unapproachable. It is not the music which rivets the attention first, but the thought. The form matches the idea, but the idea transcends the form. Poetic form, we are often told, must be 'inevitable.' True, most true. But poetic thought must also be incalculable. For this reason the greatest poets who clothed incalculable thought in inevitable perfection of form—Milton, Shakespeare, Dante, Æschylus, Homer—never misled their generation into imitation, never founded a 'school.' We shall have a poet worthy to succeed Tennyson when we no longer have Tennyson on the brain; when we are less absorbed in the technical mastery of the instrument, and are intent on the great human message which the instrument merely transmutes into music." Harrison says Renan exerted "the solvent, dispersive influence of the man of letters who hints his doubts and hesitates his creed." Renan was mentally incapable of having a creed. His religion was mere religiosity. The thing Harrison is most impressed with in Browning is his intellectual power; but he thinks Tennyson mistook his own gift of words for profound thought. Sir Alfred Lyall speaks of Tenny-

son's "dubitating temperament," and says that *In Memoriam* is "long-winded, lugubrious, and unsettling to the general reader." For the thousandth anniversary of the death of Alfred the Great our author wrote: "He was a pure and simple follower of the Gospel, a victorious warrior whose victories left no curses behind them, a king whom no man ever charged with a harsh act, a scholar who never became a pedant, a saint who knew no superstition, a hero as bold as Launcelot and as spotless as Galahad." Of Oliver Cromwell he says: "Morality and religion were conditions of entrance to his court and his service. His note as a statesman is the union of matchless audacity with exhaustless wariness. No great man so brave and daring was ever so untiringly prudent and watchful. In his whole career Cromwell never met with a single disaster, either in war or government. He was never off his guard, was never once caught napping, never relaxed his intense hold on the smallest detail, or allowed a single point to be unguarded. In this he is like Elizabeth, Wellington, and Marlborough, but he surpassed them all in sleepless vigilance and unbroken success. He was forty-three when he first drew a sword, and of the fifty-eight years of his life he spent but nine under arms. Great soldier as he was in the field, he was far less the professional soldier than George Washington or William the Silent. The larger part of what was brave, pure, and just in England gathered around Cromwell, who, of all English chiefs since Alfred, was the most heroic, sincere, just, wise, and devout." He adds, "Had Cromwell had his way, he would have made the political system of England akin to that of the United States; and it is a pity he did not have his way." The essential force of the greatest ruler England has ever known is happily summed up by Lord Rosebery, who said: "Cromwell was a practical mystic, the most terrible and formidable of all combinations." He combined spiritual inspiration with the energy of a mighty man of action. A similar combination is seen in Stonewall Jackson and Bishop Thoburn. Mr. Harrison received a different impression of Thomas Carlyle from that of most visitors to his home in Chelsea. He says: "When, after a most memorable afternoon, he rose to bid me farewell and conducted me to his staircase with a sweet and stately courtesy, I thought I had rarely seen a more simple and genial dignity. How the fierceness and crabbedness which the Memoirs seem to attribute to much of his earlier life could ever have dwelt in a nature so urbane, so hearty, so sympathetic, as that which I found in his later years is more than I can unravel. I have seen and have spoken with some strong and famous men—with Gambetta, Mazzini, Garibaldi, John S. Mill, Tourgenieff—but I can remember no more intense and impressive personality than that of Thomas Carlyle." Our author calls Carlyle, by virtue of his original genius and mass of stroke, the literary dictator of Victorian prose. His peculiar power was, by his superb independence and the fiery impact of his genius, to wake into life many active minds." Writing of Nero, Mr. Harrison says: "The Neronian age was a resplendent and resounding orgy. But underneath the orgy there was growing up a new society, and new faith, a nobler race, a purer life." Even an apostle of Positivism cannot fail to perceive in imperial Rome the making of a new

world by the transforming power of Christianity. Why does not this English Positivist see that the same holy faith which worked so mightily then is working more mightily and more widely now the transforming of the whole world? And how paltry and feeble seems his Positivism in comparison with the glorious gospel of the blessed God! What is Auguste Comte in comparison with Jesus Christ, or Frederic Harrison beside Paul? When Harrison's children were growing up from infancy, their mother, he tells us, felt the need of some equivalent for family prayer. Her husband's Comtism made no provision for such a need. In their destitution and helplessness they called on George Eliot to invent something that would do for the children what is done by the family altar in Christian homes. Neither Marian Evans nor George H. Lewes had ever used anything resembling family prayers in the flagrantly peculiar household they had established and were boldly maintaining; and she told the Harrisons that she did not feel able to contribute to the construction of a liturgy. Failing to persuade her to produce anything devotional and suitable for family prayers, Harrison submitted to her criticism some prayers which he seems to have written. She wrote to him her judgment on them, thus: "The prayers keep, I think, within the due limit of *aspiration* and do not pass into *beseeking*." In framing anything that could be called a prayer, the Positivist's difficulty was to keep it from addressing Somebody or asking for something, which would exceed the narrow warrant of Positivism's faith. To try to pray to nobody for nothing seems an effort in which a man might be liable to suspect himself of being a fool. We do not wish to be disrespectful, but, really, could anything be more grotesque than to see the Harrison family running over to the Lewes-Evans domicile to appeal for instruction and assistance in bringing up the children of a lawful home in a properly moral and religious way? Think of it, the Lewes-Evans firm called in as architects to design a substitute for the family altar! The firm seems to have realized its own limitations, and said it was not able to contribute to the construction of a liturgy for family worship. It seems certain that family prayers were dispensed with in the Lewes-Evans habitation. Mr. Harrison's impressions of America are favorable. He thinks there is not in the Old World a nobler city than Washington nor a grander edifice than the Capitol, which he regards as the most effective and imposing public edifice in the world, its effect being enhanced by its magnificent site. He says the central dome, by its admirable proportions, lends to the building a nobler effect than do the domes of Saint Peter's at Rome, the Cathedral of Florence, the Pantheon, Saint Paul's in London, or the new Cathedral of Berlin. Washington, he says, bids fair to become the most beautiful and most commodious capital city of the world; and will, in two or three generations, look more like the splendid Rome of the Antonines than any city of the Old World. Harrison likes the Spartan simplicity of Washington's tomb at Mount Vernon better than Grant's magnificent mausoleum above the Hudson at New York. He is amazed at our sumptuous commercial edifices, like the Illinois Trust Bank in Chicago, and says, "Nothing in Europe since the fall of old Rome and Byzantium, not even

Genoa in its prime, has equaled the lavish use of magnificent marble columns, granite blocks, and ornamental stone, as seen in the United States today." About the prodigious luxury, extravagance, and money-making of America, he says a passing visitor has no right to dogmatize. But as to the worship of the almighty dollar, the Englishman says, "I neither saw it nor heard of it; hardly as much as we do at home." He says that "even a passing tourist must note the entire freedom of American towns from the indecencies that are paraded in European cities. The youngest girls go about the streets of New York alone; and a lady travels unattended from San Francisco to Washington. I received a deep impression that in America the relations of the sexes are in a state far more sound and pure than in the Old World; that the original fine feeling of the Pilgrim Fathers about woman and about man has sufficed to color the mental and moral atmosphere, and to give to all sex problems a new and clear field to develop wholesomely in normal ways." He has faith that America will ultimately solve its two gravest problems, the race problem and the struggle between labor and capital. If anybody is so ignorant of the richest glories of English literature as not to know Ruskin, let him read (preparatory to buying "Modern Painters" or "Stones of Venice") what Frederic Harrison writes on seeing the Complete Edition of Ruskin's Works: "I am amazed at the richness of this monumental work. What miracles of labor, thought, invention are crowded into these thirty-seven volumes! What microscopic delicacy of observation! What glowing enthusiasm for beauty, truth, goodness! It is Ruskin's perennial fertility, the encyclopedic variety of his ideas, which holds me spellbound. No other English writer, no writer of any land or age, has poured forth such a flood of pregnant prose, such varied, elevated, and radiant thought about nature, poetry, art, society, religion, science, history. These volumes make us familiar with mountains, seas, rivers, lakes; with trees, rocks, gems, clouds, storms, sunsets; with the buildings of Athens, Italy, France, England, antique, mediæval, renescent; with a multitude of artists, Giotto, Tintoretto, Veronese, Claude, Turner, Prout, Millais, Phidias, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Fra Angelico; as well as with Political and Social Economy, and plans for making a new heaven and a new earth. There are some perversity, extravagant rhetoric, merciless denunciations, and other excesses; but, withal, what geysers of noble feeling! What Ithuriel spear to unmask the lurking toads of falsehood! What patience and subtlety and refinement! These thirty-seven volumes contain enough teaching about buildings to equip a leading authority in Architecture; enough about Painting to found a school; enough material for a general history of Art; enough about Poetry to make a master of criticism; enough of Economy to create a separate type of Socialism; enough verse to make the reputation of a poet; enough perfect prose to place him beside Burke and Bacon for an inimitable style." Much as Mr. Harrison justly admires Ruskin, he has not studied that great teacher of expression enough to learn how to use the apt, exact, fittest word to convey meaning. Occasionally our author surprises and jars us by a blundering use of the wrong word. One impression left upon us by these Memories and Thoughts is

that this long-time preacher of Positivism feels at the age of seventy-five that Comte's Religion of Humanity is not worth talking about any more. The subject seems to have gone by. *Requiescat in pace!*

Father Taylor. By ROBERT COLLYER. 12mo, pp. 58. Boston: American Unitarian Association. Price, cloth, 80 cents, net.

Robert Collyer always refers to Methodism as "my mother church." Once on a Methodist platform he gave this homely account of how he got away from his good mother church: "I made faces at her, and she boxed my ears." He held her license to preach; he began to deny some of her fundamental doctrines; she told him to recant or get out and go where he belonged. He went to the Unitarians. But his speech sometimes betrays a sense of the hallowed glory of the creed he once held, and even his "liberal" ministry owes something sweet and warm and winsome to his early Methodism—a debt greater than he can ever pay or even estimate. In this thin, brief book he tells with hearty sympathy the fascinating story of that scintillating child of genius, known as Father Taylor, who bewitched more, and more widely various men and women than did any other man in New England in his day. Not long after Robert Collyer left Methodism he attended a morning prayer meeting in Dr. Bartol's church in Boston. Father Taylor was there, and spoke, casting over young Collyer the magical enchantment of pure genius. Being introduced to the Sailor's Preacher at the close of the meeting, the young man held out his hand rather shyly; but Father Taylor, instead of taking it, opened his arms wide and gave Collyer a great brotherly hug, and kissed him on the cheek; giving him a new sensation, for he had never been kissed by a man before. Collyer describes Father Taylor as he appeared that morning: "A broad, thick-set man, a man whom, in his prime, you would have traced back to the lion if you were taken by the humor of seeing him through Darwin's glasses; a man with a great mane and gray eyes, with a gleam of red fire in them when his blood boiled as it was apt to do, but always for good reason: a brow wide and ample, that knotted rather than knitted under intense thought or overmastering emotion: a grand jaw, well set and well corded, and a mouth large and limber, equal to every demand of utterance." Edward Thompson Taylor was born forlornly in Richmond, Virginia, of a father and mother whom he could scarcely remember at all, tossed on the world as a poor little waif, cared for by some kind-hearted woman whose very name is unknown. At eight years of age a friendless cabin-boy, tossing to and fro on the wide ocean for ten years. One tradition of his childhood is that he held a funeral service over a chicken he had killed with a stone. A lot of little Negro children, whom he pressed into service to act as mourners, failed to behave as befitted the occasion; so he trounced them till they cried, thus solemnizing their frivolous little minds and insuring enough genuine tears to make a proper funeral. Coming ashore in the port of Boston, the sailor lad, eighteen years old, floated into a church and heard Elijah Hedding preach. One of the brethren had sense enough and heart enough to shake hands with the

rough, bronzed-faced boy, and ask him to come again; in which decent little act he did more for Methodism and for the neglected men of the sea and for the world than if he had that morning gathered in a dozen gray-headed millionaires. For the sailor-boy came again, and "was converted," Robert Collyer says, "in the good old Methodist way of knowing you are converted." Unitarian ministers like Bartol, and laymen like Amos Binney and Governor Andrew, helped Father Taylor much in financial support of the Seamen's Bethel; but when a Unitarian preacher said something sour about Methodist ministers, Father Taylor rose on him in majestic wrath and defied the Unitarians to match them in power with God and with men, when set with the Bible in their hands and before them a wilderness of human souls to save. More than once he told the Unitarians, so Collyer says, that they might as well try to heat a furnace with snowballs as to save souls in the way they went about it. One morning Jenny Lind went to hear Father Taylor. The Bethel was crowded up to the pulpit floor. He paid a tribute to the gentle and devout Swedish woman whom he called "the sweetest singer that ever alighted on our shores," and commended her modesty and charity. When he finished his spontaneous and honest little eulogy, a tall, grim-looking stranger sitting on the pulpit steps arose and asked the preacher whether a person who died at one of Jenny Lind's concerts would go to heaven. Father Taylor glared at him and replied: "A good man will go to heaven, sir, die where he may; and a fool will be a fool, though he sits on my pulpit stairs." Once after listening to a stern, gloomy sermon he said: "That man preaches as if he had killed somebody." A rough sailor once said to Father Taylor: "You seems to be a good old chap as knows what's what; and I'll tell you what I likes in your preachin'. When a man is a preachin' at me, I wants him to take sommat hot out o' his heart and shove it into mine. That's what I calls preachin'." One Sunday when a broadcloth gentleman appeared at one of the Bethel meetings, and with an air of condescension told Father Taylor's sailor boys how grateful they ought to be to the Boston merchants who built and sustained the Bethel for them, the old sailor-preacher said: "Now if there's another old sinner from up town who wants to talk, this is the chance before we go on with the meeting." He permitted nobody to patronize his "boys." When one of the sailors got up, and told of his good opinion of himself before conversion, saying, "The devil told me I was good enough, but I heaved him overboard stock and fluke," he was delighted with the figure of speech, and cried: "Well done, Jack; that's salvation set to music." When another said, "Faith is sunthin like tinder; shut it up and it will go out, but give it vent and it will burn," Father Taylor responded, "Well done, Peter; the bishop of England couldn't have said it better." When a Portuguese sailor rose in a fervent meeting and shouted with much feeling, "If a man tell me I don't love my Jesus, I hit dat man 'tween da eyes," Father Taylor did not rebuke him, but sat shaking with silent laughter. When he heard a minister teaching that the non-elect cannot be saved, no matter what they do, he said: "If that be true, then inviting men to repent is like inviting a lot of gravestones home to dinner."

John Calvin the Organizer of Reformed Protestantism, 1509-1564. By WILLISTON WALKER, Titus Street Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Yale University. Pp. xviii, 466. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Son's, 1908. Price, \$1.35, net. [Heroes of the Reformation.]

For about forty years no important life of Calvin has appeared in English. This is hardly creditable to our Presbyterian brethren, who largely derive from him their life and breath. What would be thought of such an ignoring of Wesley by Methodists! And Calvin was a man of world-historical significance if there ever was one. After Luther he achieved the greatest work of any man of the sixteenth century, and that work still stands and will praise him in the gates, we trust, for centuries to come. In the meantime many important lives of Calvin, and dissertations on various aspects of his life and teaching, have appeared in French and German. It is singular that one of the best of these was written by a Roman Catholic layman, a professor of history in the philosophical faculty in Bonn, who, however, was so disgusted with the Vatican Council of 1869-70 that he became an Old Catholic. It is a pity that this by Kampschulte was not the life of Calvin translated for English Catholics instead of the inflammatory and false life of Audin, on which so many English and American Roman Catholics have fed since its translation in 1843. However, we have at length by the successor of Professor Fisher in Yale a Life of Calvin which will remain the standard for English-speaking readers for the next fifty years. It is impartial, well written, and well proportioned, founded on several years' careful study of Calvin's works and of the large French and German literature of the last half century, represents the very latest results, and it can be cordially commended as a thoroughly adequate and competent piece of work. We have read it through from beginning to end with hearty appreciation of the scholarlike diligence with which the author has left no stone unturned in his search for information, and with which he has read opposing opinions in order to reach a just judgment. Professor Walker writes neither as the apologist nor accuser of Calvin, but as a fair, sympathetic, but just student of him and of his time. His bibliographical note (pp. xi-xviii) was not intended to be exhaustive, or he might have mentioned the Bridgeport minister Waterman's Life, with selection of letters, Boston, 1813; the American Edition of Sibson in translation of Beza: Life, Philadelphia, 1836; the brilliant essay by Guizot; the learned fragment by the veteran historian McCrie, *The Early Years of John Calvin*, 1509-36, edited by Ferguson, Edinburgh, 1880; nor did we notice any regard paid to other Calviniana on our Calvin shelf, namely, Lobstein, *Die Ethik Calvins*, Strassburg, 1877, and Scheibe, *Calvins Prädestinationlehre*, Halle, 1897. The notable articles by Professor B. B. Warfield on the history of the Institutes in the *Presbyterian and Reformed Review* should at least have found mention in a footnote. Professor Samuel Macully Jackson has greatly enriched Christian literature in planning this series of noble biographies. Brethren in the ministry, read the lives of the great Protestant leaders, and preach a series of sermons on what they did and what they stood for!